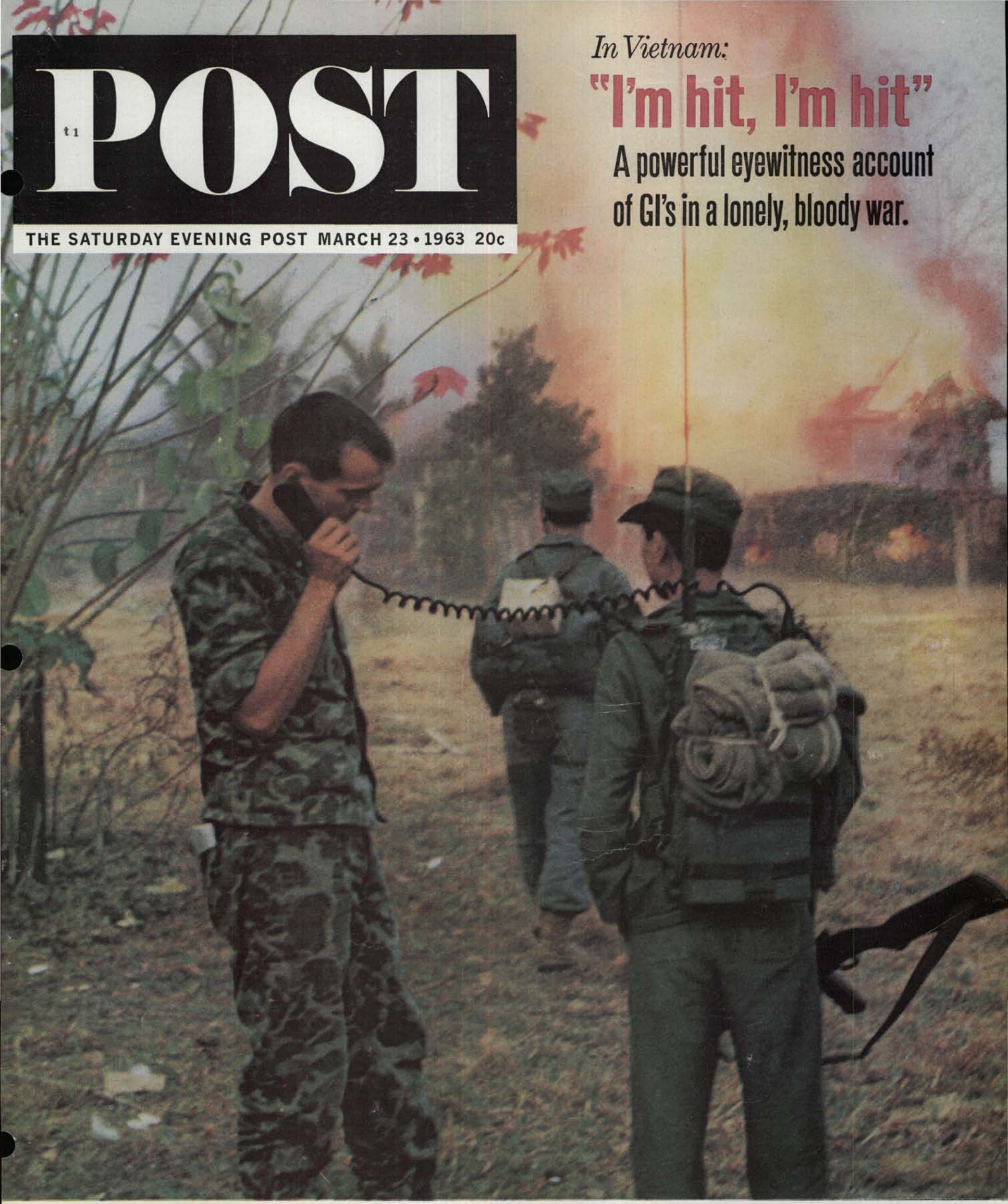
t1 POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 23 • 1963 20c

In Vietnam:

"I'm hit, I'm hit"

A powerful eyewitness account of GI's in a lonely, bloody war.



ILLEGITIMACY · JOHN O'HARA · JANE FONDA · MOTHER SETON

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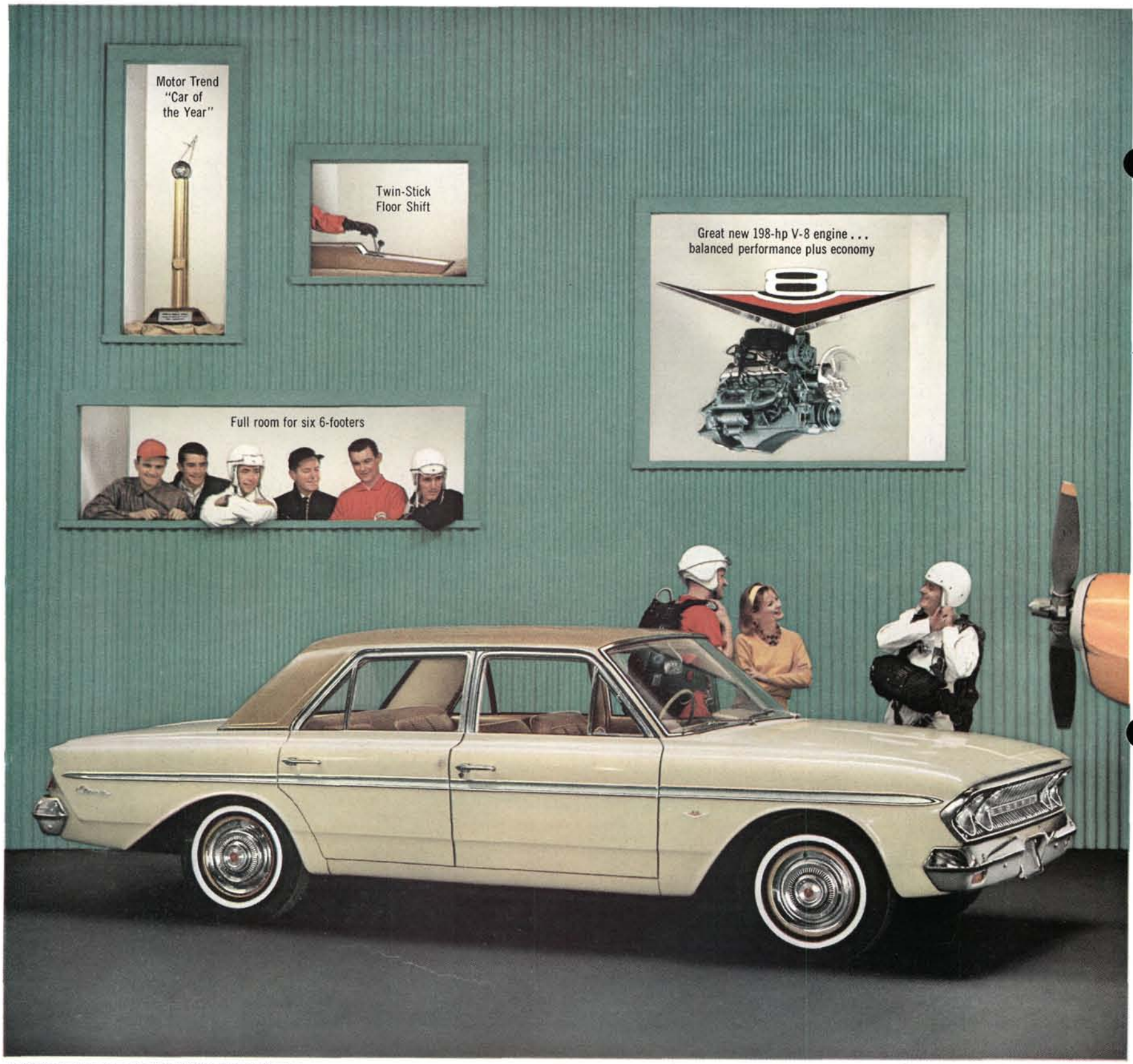

1963 Rambler Classic V-8 "770" 4-Door Sedan

Floor-shift option is one of four transmissions offered.

ANNOUNCING RAMBLER CLASSIC WITH A BRAND-NEW V-8

"Car of the Year" now offers high-economy V-8 running mate to famous Classic 6

Latest news about the 1963 Rambler is the exciting option of a brand-new 198-hp V-8 engine in Rambler Classic as a running mate to the famed Classic 6. This new, low-priced, balanced-performance V-8 adds extra zest to the Rambler Classic, plus excellent economy in the Rambler tradition. It joins the other new and major Rambler developments that won MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE'S "Car of the Year" Award—developments like Advanced Unit Construction that gives this Rambler far greater strength and solidity, with a sleek new lowness that keeps full room for six 6-footers inside; like curved glass side windows that curve *into* the roof to permit astonishingly easy entrance; like new Tri-Poised Power that cushion-balances the engine for amazing smoothness. With V-8 performance added to this Rambler's new beauty, superb handling qualities, big room, easy parking, famed economy, and traditional high resale value—you have some mighty potent reasons to see your Rambler dealer soon.

American Motors — Dedicated to Excellence

RAMBLER '63

Winner of Motor Trend Magazine Award, "CAR OF THE YEAR"

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PRECAUTION:

Colds lower body resistance, make you more vulnerable to other germs

TEST AFTER TEST HAS PROVED*

FEWER COLDS_MILDER COLDS WITH LISTERINE!

Right now, you want particularly to protect your family against colds. You know how one cold can lead to another—make you more vulnerable to sore throats, coughs or other colds complications that may keep you from work or school.

With so many winter colds going the rounds, you know you should get plenty of sleep. Eat properly. Keep regular. Avoid getting chilled.

But there is one other very practical step you can take against debilitating colds and sore throats that go with them. It is a precaution of *proved* effectiveness:

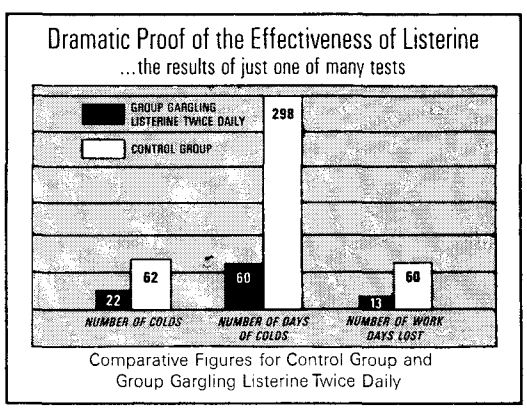
> Gargle twice daily, not with a sweet, pretty colored mouthwash, but with the most thoroughly proved oral antiseptic in the world—Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine contains more active ingredients to kill germs than any leading mouthwash... actually kills all types of bacteria commonly found in the mouth and throat.

READ THE RECORD. Reduce the danger of setting off a "chain of colds" in your family this winter. Here it is:

***Clinical tests with thousands of people over a 12-year period proved those who gargled Listerine full strength twice a day had fewer, milder colds than those who did not.**

The bar graph at the right shows dramatically the value of Listerine Antiseptic in reducing incidence of colds and helping to check the duration of the cold. It is significant that Listerine users lost fewer days of work than nonusers.



Listerine® Antiseptic contains more active ingredients to kill germs in the mouth and throat than any leading mouthwash

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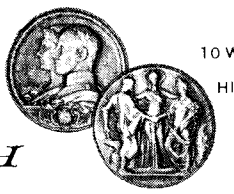
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



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HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY
OFFICIAL TIMEPIECE FOR LEADING SPORTS AND
CONTEST ASSOCIATIONS ALL OVER THE WORLD

New Longines "World's Fair" Watches *Left to right:* WF 3447, in an octagonal case with faceted synthetic Sapphire crystal • WF 2612, spun oval dial accents engraved case • WF 330*, brightly polished lantern shape • WF 2852, hand engraved with florentine design • WF 2851, classic square with diamond cut hour markers • WF 3355, inspired by the Florentine renaissance.

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ALL IN THE SPLENDOR OF SOLID 14K OR 18K GOLD

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World's Finest Quality! Just about the most satisfying purchase you can ever make is a Longines—a watch of the world's finest quality. Your Longines can be a treasured companion for an adult lifetime, the ever faithful guardian of your time, your most admired article of personal jewelry. Eventually you will come to feel, as thousands have before you, that all the countless honors which have been showered on the world's most honored watch might well have been bestowed on your own very personal Longines watch.

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Prices plus federal tax. Longines watches are also available in Canada.

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LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

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"I'M HIT! I'M HIT!"—An epic saga of men at war.

Now and then our editors see a manuscript which is so jarring and so compelling that no one can put it down. Such was the case with Jerry Rose's "**I'm Hit! I'm Hit!**" which begins on page 34. This is war reporting that ranks with the best of Ernest Hemingway and Ernie Pyle. Rose's powerful story, constructed with all the grace and suspense of a novel, conveys the feelings of Americans in actual combat so brilliantly that, after reading it, you will feel as if you have faced the same fire with the brave men he portrays. The author, an American free-lancer who once taught school in Vietnam, returned to that stricken country to join U.S. Special Forces soldiers as they patrolled mountain jungles with Vietnamese troops. His first stop was an obscure town called Buon Mi Ga. "That's one hairy piece of real estate," a tough sergeant told him. "I wouldn't want to be there." Next he went to Plei Mrong in time to face a murderous Communist attack on the under-strength American and native garrison. "You might call it reporter's luck," Rose said. "But the real luck was staying alive—many men didn't." Rose also shot the color photographs which illustrate his story. His cover photograph shows U.S. Capt. William Grace calling for helicopters to lift him and his troops from a burning Vietnamese village.

Other Bylines. **Alfred Aronowitz,** a reporter for the New York *Post*, specializes in writing about show business. . . . Free-lance reporter **Jonathan Rinehart** lives in Washington, D.C. . . . **Roger Donoghue,** who won 28 of 32 prizefights as a middleweight, writes film scripts at night after finishing his regular day's work as a sales supervisor for a beer company. . . . **Frank Graham** is a free-lance writer who lives in Brooklyn, N.Y. . . . **John O'Hara** makes his second recent *Post* appearance in this week's issue. . . . **Eva-Lis Wuorio** is a native of Finland whose work includes poetry and books for children. . . . **Don Oberdorfer, Beverly Smith Jr.** and **Thomas Congdon** are *Post* editors.

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LETTERS

Fox Hunting

Dear Sirs:

I can't possibly tell you how much I enjoyed the articles THE FAVORED SPORT OF JACQUELINE and SHE'S JUST ONE OF THE FOX HUNTERS [Feb. 23]. There is nothing more rewarding and inspiring than to see a fine horsewoman engrossed in a hunt. It is truly a lovely sight! I would like to see more articles of this nature, for I know of many horse and hunting enthusiasts who truly enjoy your articles.

NANCY MACNAUGHTON
East Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I am Mary Webb in the third grade. I would like to know: Does Mrs. Kennedy ever feel sorry for the fox?

MARY WEBB
Portland, Oreg.

Dear Sirs:

I hasten to register an indignant protest against the fox-hunting article and agree most heartily with Oscar Wilde's apt description of this so-called sport—"the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable."

F. J. WORRALL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I enjoyed your article on Mrs. Kennedy very much. More power to her that she has not let public opinion force her to give up her favorite form of relaxation.

MRS. SADIE STRANGE
Louisville, Ky.

Medicinal Meddling

Dear Sirs:

THE CASE AGAINST FEDERALIZED MEDICINE by Dr. George M. Fister [Feb. 23] is the best thing I have seen on the subject. I don't see how anyone can read these arguments, backed up so convincingly with statistics to prove his points, and not concede that Medicare financed by Social Security is nothing more than a large first step toward socialized medicine for the United States.

It couldn't have been more timely, coming out just when the five liberal Republican senators are presenting their own version of the same old Medicare program, with slight variations.

MRS. MARY MCKINNEY
Santa Susana, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Pity the poor, poor A.M.A. The most expensive lobbyist in the 1962 Medicare fight, and hardly a match for senior-citizens' groups. How deluded and cruel the Federal Government must be to operate on a set of data at odds with the A.M.A.'s! How audacious and presumptuous the Federal Government must be to get involved in such a completely unnecessary endeavor in the first place!

PAUL KANE
Perry Point, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Doctor Fister's case was very interesting but the good doctor failed to mention that if we spend some of our tax money caring for our ailing old folks we will be unable to pay Tito another three billion dollars or ever finish paying our first billion to Castro.

T. ASHLOCK
Kansas City, Kans.

Basketball Scandal

Dear Sirs:

I think the two articles and editorial [THE FIX WAS ON by Jimmy Breslin, A SCHOLARSHIP FOR BARRY by Milton Gross and LET'S CLEAN UP COLLEGE BASKETBALL, Feb. 23] have hit the nail right on the head! They should appoint that blue-ribbon committee, with the suggested names. This would help give college basketball a clean name.

DONALD R. MILLER
Phoenixville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Your related articles concerning the basketball scandals are written as if you had made a tremendous discovery. One gets the impression that such recruiting activities exist only in basketball. How many great football players enrolled at their respective institutions with only the gentle persuasion attributed to ice-cream selling? Are we to foolishly assume that basketball is the only sport where recruiting is big business?

Stop the gambling; stop the illegal fixing! But don't turn to the players and their institutions and ask them to shoulder the blame.

D. W. METCALF
Atlanta, Ga.

Annie

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for giving us that most delightful piece of adult fiction, WHERE'S ANNIE? [Feb. 23]. In introducing your readers to so sensitive and discerning a writer as Eileen Bassing, you send us scurrying to look up everything she has written and set us hoping for more to come.

MARY HEALD
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

WHERE'S ANNIE? has all the symptoms of a sick novel, and I hope that we don't see any more of this type in your fine magazine.

The fact that the story was well written with beautiful descriptive passages only makes the low-grade moral pitch more dangerous. How about publishing some worthwhile literature with a healthy outlook on life?

MARIE G. KEBBON
Delmar, N.Y.

Danish Exodus

The article written by Roul Tunley [THE DANISH JEWS, Feb. 23] was one which I read with great respect and admiration.

When I read the quote of Major General Gortz ("We can't see much point in exchanging one Dane for another"), I felt a strong desire to one day experience the human understanding for mankind which exists in Denmark and Scandinavia irrespective of race, creed or color.

EDWARD C. COLLIER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

The Post picked an ideal time to publicize the heroic work of the Danish people. This year marks the 20th anniversary of the Danish involvement in their effort to save those whom Hitler sought to destroy and will be commemorated in Philadelphia on April 5 at Congregation Rodeph Shalom under the guidance of Rabbi David Wice.

The Danish Ambassador, Count Knuth-Winterfeldt will receive a painting symbolizing the Danish rescue, by the well-known American artist Leonard Baskin, and other programs commemorating this significant event are now being planned on a national level.

RABBI BALFOUR BRICKNER
New York, N.Y.

Wig Warning

Dear Sirs:

One word of caution to wig buyers overlooked by Miss Browning [WHY WOMEN GO WIG-HAPPY, Feb. 23]: The U. S. attorney and the chief postal inspector have refused to act against firms advertising 100 percent human-hair wigs being imported, which, according to our analyses, contain human hair, but with large amounts of sisal fiber, synthetics, and yak hair (domesticated ox of Tibet). These wigs are literally *flooding* the U. S. market!

ANTHONY KEITH
New Orleans, La.

Long-Term Worry

Dear Sirs:

My very great thanks for your editorial THE ICE AGE COMETH [Feb. 23]. Science writer George Getze has done wonders for me. To think that I've been wasting my time worrying about such small matters as the atomic bomb, how to get my children college educated, the family's health and my bowling score. I can now really concentrate and do my worrying on a big scale—another ice age in 10,000 or 20,000 years!

MRS. H. EDWARD WEAVER
Rochester, N.Y.

Ecumenical Council

Dear Sirs:

As a guest-observer at the second Vatican Council I must say that the article by Sanche de Gramont [THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL, Feb. 23] is excellent—one of the very best from a factual point of view.

DR. STANLEY I. STUBER
Executive Director
Missouri Council of Churches
Jefferson City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

The report on the Ecumenical Council made sense until in the second-to-last paragraph the author claimed that a sick Catholic, unable to go to Mass, must get a dispensation through his bishop from the Curia. Utter nonsense! In such a case the Catholic has an "excusing cause" from a binding ecclesiastical law and by reason of *epieikeia* can consider himself freed from the obligation without even consulting his parish priest.

REV. SERGIUS WROBLEWSKI, O.F.M.
Christ the King Seminary
West Chicago, Ill.

COMING...in next week's Post

Decline of the
INDIVIDUAL
By Vice Adm. H. G. Rickover

DICK CHAMBERLAIN
TV's Dr. Kildare

IN COLOR:
PALM SPRINGS
California moneyland

JAMES JONES
"War isn't like movies"

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Your General Electric Toaster toasts thick or thin slices...bakes, too!

See, General Electric's Toast-R-Oven* loads from the front.

That means you can toast big or little slices, thick or thin slices, moist or dry, French or garlic bread, even buttered bread. Try that in your toaster! Or this—top-browned muffins!

When toasting's done, out pops the tray to serve your toast to you, all golden brown—just the way you like it best.

Now, move the control to "Bake." Buns, frozen pastries, cookies, rolls, baked potatoes, meat loaf. What other toaster can do that? And what other toaster lets you watch it all, right through a unique "picture window"?

Only General Electric's new Toast-R-Oven. It's the toaster that gives you real "Accent on Value." It's the newest idea in toasting since bread. See it at your dealer's. General Electric Company, Housewares & Commercial Equipment Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

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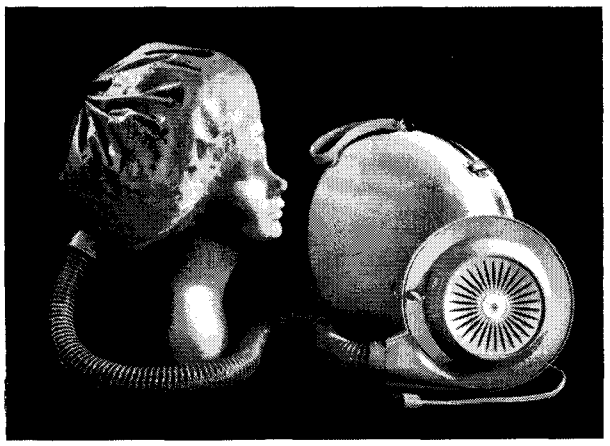
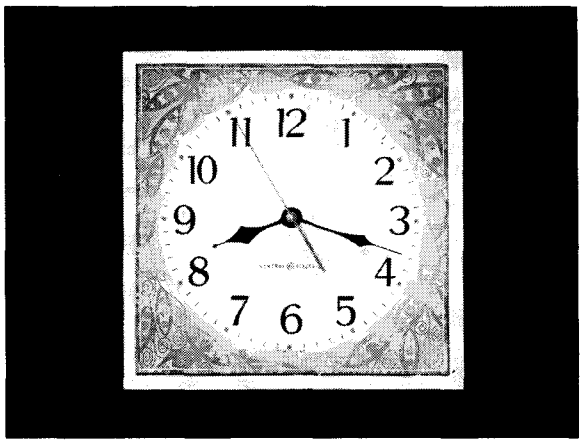
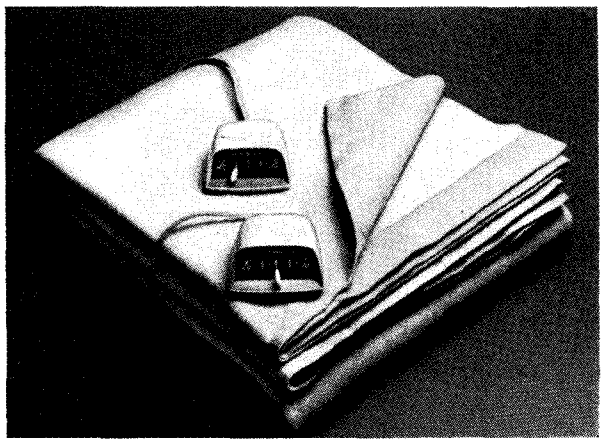


New De Luxe Hair Dryer. Comes in stunning new carry and storage case. Straps on your waist or over your shoulder. Dry your hair as you do other things. Extra-large bouffant bonnet.



New "Chef" Kitchen Clock. Smart picture-frame styling, flared case. Dresses up any kitchen wall, modern or traditional. Choice of yellow, white or beige. Bold, easy-to-read dial.



Sleep-Guard® Automatic Blanket. Adjusts automatically to temperature changes. Gives soft warmth without weight. Comes with single or dual controls; in twin or double sizes.

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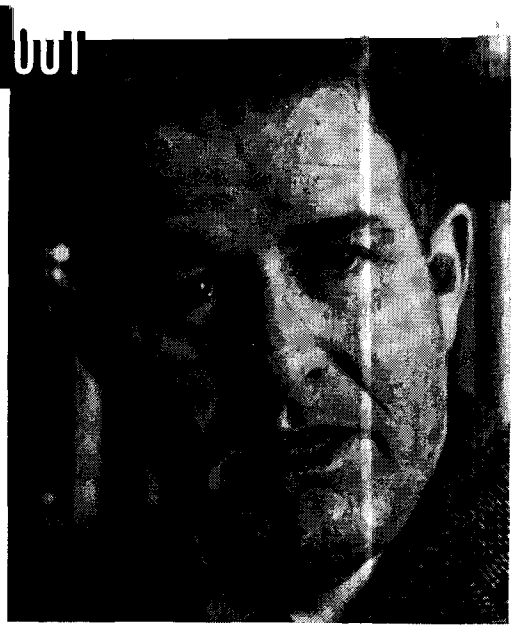

Dr. Sterling McMurrin served as Commissioner of Education in the U. S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare for 20 months. He resigned in 1962 to teach philosophy at the University of Utah, where he had served as vice president before his term of federal office.

WHY WE NEED MORE FEDERAL AID FOR OUR SCHOOLS

by Dr. Sterling McMurrin

The former U.S. school chief says federal money can help solve our education problems.

I insist that the specter of a federal bureaucracy eager and ready to pounce on the schools and colleges is a politically inspired horror story that does not deserve the credence of intelligent citizens.

I do not believe giving more federal funds to public schools will lead to federal control of public education, for the simple reason that no one wants it. The educators don't want it, the taxpayers don't want it, and quite certainly the people in government don't want it. Yet Washington has, as I believe it should have, a heavy financial involvement in all levels of education in this country. The Federal Government's part in education now costs about three billion dollars a year, and this figure is certain to rise, whether or not President Kennedy gets what he has asked for in his vast new $1.2 billion education bill.

The problem of federal control should be debated—and so, of course, should the weaknesses in our present system of local, private and state control. The problem must be taken seriously—and as federal investment in education rises, it will become more difficult. The Federal Government has spent many billions of dollars on education since the Morrill Act provided for the land-grant colleges in 1862, but no one can argue that we now have federal control. The trouble is that most of what is said on the subject is merely an outpouring of political emotion, or else part of the grand debate on our economy.

I believe that we must preserve our present general pattern of educational organization. The states should continue to control the public schools. Colleges and universities, public and private, should continue to have their present large measure of independence. But it is ludicrous to argue this, as some do, on the ground that the Federal Government is bad or incompetent. I suspect that the federal education officials with whom I have worked have been, on the whole, more competent than most of their state and local counterparts, and their integrity is most admirable. It is just not true, as some critics find it useful to pretend, that they are questionable characters bent on destroying our institutions. My experience as United States Commissioner of Education showed me quite clearly that the people who administer the Government's educational affairs in such agencies as the Office of Education and the National Science Foundation are thoroughly opposed to federal control.

Is Washington inefficient?

Nor does another argument against federal participation in education hold water—the belief, fostered by a steady barrage of clichés, that federal educational programs are less efficient and more costly than similar programs run by the states. If money were the only consideration, it would be hard to argue against federal management of every school and college in the country. However, the clinching argument against a federally run educational system has nothing to do with money, nor with any easy presumption of villainy in Washington and virtue in the provinces.

We are told often enough that a nation's success depends on the quality of its education. What is perhaps more important is the extent to which the character of a nation is bound up with the kind (not merely the quality) of education it has. Our national character has always been one of enormous diversity, of people, languages, sects and prejudices swirling about in disharmonious union. The great and frequently exasperating variety of American ways of life (there is, of course, no single "American way of life") is squarely opposed to the block structure of totalitarianism. Our educational system reflects and nourishes this variety—and to change from the variety of state and local control to a central, monolithic structure would be to destroy the individual's best guarantee against the overwhelming power of the state.

Such would be the danger if education in the U.S. were controlled by even the most enlightened federal officials. But recognizing this does not mean that we should continue our sometimes absurd educational provincialisms. The plain fact is that education is now a national as well as a state and local concern.

The problem is not—and has not been for decades—whether we should have federal aid to education. We have it, and need more of it. The problem is what kind of aid to have. Actually few people, even those who are supposed to be enemies of federal aid, oppose programs already in existence. Continuing aid to land-grant colleges, for instance, is one of the most popular programs in the Congress, and vocational-education programs have been established so long in some parts of the country that the most thoroughgoing conservatives would be shocked at the thought of discontinuing them—at least in their districts. Such programs are accepted as part of the normal pattern of school financing, and the federal origin of the money is usually forgotten.

It is, of course, the new aid proposals that bring cries of outrage. So far, opposition has been overwhelming to any plan for general aid—all-purpose funds to be used at the discretion of college or school-district officials. The

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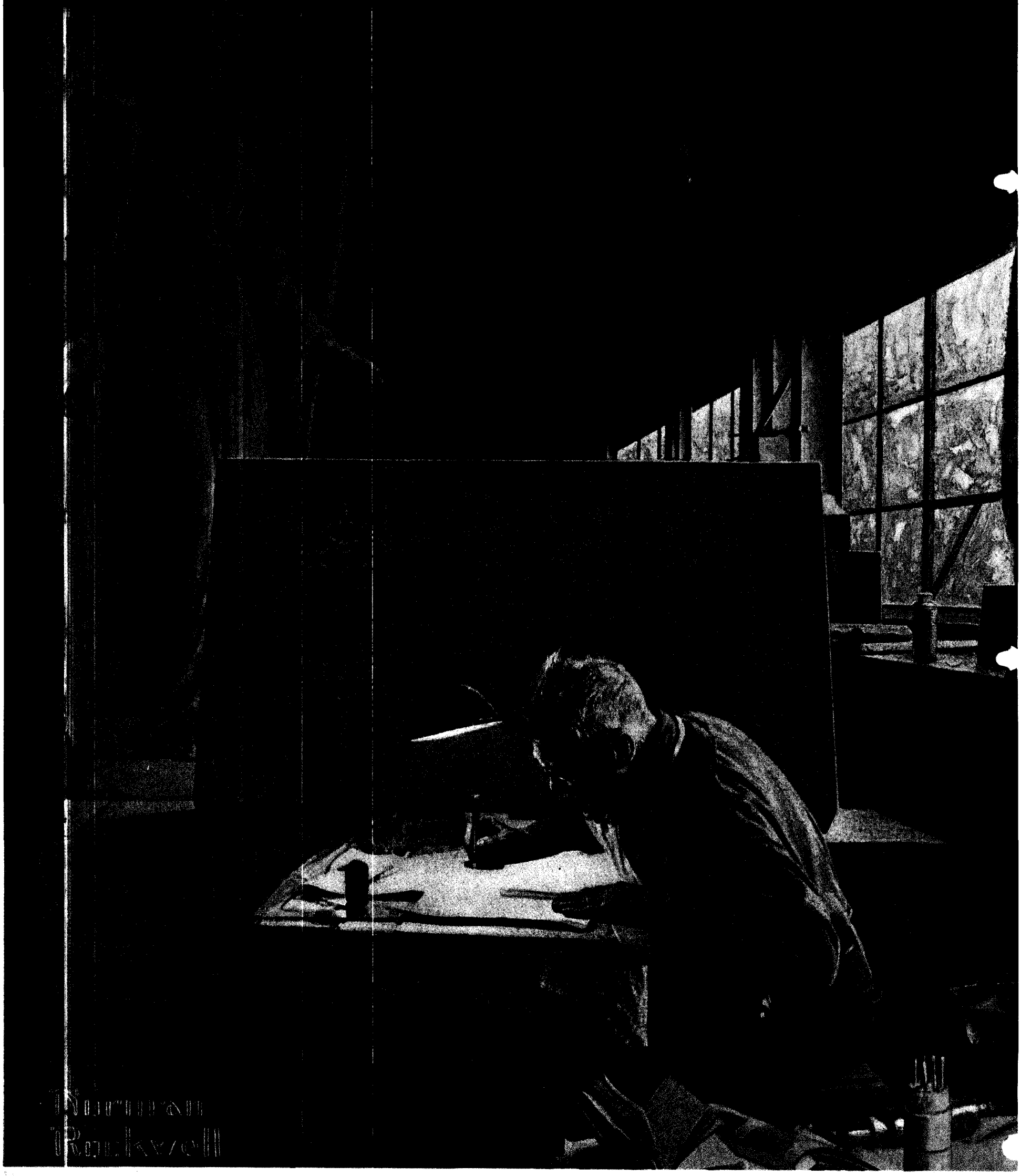

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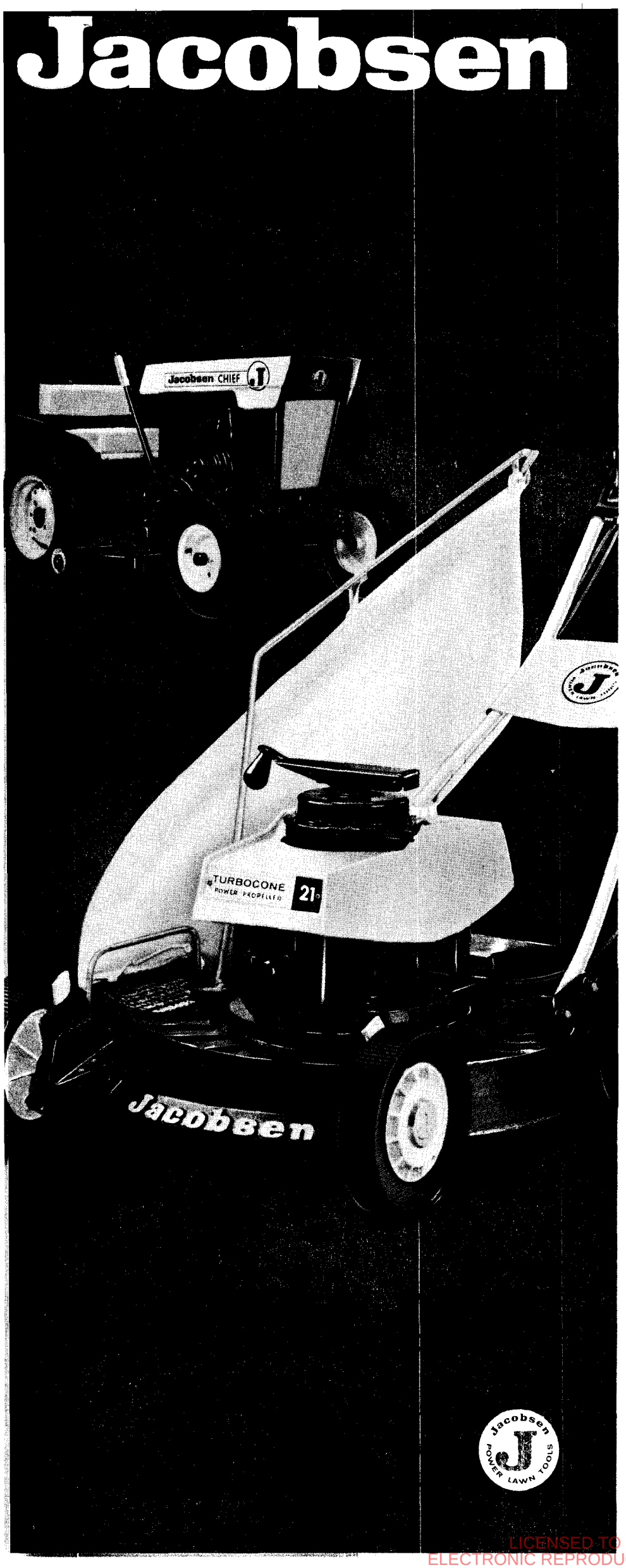

SPEAKING OUT

Congress has never passed a general aid bill, and it is conceivable that it never will. Yet a strong case can be made for general aid. It is surely in the national interest, for instance, to raise the level of education in the poorer states. The principle of equal primary and secondary education within each state is well established, so why not make the level of education equal throughout the nation? But the ability of individual states to pay for education is almost impossible to measure accurately, and it is almost as hard to find agreement on what the national needs in education are. In any case, the parochial-school question complicates the discussion.

Many aid programs to meet specific needs have been established by the Congress. Specific aid programs now in force, in addition to the land-grant-college and vocational-aid appropriations mentioned earlier, include funds to provide loans for college and university dormitories, and to train and equip teachers of sciences and foreign languages. Much of the money is available in the form of matching funds, and local participation is, of course, voluntary. The President's new bill, a compound of such specific programs, calls for, among other things, continuing "pin-point" aid to public schools in federally impacted areas; a three-year, one-billion-dollar plan for construction loans to public and private colleges; a new program of grants to public and private institutions for graduate schools, library facilities and technical education; aid to public junior colleges, and an expanded teacher-training plan.

I think the argument for specific aid of the kind the President has proposed is entirely persuasive. There is just too much to be done to improve American education that cannot, or will not, be done by the states or the local school districts. Some problems, such as upgrading high-school teaching in the basic subjects, require a massive attack of both talent and money, beyond the means of all but the wealthiest states. In other areas, although the money required is not great, the solution of a problem may require a concerted national effort rather than sporadic local activity. An instance is the present federal investment of three million dollars over a two-year period to attract and train better teachers for the deaf. (I have heard it argued by critics who see "federal control" in any specific aid program that if the same three million dollars were added to a general-aid appropriation, the teaching of the deaf would be taken care of. I regard this as patent nonsense.) Finally, there are some areas, such as the teaching of important but uncommon foreign languages, for which there may be no local interest, although there is a national need.

Large federal investments can, of course, unbalance our educational system. Currently the unbalance favors science and engineering. Huge federal appropriations for defense research not only have built up the nation's military strength but also have produced an explosion in knowledge, talent and creativity that has endless implications for the future. We cannot turn away from such achievements; the imbalance must not be corrected by having less science, but by a larger investment in the humanities and the arts. I seriously doubt that this can be done without federal action.

Naturally, to say that a particular aid program is justified does not mean that it should continue indefinitely. Nor should use of federal money be permitted to rob states, local districts or private groups of their responsibilities in education. It is quite true that federal money can tempt a state or local board to make unwise decisions, say in the spending of matching funds. But this is no argument against federal aid; we are entitled to expect wisdom and integrity in our educational leaders, and virtue often depends on the capacity to say no.

Who makes the decisions?

The seeming detachment of government officials from the schools themselves is a drawback of federal aid in the minds of some critics. Obviously men who approve or deny applications for federal funds can influence a university or a school district. But their decisions are commonly made on the advice of experts from outside the Government, and money is spent according to regulations drawn up with the aid and approval of persons broadly representative of the schools and colleges. There is a constant flow into and out of Washington of university presidents, scientists, scholars, state and local school superintendents, and experts in every branch of educational finance.

A rich crop of confusion is reaped whenever federal aid is mentioned merely because of the sprawling, uncoordinated nature of the Government's involvement in education. A man with time on his hands can identify over 250 separate U.S. Government educational operations carried on by 12 departments and 26 independent agencies. It is impossible to administer these programs from one department—many involve technical research geared to defense, atomic energy, space exploration and the like. But better coordination is necessary.

The only way to achieve the necessary order, it seems to me, is to give full cabinet status to education. At present the Office of Education is merely one of a conglomerate of agencies in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Considering the growing importance of education to our society, this makes no sense. Only a full-fledged department for education—perhaps a Department of Education, Science and the Arts—will enable the American people to deal with the large problems of education at the national level. THE END

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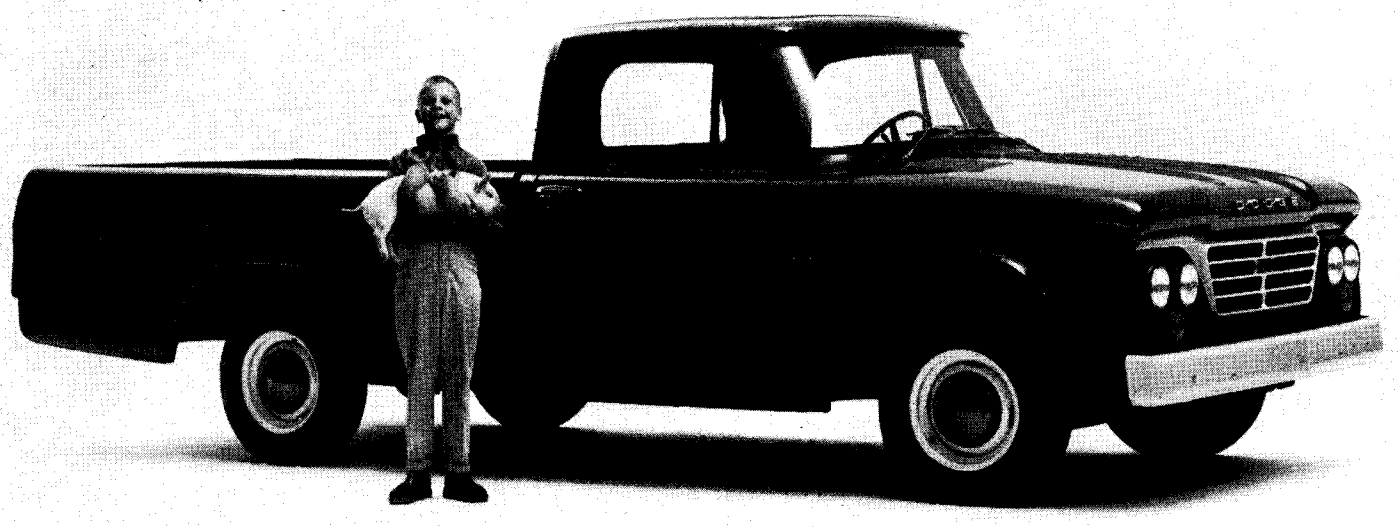

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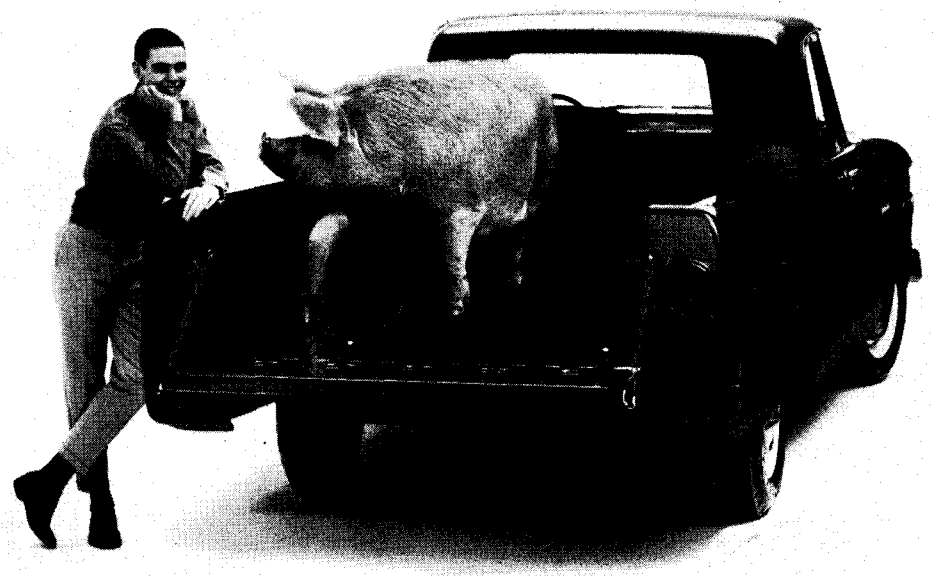

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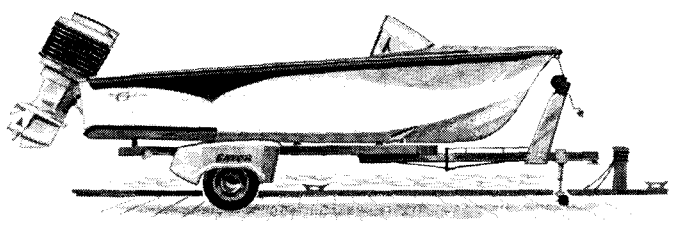

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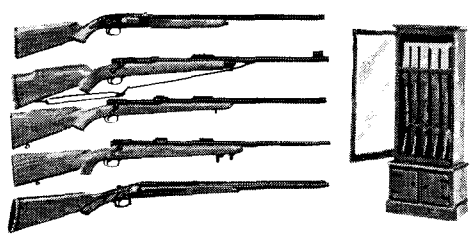

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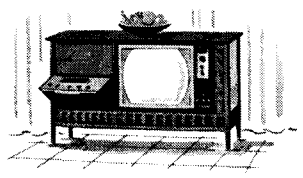

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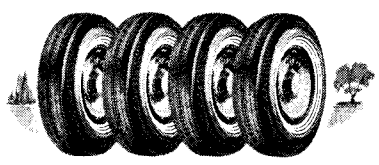

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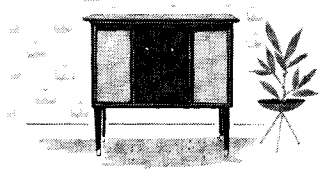

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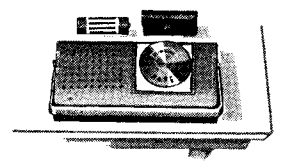

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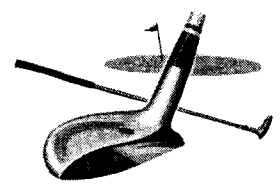

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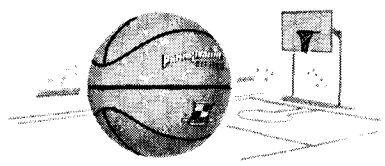

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

SURVIVAL OF THE FEWEST

The shocking truth about our civil defense: Millions would die needlessly in a nuclear attack.

By DON OBERDORFER

On the night of October 22 U.S. Navy ships steamed through the darkening waters of the Caribbean to tighten the picket line around Cuba. Soviet vessels moved in on collision course toward a possible shooting showdown with the U.S. fleet. Troops poured into Florida to form an invasion force, while airfields blazed with activity as airmen readied combat and reconnaissance aircraft.

A stunned American people heard their President say that Soviet nuclear weapons were being aimed at the heart of the U.S. from Cuba, only 90 miles away. Nuclear war within a few hours suddenly seemed a real possibility.

All across the nation the people turned to the agency responsible for protecting them, Civil Defense. At many local CD offices, phones did not answer after 5 P.M., and outraged callers wondered if the enemy's missiles would observe the 40-hour week.

Citizens flooded the Civil Defense offices that were open demanding to know where to go and what to do in the event of an attack. Hapless officials handed them pamphlets with advice that would have been useless had an immediate attack materialized.

Half a dozen communities discovered that their CD directors had resigned weeks, months, even years earlier and had never been replaced. Waukesha, Wisconsin, learned that its local civil-defense survival plan had been lost several years before and had never even been missed. Waukesha officials consoled distraught citizens with the news that the plan wasn't workable anyway.

Chicago was operating under an outmoded 1959 survival plan calling for massive evacuation of the city. When asked what to do in an attack the chief administrator of the state Civil Defense agency advised, "Take cover and pray."

People who could not contact their CD offices bombarded police stations with requests for help. "Shelters? There are none around here that I know of," answered one suburban Los Angeles police officer, adding, "If you find one, let *me* know." "Try the city dump," suggested another.

Probably the only community in the entire United States which was ready was the one most intimately connected with the nuclear bomb. In Los Alamos, New Mexico, some 17,000 residents were prepared with individual and family assignments to fully stocked public fallout shelters.

At the height of the crisis reporters asked Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara what was being done to protect civilians against a possible missile attack. "Civil defense," answered McNamara, and the reporters burst into laughter.

It was hollow laughter. The state of civil defense was not funny; it was preposterous.

In official Washington, D.C., where federal agencies had only just completed "Operation Spade Fork," the civil-defense exercise for 1962, the state of readiness was no better. An authorized military command post ordered all Federal agencies on a real "Defcon 3" alert. Many officials, including cabinet officers, did not even know what this meant. It had to be explained to them that Defcon stands for Defense Condition and Defcon 3 is a serious alert, halfway between Defcon 5, the typical cold-war situation in force most of the time, and Defcon 1 meaning attack is imminent.

Virtually the first move in Defcon 3 is a check of succession lists to make sure there are clear lines of inherited authority in case key officials are killed or isolated. On September 19 the Office of Emergency Planning, a White House unit in charge of federal nonmilitary readiness, directed all federal agencies to file succession plans. But when the Cuban crisis broke five weeks later, only one-fifth of them had bothered to act; most agencies had no plans at all. (Within 24 hours after the crisis alert, all these plans were hurriedly composed and transmitted.)

Had the Cuban crisis worsened, Defcon 2 would have been proclaimed, calling for dispersal of many Government officials to secret relocation sites away from Washington. But now the emergency planners faced a hard question: Since federal policy calls for families to remain behind with only the protection of local civil defense, how many officials would actually go?

"If a serious war threat comes," said one worried Government employee, "you're going to find me getting home to my wife and kids."

As official Washington fumbled its own civil defense, millions of Americans, frustrated in their attempts to find protection through CD, bought transistor radios and stored extra food in their basements. Others filled their automobiles with gas and studied road maps, searching for some area safe from missiles and fallout. Few were foolish enough to believe that such tardy genuflections to the thermonuclear age would save them, but there was an overwhelming compulsion to do almost anything to get ready.

Such pitiful efforts might be explained by the fact that the public had just discovered that nuclear war was a real possibility. No such excuse can be made for the nation's leaders: Civil defense is as much a governmental responsibility as the maintenance of an army. Because of this failure to provide adequate civil defense, at least 13 million Americans would have died needlessly if even a moderate-sized nuclear attack had been delivered on the United States in October.

This is all the more shocking because a substantial measure of effective civil defense *is* possible and practical. It is also imperative if more than a tiny minority is to survive any large and well-planned nuclear attack on the United States.

The Kennedy Administration's program of makeshift community fallout shelters, stocked with survival rations and managed by trained leaders, is sensible and well worth its relatively modest cost. The Administration must be given credit for bringing forth the first national civil-defense plan worth a hoot in the nuclear age. Moreover the transfer of day-to-day civil-defense responsibilities to the Department of Defense in July, 1961, has for the first time given CD the competent, nonpolitical planning it deserves.

But even the best paper plans will never stop a gamma ray. Unhappily the Kennedy Administration's program, which started strong about 15 months ago, has been losing its momentum for months. In spite of Cuba it is now in grave danger of collapsing completely in a mire of irresolution, apathy and evasion. Here are the facts:

Congress last year slashed President Kennedy's budget request to one-ninth of what he asked. The heart of the program, federal aid to

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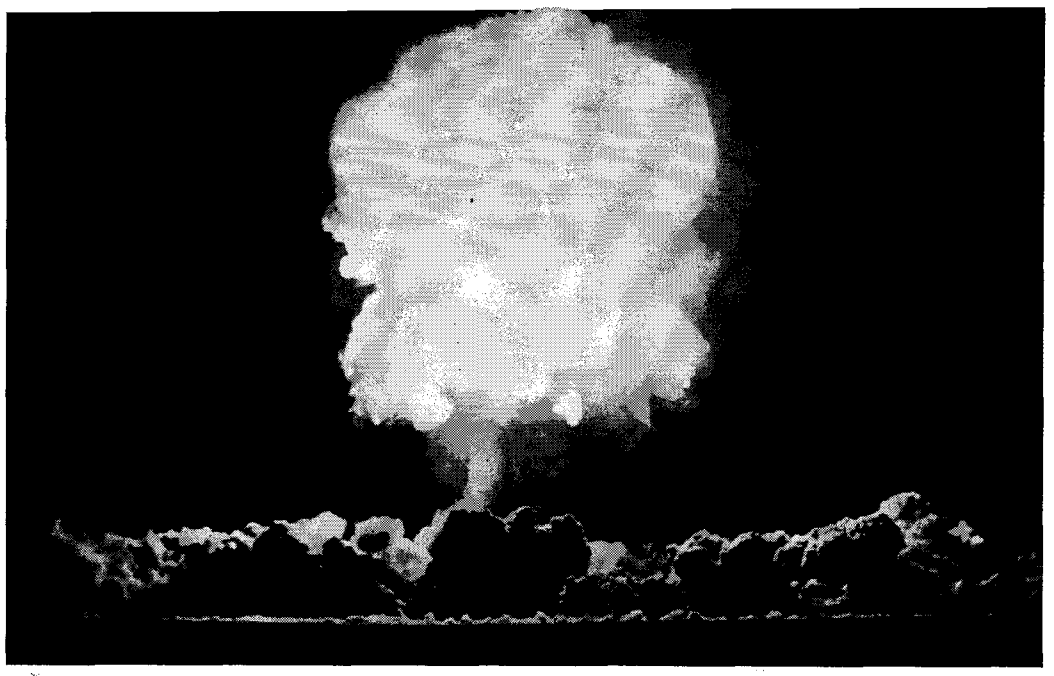
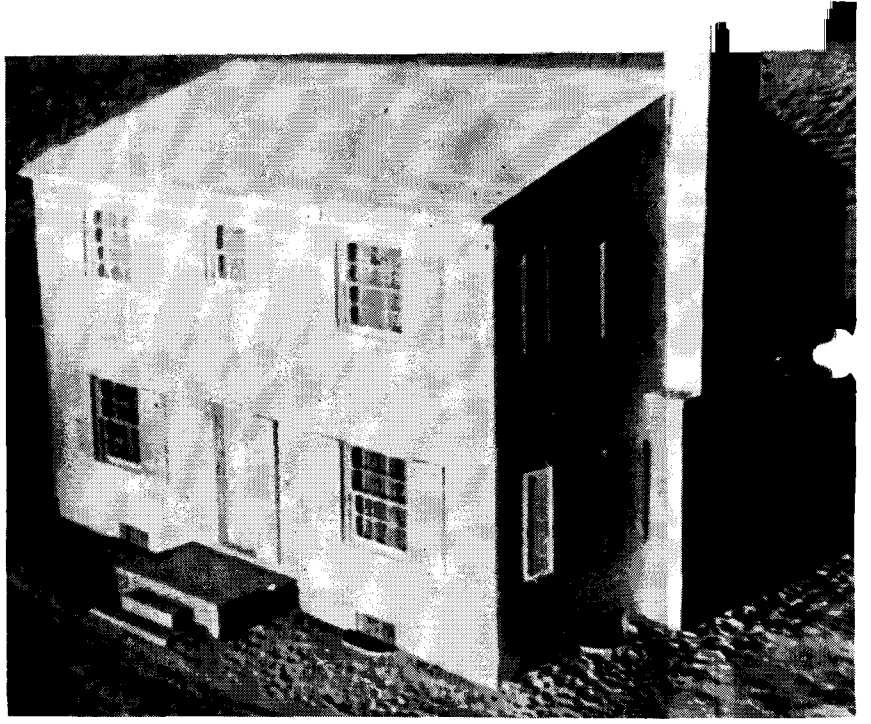


Brilliant fireball follows ground-level blast in Yucca Flat, Nev., nuclear test.



Explosion's light flashes on house in Civil Defense test of blast effects.

the construction of new makeshift shelter space, failed even to get an official hearing, much less serious consideration on Capitol Hill. And President Kennedy has not yet given civil-defense legislation any serious boost in the current session of Congress.

The five-year program set up by the Administration is already at least a full year behind schedule. But this year's budget asks for less than half as much money for CD as last year's.

Federal surveys of existing buildings have discovered usable shelter spaces for 70 million Americans. But only 1.8 million spaces—about three in a hundred—have been stockpiled with federal supplies of food, water, medicine and radiation instruments. Without these supplies the shelters are useless.

The Pentagon estimates that 1.8 million Americans must be trained and assigned to manage the shelters in time of attack, and almost as many prepared as radiological-measurement officers. Yet the program, which calls for eventually having two trained leaders for every 100 Americans, has not been given the vigorous backing necessary to attract sufficient volunteers.

Secretary of Defense McNamara is acutely aware of the manpower problem. "We need a disciplined and trained group," he says. "I strongly suspect we will need a small portion of the Reserve forces. This is under study." But the assignment of Reserve and National Guard units to primary civil-defense missions would be so controversial that its accomplishment is doubtful.

The lion's share of blame for the CD crisis must be borne by the top officials of our national Government—the President, the Secretary of Defense and their advisers. The hard fact is that the American people have not been given the kind of leadership they have a right to expect.

Representative Chet Holifield of California, a leading congressional proponent of civil defense, puts the matter succinctly. "For the Government to expect people to develop their own civil defense," he says, "is just as asinine as for the Government to expect people to build a B-52 with hammers and saws and nails."

So far, the nation's leaders have failed to give civil defense a high enough priority to overcome opposition and inertia. President Kennedy devoted exactly three words—"improved civil defense"—to the subject in his lengthy State of the Union address. The new defense budget includes $7.3 billion for strategic nuclear forces (not counting a billion or two for additional nuclear warheads), about $2 billion for continental air and missile defense, and just $300 million for civil defense.

If the Administration's national shelter program is worth having, it is worth fighting for. Yet in recent months the White House has been all but inactive and the Pentagon's modest efforts on Capitol Hill have been of no consequence.

In a curious way, the subject of survival seems to paralyze otherwise vigorous people. Partly this is because the fallout-shelter program is buffeted on all sides. Politicians are generally afraid of it, and many military men see it as undesirable competition for dollars and manpower. The optimists are sure nuclear war will never come, and the pessimists are convinced everybody would be killed anyway.

Finally, there are the fatalists who insist that *they* would be killed (so why worry?) though they concede others could be saved. ("In previous wars," notes a puzzled civil-defense planner, "everybody assumed it would be the other guy who would get it. This time everybody feels he'll be standing right under the bomb.")

At this point one might legitimately ask, just what is the Administration's program?

Kennedy's shelter program

This program calls for the creation of a usable fallout-shelter space for every American, about 240 million spaces in all, within five years. A small portion—some 50 million—would be private home shelters and privately financed community shelters. Well-shielded areas of existing large buildings would provide 80 million spaces. They would be marked and stocked by Government as public shelters. The rest—some 110 million public spaces—would be built into present and future structures with the help of federal subsidies. So far, however, Congress has refused even to authorize funds for shelter areas in most federal buildings.

But is the Administration's program worth having? How many lives would be saved?

Steuart Pittman, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense, candidly reports that 25 to 75 percent of the people in fallout shelters would be killed by the direct blast and heat effects of a major nuclear attack. But by the same token 75 to 25 percent of the people in fallout shelters would survive the holocaust.

Who would survive and who would be killed depends, experts say, on 49 variables. Among these are the number, size and accuracy of weapons used; the kind of targets selected by the enemy; height of burst; weather conditions, and warning time. Because such studies involve highly classified intelligence and targeting analyses, few facts about them have been made public. Still, patterns emerge which can now be reported:

Last-year's civil-defense exercise, "Operation Spade Fork," assumed that 355 nuclear weapons ranging in size from less than one megaton to ten megatons poured onto the United States. Of these, 186 were airburst, and the rest ground burst. These weapons carried a total explosive power of 1,779 megatons, the equivalent to 1,779 million tons of TNT.

In such an attack, experts calculate, some 13 million Americans would be killed immediately from direct effects of the nuclear explosions, and 8 million more would die shortly thereafter from fires, burns and blast injuries.

Radioactive fallout would kill an additional 13 million Americans, *unless they had access to fallout shelters.* But if these human beings had shelter, virtually all of them would survive. And the national fallout-shelter system would also save many persons on the periphery of the blast area, since it has been found that shelters designed to shield people against radioactive fallout also provide modest protection against blast.

Many experts consider the attack assumptions of "Operation Spade Fork" too modest for presently estimated Soviet capabilities. The U.S. estimate of this capability is, of course, a closely held military secret. But official studies, checked by a variety of defense and intelligence agencies and reviewed by the President, show a continuing high level of lifesaving capacity in fallout shelters at every foreseeable level of attack.

Even in a 20,000-megaton attack, which greatly exceeds any reasonable estimate of Soviet capability, the case for shelters is impressive. Assuming an attack directed against American retaliatory strength—SAC, missile and submarine bases—the result would be: 56 million Americans killed outright; 15 million unharmed or merely sick; 117 million subject to fatal radiation. With fallout shelters, this last and largest group would survive. Without them, it would perish.

Even in a 20,000-megaton attack directed at population centers as well as retaliatory forces, it is calculated that fallout shelters would save

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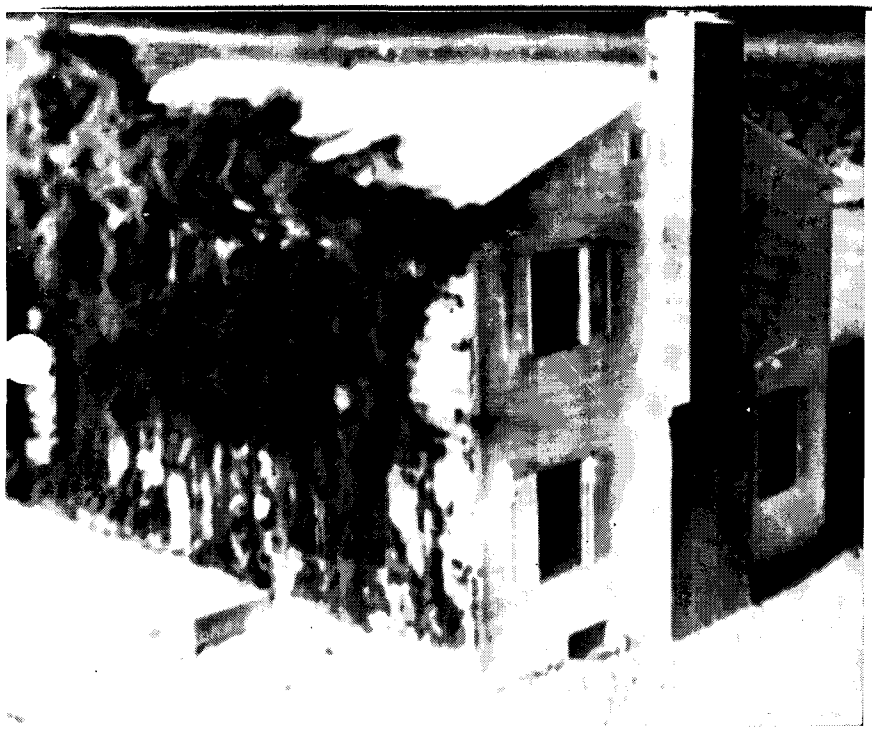
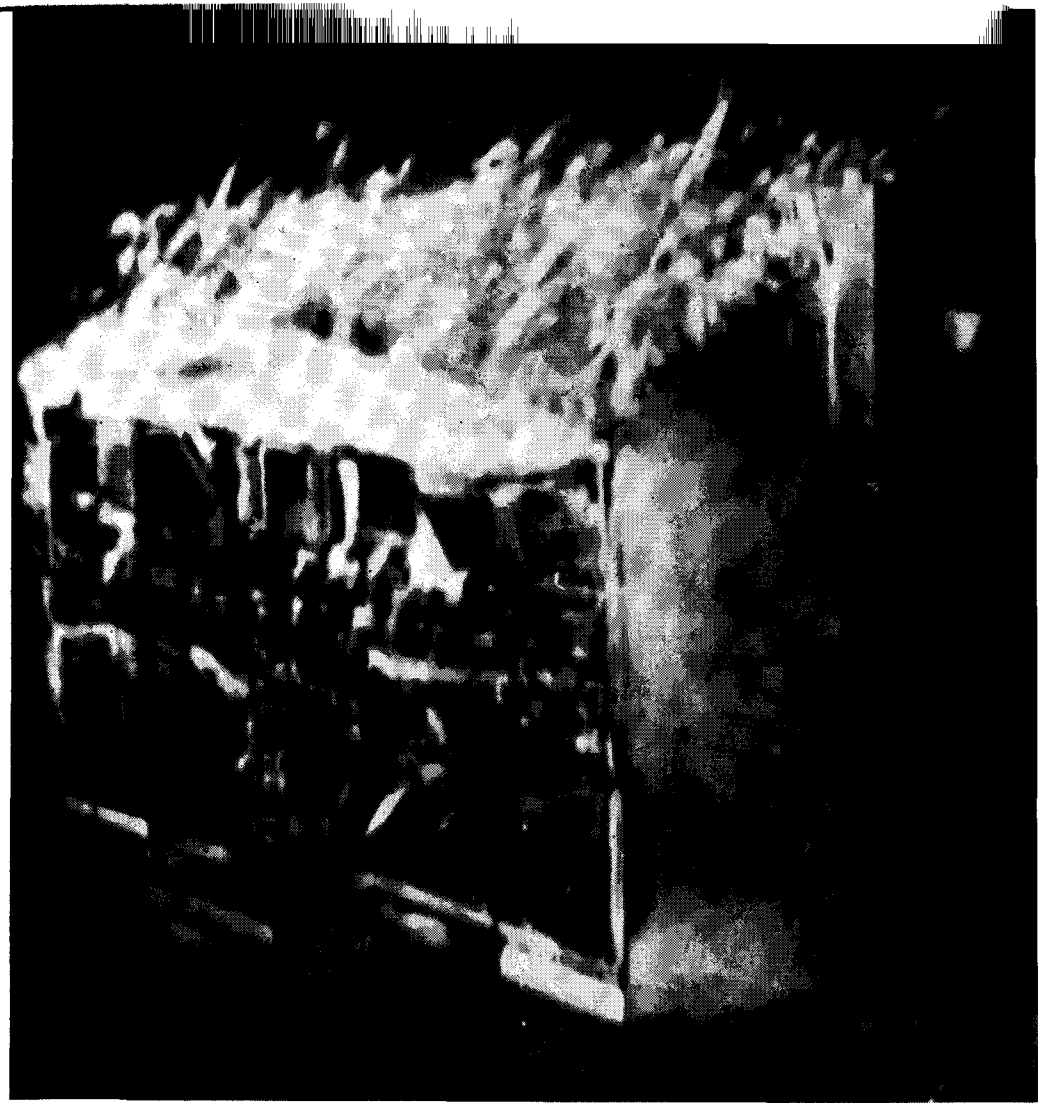
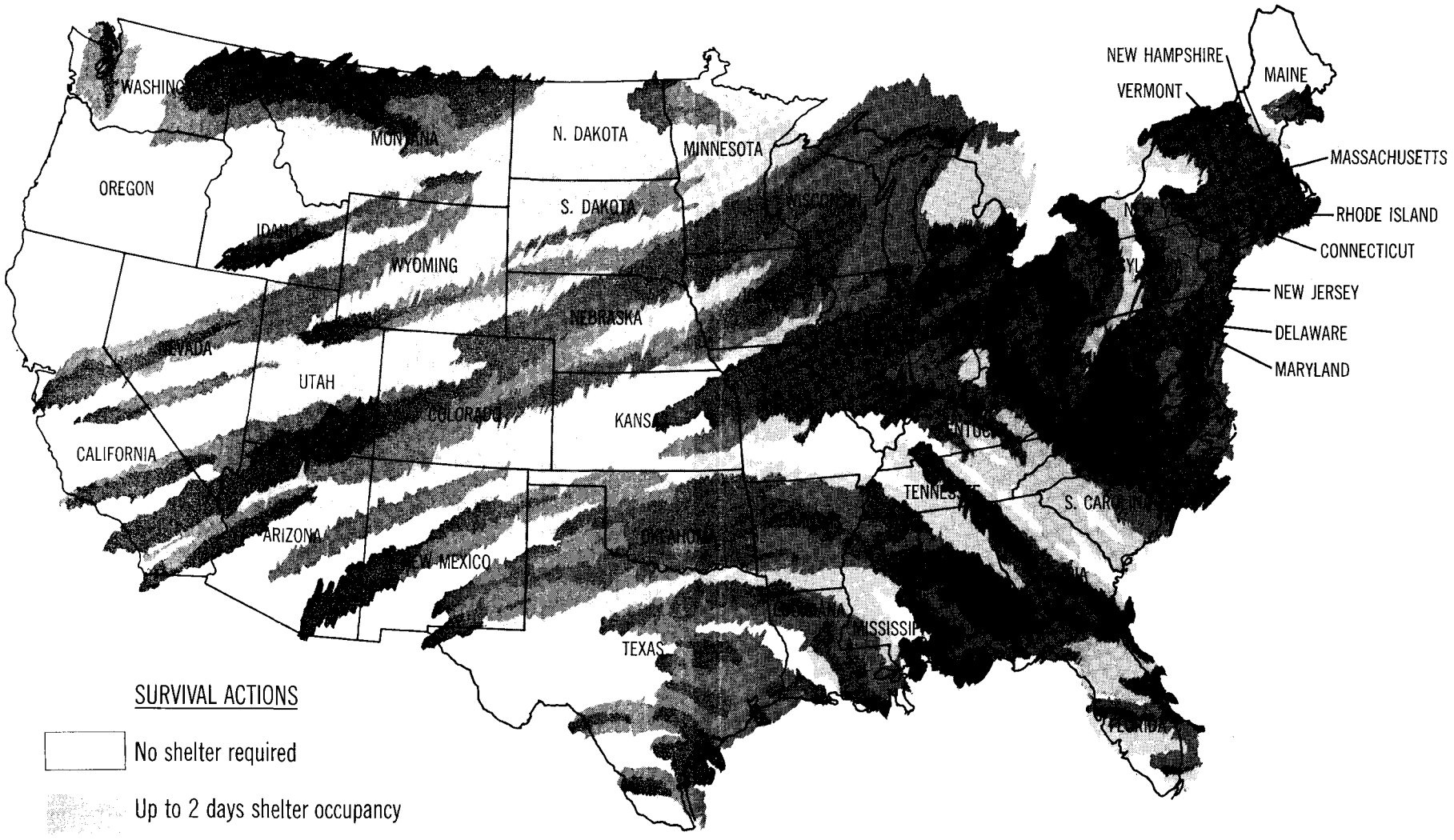


Charred particles of whitewash blacken house before flames break out.



Blast wave strikes house with full fury, turning it into seething mass of fire.

SHELTERS WOULD SAVE MANY MILLIONS OF LIVES IN THE EVENT OF A MASSIVE NUCLEAR ATTACK.



Defense Department map shows a hypothetical attack possible sometime in the future. Enemy attacks military, urban and industrial centers on windy spring day, exploding 3,000 megatons at ground level, plus airbursts. Blast, heat kill 62 million; without fallout shelters, radiation kills another 46 million.

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Governor Rockefeller's strong support of civil defense in New York has influenced

about 38 million people. Without shelters almost the entire population would die.

To find out what shelter life is like, I spent 48 hours in an improvised fallout shelter at the Civil Defense Training Center in Brooklyn. It was a badly lighted, windowless chamber 18 by 33 feet. Crowded into the shelter with me were 71 men and women—teachers, nurses, businessmen, policemen, firemen—a typical advance cadre of the 1.8 million volunteers the Department of Defense hopes to train to manage public shelters in case of attack.

For breakfast, lunch and dinner we ate the same meal: eight small survival crackers (which look like graham crackers but taste like children's animal crackers). Each cracker packs 30 calories in food value, giving us a total of 720 calories a day. We drank five small plastic cupfuls of water daily, totaling slightly less than a quart.

Most of us lost about five pounds and suffered dull headaches and intestinal upset from the abrupt change in diet.

My colleagues slept in their clothes on steel-and-wire bunks, rigged three and four tiers high to preserve precious space. Without them we would have been forced to sleep in shifts, since there were only about eight square feet per person of floor area. (Federal fallout-shelter standards call for 10, which is still crowded.) But because the Federal Government's program will provide no bunks or bedding for public shelters, I tried sleeping on the bare floor with my overcoat wrapped around me. The climate, ranging from drafty and frigid to a more typical muggy stuffiness—depending on temperature and winds outside—made sleeping uneasy.

The toilet was a 17½-gallon fiberboard drum, lined with polyethylene bags and topped with a plastic seat. Thin partitions and a door shielded the toilet from the living space, giving us slightly more privacy than the opaque screen which is standard equipment in the federal public-shelter kits. All the same, several of the women, including a pretty 23-year-old nurse, complained about the lack of privacy.

The "Conelrad Hilton," as someone wryly dubbed the shelter, offered extremely few good things of life and none of the comforts. There was no water or equipment for shaving or for baths, a fact which grew increasingly apparent as the hours dragged by. But the shelters are meant for survival, not comfort.

And the supremely important point is that if we had escaped the direct blast and heat effects of a bomb, we could have lived in the shelter for several weeks, if necessary, without suffering serious impairment.

We could have survived.

Given adequately shielded shelter space, supplies and equipment and trained leaders, any average group of Americans could do the same. But the country is still a long way from getting these necessities for survival, as I discovered on an eight-day swing through heavily populated Northeastern states.

Part of the problem is people, the brains and muscles of civil defense. An impressive number of the CD workers, professionals and volunteers, were sincerely dedicated and intelligent citizens; yet most of them seemed afflicted with a deep and debilitating sense of weariness.

"When I started in this job ten years ago," said a dispirited civil-defense director I encountered in a New York State town, "people would accuse me to my face of playing cops and robbers, and it would grate on me something awful. Now I've grown calluses on my hide. I don't resent it so much anymore."

The heartbreaking effects of an ineffective civil defense were painfully evident in Massachusetts, where the program has been a political football. State CD headquarters are located in a depressing old warehouse building in Natick, completely vulnerable to both blast and radioactive fallout. Several miles away the agency is building a permanent underground headquarters, suitable for the nuclear age and costing $2,225,000. The plans have been drawn, torn up and redrawn three times since the state legislature appropriated the money in 1955—eight years ago!

During the Cuban crisis only one full-time staffer was available for communications, and there was not enough volunteer help for round-the-clock operation of state headquarters. Only a few of the 500 radiation-detection instruments had been calibrated. Only 10 of 53 communities throughout the state had trained the volunteers needed to set up the federally stockpiled 200-bed hospitals provided.

Marvis M. Fickett, the volunteer, unpaid civil-defense director of the town of Sudbury (population, 7,400), personifies Massachusetts's tragic situation. The town is ringed by defense plants, and Fickett works in one of them, making anti-aircraft missiles.

Ample reason for worrying

Fickett worries about his town, for he takes his responsibilities seriously. He has good reason for worry.

The ham-radio operators who volunteered for CD duty in Sudbury have been checking into the state CD communications net at eight P.M. on the third Monday of every month since last June—with never a reply! Fickett's civil-defense control center is in an unprotected frame building. There are no public shelters and only 10 private ones. Requests for radiological equipment and training for volunteer radiological instructors apparently have been lost at the state level.

"We do have a newly completed survival plan," Fickett explained, looking unhappy. "It is seventy-six pages long, and I typed it right at this table in my living room. The state insisted on it, though I protested. It is based on instructions issued in Washington back in 1955 and sent to various communities in 1958. By now it is completely unrealistic and actually dangerous. It calls for us to receive 11,000 evacuees from Boston."

Fickett plans to quit his CD job. "You can beat your head against a brick wall just so long," he says. "You begin to wonder who is wrong, the brick wall or you."

In Boston, by far the largest city in the state, a recent federal survey turned up potential shelter spaces for 1,440,000. This puts the city in good shape, Waldo Pisco, the deputy civil-defense director, assured me. Boston's resident population is 697,000 and its peak daytime population, including commuters, is estimated at 1,200,000.

After returning to Washington I discovered a federally financed survey by the Stanford Research Institute which revealed that only about half of these Boston spaces are properly located to be useful even in the daytime. While 29 of Boston's census tracts contain more shelter spaces than people, the remaining 127 census tracts contain more people than shelter. The situation becomes worse at night.

Instead of a surplus, Boston actually has a large deficit of potential shelter. Moreover, though 750,000 pounds of survival crackers were piled high in nearby federal warehouses, not a single cracker had been put into a shelter area.

During visits to Civil Defense headquarters on two separate days I could not find Brig. Gen. Charles W. Sweeney, who is Boston's full-time CD director at an annual salary of $10,400. On the second visit I finally located Sweeney by telephone at a leather-brokerage firm of which he is part owner. Sweeney, who piloted the airplane which dropped the atomic bomb on Nagasaki at the end of World War II, consented to meet me on a street corner near the leather office for a brief interview.

"What is the trouble with civil defense in Boston?" I asked him.

"Public apathy," he replied.

This was civil defense at its ineffective worst, a condition which, fortunately, did not obtain everywhere along my route. New Haven, Connecticut, whose mayor, Richard Lee, was once a CD publicity man, seemed to have an outstanding civil-defense program. So did the State of Rhode Island.

The most extensive and important program is in New York State, where Gov. Nelson A. Rockefeller has given strong support to CD. The influence of Rockefeller, a likely candidate for the Republican presidential nomination in 1964, has even been felt in Democratic Washington.

Rockefeller became convinced of the civil-defense need in the middle 1950's when, as a high-level aide to President Eisenhower, he saw intelligence projections of Soviet nuclear strength. Later the Rockefeller Brothers Fund studies, under his chairmanship, recommended a national fallout-shelter program.

Shortly after his inauguration in 1959, Rockefeller astonished most of his constituents by announcing a far-ranging program of compulsory construction of fallout shelters in most buildings and homes in the state—at a cost of $150 to $1,500 to each homeowner. "My advisers said it was death politically," Rockefeller recalls.

According to Rockefeller, the state legislature was ready to go along *if* the Commander in Chief in Washington would give assurance that a shelter program was a "national necessity." But says Rockefeller, "I could never get a statement that would go all out" from either President Eisenhower or President Kennedy. The legislature shelved the compulsory-shelter program.

During the 1961 Berlin crisis Rockefeller summoned a special session of the legislature on civil defense and persuaded it to pass a law providing a state subsidy of up to $25 per pupil toward the voluntary construction of fallout-shelter areas in schools and colleges.

Up to now, however, this shelter program is a flop. Only eight schools in the state have qualified for the aid; their total enrollment is 4,916—a tiny

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'he government's thinking.

fraction of the total number of children who go to school in New York State.

Rockefeller blames the Federal Government for much of his difficulty. Shortly after the New York legislature acted the Kennedy Administration proposed to Congress a very similar program of federal aid to fallout-shelter construction in schools, hospitals and other public institutions. The federal program has failed to get off the ground in Congress; but meanwhile, Rockefeller believes, New York schools are waiting until they can reap financial aid from both state and federal governments before pushing ahead with shelter plans.

As chairman of the Committee on Civil Defense of the National Governors' Conference, Rockefeller has visited President Kennedy several times to urge a stronger shelter program. "As far as the President is concerned," Rockefeller declares, "we are in this position: It's either, the crisis is so great right now that we cannot take drastic action that might panic the people—or, the crisis is over, we can't get Congress interested enough to pass a big program."

Last summer the House Government Operations Committee, a lone congressional bastion for civil defense, warned that "if a crisis should occur that threatens imminent attack, the people of this country will inquire in a single loud voice what the Government has done to protect them. A wise administration—and a wise Congress—will not be caught unprepared. . . ."

Since those words were written, many public officials have heard that loud, accusing voice. During the Cuba crisis several civil-defense directors were fired. Candidates in last fall's elections vied among themselves for honors as the strongest supporter of civil defense, with challengers raking incumbents for inaction. (In Massachusetts the ultimately successful Democratic gubernatorial challenger charged his incumbent opponent with asking more funds for a local parachute-jumping contest than for state civil defense.) Civil-defense-budget cuts were suddenly and ceremoniously restored.

But the crisis is now five months past. The inescapable fact is that the civil-defense program is bogging down. It has not had enough firm and energetic leadership from the Federal Government—more specifically, from the President.

The time has come for a clear, uncluttered, forthright explanation of the present program from President Kennedy himself to Congress and to the country. Nothing less is likely to provoke enough support from the American people.

The alternative is a continuation of the dangerous cycle of intense concern followed by sudden indifference. Thomas Digman, the civil-defense director of New Jersey and a worker in this field since 1940, capsules best the unhappy history of our national efforts to grope with ever-growing problems of preparedness. "Before Pearl Harbor," he recalls, "I couldn't get people interested in doing anything at all. The day after Pearl Harbor, I couldn't keep the crowds out of my office."

But 1941 is gone forever. This is the thermonuclear age. To be effective against fallout, a national CD program must be carried out ahead of time. The day after the next Pearl Harbor will be too late. THE END

Fallout shelter for private homes now sells for $250 in California. Price was $15,000 only 18 months ago.

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Henry Fonda's daughter zooms to fame.

LADY JANE

"When people asked me why I wasn't an actress, I would answer, 'If I can't be the best, I won't be an actress.'"

By ALFRED ARONOWITZ

When she was a child they called her Lady. "But it was really my name," she says. "Like the identification tapes in my school clothes said 'Lady Fonda.' Her father's middle name was Jaynes. Her mother's maiden name was Seymour. When she was born her parents were reading about one of Henry VIII's wives, Lady Jane Seymour. As a result they put Jane Seymour on her birth certificate and whimsically referred to her as Lady.

"There are people," she says, "who still think my name is Lady." It is not, of course, but that's only one of the assorted facts of Jane Fonda's 25-year-old life. Another is that, when she was 12, her mother committed suicide by slashing her throat in an insane asylum. And still another is that her father is Henry Fonda.

The title of star is not hereditary. Jane Fonda did not, as one magazine suggested, spring up "almost magically as a full-fledged and versatile actress." For her first 20 years she didn't even *want* to become an actress. "Or at least," says her father, his raised eyes staring out into the past, "she said she didn't." Looking into the past through her own eyes, Jane thinks that being her father's daughter discouraged her. "When people used to ask me why I wasn't an actress," she remembers, "I used to say, 'If I can't be the best I don't want to be an actress.'" Today, after five movies, five Broadway plays and five years of psychotherapy, she has only begun to find her own brilliance.

If she couldn't inherit her father's title, she did nevertheless inherit the way he puts his hands to his lips when he is speaking, as if better to serve his words. She inherited, too, the way his lips pucker and stretch when he talks and the way his eyes redden when his talk becomes emotional. And of course she inherited the sad, long Fonda face.

"If I had a child who became a bigger star than I was," Jane once told me, "I'd hate it. I'd be miserable. I just couldn't *staaand* it." Her father, however, doesn't have to imagine what it would be like. "There's no question but that she's going to be a bigger star than I am," he says. "I think she's bigger now. And it's kind of scary because she's so loaded there's no limit to what this girl can do. It's scary because I'm her father." His eyes reddened. "And it doesn't bug me that she's going to be bigger. God, no. I think I knew years ago." Among her resentments, perhaps, is that he never told her.

The evidence of her stardom lies in more than her father's opinion. It is in the growing number of men who smile at the mention of her name and in the covetous eyes with which they follow her image across a screen. It is in the three movies she is now under contract to make and in the five more contracts that producers have laid at her feet. It is in the way that Hedda Hopper quotes her in all solemnity as proclaiming that marriage is obsolete, or that Earl Wilson reports

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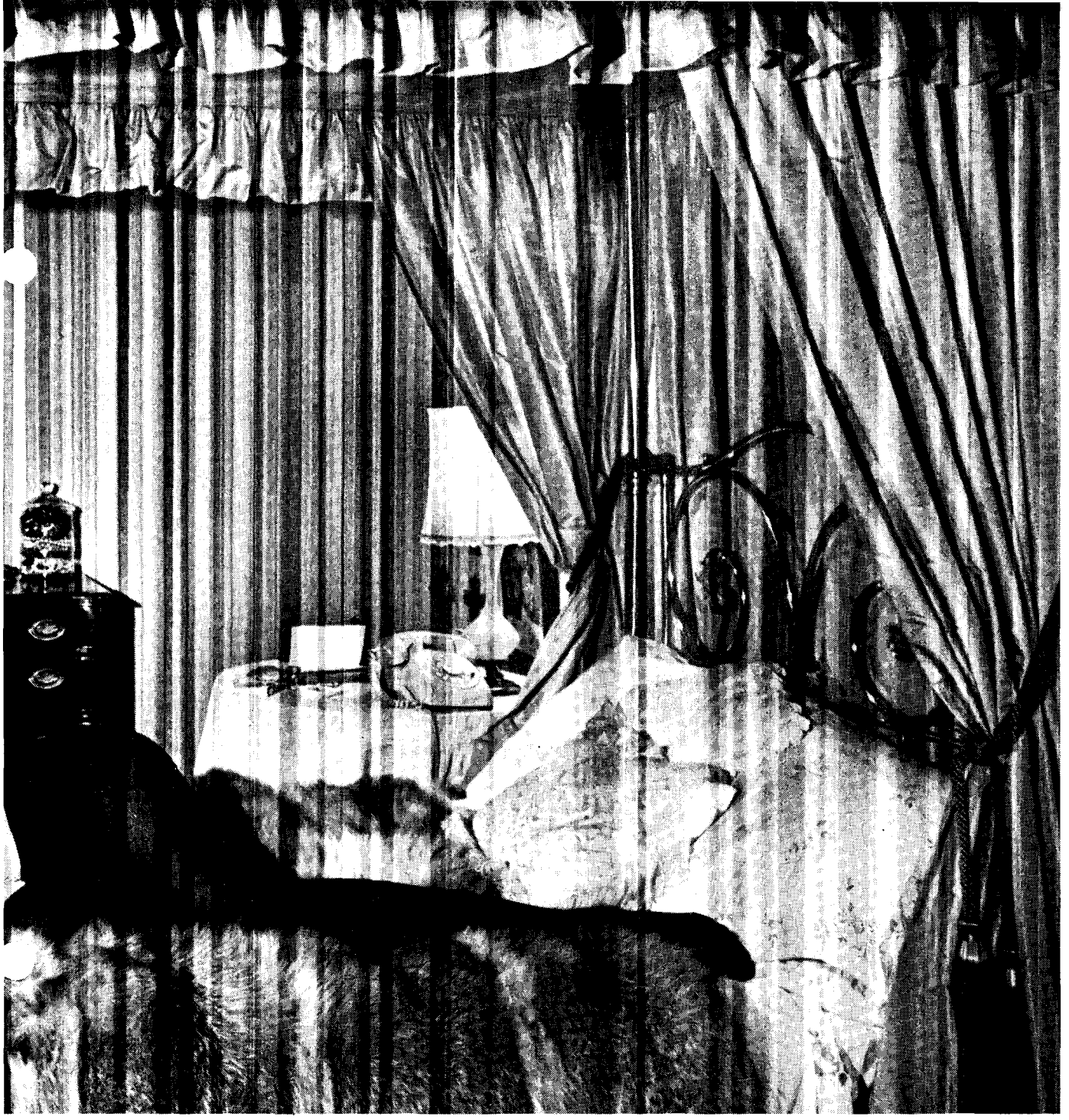

Caressed by red fox skin, Jane Fonda lazes on a bed which she designed.

she really did say, "Hollywood's wonderful—they pay you for making love."

It lies in the awed recognition she receives walking into a health-food shop on Manhattan's West 57th Street to buy some figs or the attention she draws while trying to pirouette in her ballet class. It lies in the $100,000 she now receives per picture and in the role recently bestowed upon her by the Actors' Studio in its first Broadway production, *Strange Interlude*. It is in the designed naughtiness with which she told one friend, "Vassar is an unhealthy school—they don't allow boys in there," or with which she told another friend, "I'm going to fall in love with every leading man—how can you help it?" It is in trite little phrases in a thousand little newspapers, such as the one which called her "America's answer to Brigitte Bardot." Actually there is a similarity in the animal grace of their movements, in the erotic curl of their lips, in the hinted sensuality of their faces and above all in their hair. On Jane, a dirty-gold torrent, it falls to her shoulders with a studied, Bardot-like lack of discipline.

If Henry Fonda talks about his daughter with a great deal of pride, there is impartial testimony which is just as effusive. From a Broadway debut in a play which the public endured for only 21 performances she emerged with a 1960 drama critics' award as the "most promising young actress of the year." After he watched her audition for the Actors' Studio director Elia Kazan said, "I always thought of her as an interesting theater personality, but not until now did I realize she could be a major talent."

Another witness is George Cukor, who directed Jane in *The Chapman Report*. "I think the only thing she has to watch," he said, "is that she has such an abundance of talent she must learn to hold it in. She is an American original." It is fitting, perhaps, that Jane Fonda has furnished her apartment with antiques.

Since the kudos heaped upon her for her last film, *Period of Adjustment*, Jane has been well aware of her success. But she is also aware that it is becoming difficult for her to justify it. "It's much harder now," she said, sitting one night in New York in her West 55th Street apartment with her figure molded by a dressing gown of pink roses and her legs folded beneath her. On the floor a tiger and a leopard lay silently at guard with open mouths—a pair of rugs given to her by her boyfriend, Andreas Voutsinas. "Just to get up in the Actors' Studio now and do a scene," she said, "it's *so* hard. Mainly because I know that there are people there who have far more talent than I do. I know that I do have something else. I have star quality, I have a personality, I have a presence on the stage which makes me more important than they are, but in terms of acting they have more. That's why it's so hard."

Most stars have learned that merely to be a performer creates its own torment. To be a performer and an artist is double the penalty. Sometimes the penalty has been extreme. As did Marilyn Monroe, Jane Fonda agonizes before the mirror and aches through her entire body before each public appearance. When Margaret Sullavan's daughter, Bridget Hayward, committed suicide in 1960, Jane was appearing in the Boston tryout of Arthur Laurents's play *Invitation to a March*. Margaret Sullavan was Henry Fonda's first wife, and Jane had been a lifelong friend of Bridget Hayward. Laurents remembers Jane crying in her dressing room, racked with a migraine, under sedation and unable to go onstage.

"You're afraid you may kill yourself too, aren't you?" he asked her.

"Yes," Jane replied.

Jane denies the story, although she doesn't deny occasional thoughts of suicide. "Yeah, yeah," she told me, "I always think about it, but I never would do it. I'm telling you I value my life too much. I think I'm too important."

She chews two sticks of gum at a time, stays up baking cakes for friends until six in the morning, bums matches from cab drivers and walks in her sleep. When she is in a play, before she goes onstage she climbs to one of the boxes and searches through the audience until she finds a friendly face. She was pleased to learn that her father does the same thing.

Like her father, she is lean. She is five feet, seven and a half inches, taller than she'd like to be, weighs only 110 pounds and diets constantly. Europe has hailed her as America's new sex goddess, and yet she talks self-consciously of having to wear padded bras. "I never liked my body," she says. She doesn't use lipstick. "I think," she says, "it makes me look ugly." Even without lipstick she doesn't like her face.

"When we were doing *Walk on the Wild Side* she did makeup tests," her boyfriend, Voutsinas, told me. "So she saw the makeup tests, and she said, 'I hate them.' She doesn't like her cheeks; she doesn't like her cheekbones. Another thing—if on the stage there is another beautiful girl, she would relate to the other girl. Like in the play *The Fun Couple*, the first time I suggested Dyan Cannon for a part I saw a Venetian blind come down in front of Jane's eyes, and I said, 'What's the matter?' And she smiled and said, 'You know me—the moment I know there is going to be someone attractive around, I think, *What the hell am I doing here?*'

"It's like with her mother. When I became close to Jane I waited and waited for a burst of emotion about her mother. But it was sidetracked. When Jane would talk about anything in the past, in some strange way, her memory would not include her mother. It's like her life started from twelve years old on."

Voutsinas is a thirty-year-old Greek director who was born in the Sudan, brought up in Ethiopia, educated in London and inducted into the escalating intimacies of New York's theater salons from the home base of his cold-water flat on West 46th Street. A onetime escort of Sandra Church and Anne Bancroft, Voutsinas first met Jane at the Actors' Studio. Among the assorted facts of Jane Fonda's life, he is one of the most important now, and, although an unwilling member of the rivalry, Henry Fonda has found himself the victim of it. "Don't mention Andreas when you talk to my father," Jane told me, "or that'll bring the interview to an abrupt end."

"Well," said Henry several nights later, "it won't come to an abrupt end, but we'd have a short pause until we got to another subject."

The people who dislike Voutsinas, with Henry Fonda only a small minority among them, look upon him as a molder of Jane's personality, her Svengali, a name they use with both vehemence and frequency. "I couldn't talk enough about Jane and the good things that Jane has," her father said, "but in one area I think she's got a blind spot. She's going to get hurt." "He destroys every friendship," said playwright Arthur Laurents, once a close friend of Voutsinas. Not the least of the crimes ascribed to Voutsinas by his enemies is that last year he led Jane to disaster in *The Fun Couple*, a Broadway comedy which he directed, which starred Jane and which was laughed off the boards after four performances.

Voutsinas admits that he has had fantasies of becoming what he calls "the power behind the throne." But on the other hand, he says, "I can't be that much of a Svengali; I really can't, you know. And I'm hurt, very hurt, by her father's rejection of me." Jane is hurt too.

Whatever her current hurts, Jane can lay claim to tough roots. Her mother was

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"Half my life I wished I was a boy—so I could be

Director-boyfriend Andreas Voutsinas and Jane dine at New York restaurant.

Frances Seymour, a descendant on her maternal side of Samuel Adams, a host at the Boston Tea Party and one of the prime movers behind the American Revolution. "Was Jane's mother in society?" Shelley Winters once wondered. "Because she left Jane some aquamarines, a necklace and some other jewelry, and whenever she wears them with her hair up she behaves in a certain way; she behaves like—like a princess—like Grace Kelly—like a queen." In Jane's memory her mother was "a great beauty" with "a head for finance." When she committed suicide in 1950, she left her children a trust fund estimated at $600,000.

Henry Fonda was Frances Seymour's second husband, and, when Jane was born in New York City on December 21, 1937, Frances Seymour was Henry Fonda's second wife. Out of her marriage to Henry Fonda, Frances Seymour also had a second child, Peter, two years younger than Jane and now an actor as well. "I was always very possessive with Peter," Jane says. "I was always very protective. But now I find that he's the strong one emotionally and I'm the weak one."

Soon after Jane was born her parents moved to what she remembers as a 24-acre farm in the Los Angeles suburb of Brentwood, where they built an old-style New England house. Jane remembers wearing Levis like her father's and sitting on the roof with Peter and saying, "Tell me the truth, Pete—which one of us could lasso a buffalo better?" They would ride burros bareback out into the hills amid visions of bobcats and rattlesnakes, and they would play the roles they had seen their father play in the movies.

"I've spent half of my young life wanting to be a boy," Jane says, "because I wanted to be like my father. I didn't start wanting to be a girl until I was in my early teens. I mean I was embarrassed, I was shy of boys. Even today I have enormous insecurities as a female—tremendous insecurities. I remember I was about twelve years old and I cut all my hair off. And someone came up and said, 'Are you a boy or a girl?' I was so pleased.

"The way I was affected by the movies was that my father brought it home with him—not the business talk, not the movie star bit, not the glamour, none of that, because he separated that very well. But he did look the way he looked in the movies. And he brought home the people that he was in pictures with. John Wayne, John Ford, Ward Bond, Jimmy Stewart—they were company at the house. They would play a card game called pitch. And they would sit around this big table, with a chandelier above that had great big covered-wagon wheels with lights hanging on them. And they wore cowboy hats and holsters, and they would take the guns out and put them on the table, and they'd all sit around and play cards, and it was right out of any of the movies. We didn't need to see the movies."

For Henry Fonda, tall, lithe, handsome and with no hint that he is already 57, the images which his daughter takes for reality have become part of his sadness. "I'm between planes somewhere," he told me, "and before long there's a reporter to interview me, and he has a clipping that says Jane Fonda thinks her parents led a phony life. Or that she thinks her father should have been psychoanalyzed 35 years ago. Now it's all right for her to think it, but I don't think it's all right for her to say so in interviews. After all, I'm her *father*. I mean, that's *disrespectful*. And that thing about the card game—that's in Jane's mind, because only once did I have Ward Bond and John Wayne and John Ford over. It was a benefit party, and someone took photographs, and I still have a picture."

Looking back, Jane feels that in her childhood she was a prisoner, kept incommunicado with her emotions. She was living with her maternal grandmother in Greenwich, Connecticut, at the time of her mother's death. She was told that her mother had died of a heart attack. "And then," she said, "about a year later, the way children always find out everything, some kid in school, in history class, handed me a movie magazine that said what really happened."

Eight months after the death of Jane's mother, Henry Fonda married Susan Blanchard, the stepdaughter of Oscar Hammerstein II. "She was just great," Jane said; "it was like having a family again." Susan Blanchard, only 10 years older than Jane, remembers, "After a while Peter asked me if he could call me mother, and Jane said she was going to call me mother, too. The Seymour side of the family got very angry." Jane in the meantime was going to the finest schools—the Greenwich Academy, the Emma Willard School and Vassar. "I was always getting into trouble at school," Jane told me. "When I discovered that boys liked me I went wild. I went out all the time. I never studied." Once, she remembers, she sneaked off campus for an illegal weekend only to learn that her absence had been discovered. "So I called up the house fellow," she said, "the professor that was like a don in the dormitory, and I was crying. But before I got a chance to say I was sorry he said he understood my father had just remarried for the fourth time and that I was emotionally upset. And I wasn't. I'd just gone away with a boy for the weekend."

After two years of intermittent absences at Vassar, Jane finally went to Paris under the pretext of studying painting. At the two schools where she enrolled her greatest artistry was in cutting classes. After several months she fled to New York. According to her acquaintances of the time, she became an uptown beatnik, not proficient in anything except the knowledge of where the parties were. She started to study piano, but the scales intervened between her and fulfillment. She tried working at the New York office of the *Paris Review*, but she couldn't write. "I kept trying to find things that I liked," she says, "trying to avoid acting."

In the summer of 1958 Henry Fonda and his fourth wife, the Baroness Afdera Franchetti, rented a beach house in Malibu, California, and Jane joined them. In the beach house next door were Lee Strasberg, artistic director of the Actors' Studio, and his wife Paula, then serving as drama coach to Marilyn Monroe in the filming of *Some Like It Hot*. With them was their daughter, Susan Strasberg.

"On the beach," Jane remembers, "Susan said to me, 'Why aren't you an actress?' And I finally thought, *Well, what the hell.* It was kind of like something to do." At Susan Strasberg's suggestion Jane telephoned Lee Strasberg for an appointment, and he eventually accepted Jane as a pupil at the Studio. "I don't think that he ever thought I was going to last," she said. "Later on in class he told me, 'The only thing that made me take you was your eyes. There was such a panic in the eyes.' "

It was in Strasberg's classes finally that Jane began to sense the fulfillment she now feels as an actress. "You see," she said, "with Lee nothing more was demanded of me than what I felt innermost. Lee Strasberg, someone who was not related to me, said, 'You are sensitive.' No one had ever told me that before."

Andreas Voutsinas says that at times of deep emotion Jane drops a Venetian blind over her face, the same curtain that Strasberg saw through. Jane ascribes a similar blind to her father.

"My father can't articulate the way he works," Jane said. "I mean, I used to come home from Lee's classes so full of what I was doing, and my father would say, 'Shut up; I don't want to hear about it.' There was one time, for example, where I had just done a marvelous scene in class. And it was like I was on fifty benzedrines. And I bumped into my father, and got into a taxicab with him." She panted heavily to re-create her excitement. "And I could see his curtain come down. He smiled, but I just didn't get through."

When I spoke to her father I told him what Jane had said about the incident in the taxicab. Tears came to his eyes, and he unwound in his seat. "Well, I don't understand this," he said with a troubled tone. We were in his New York town house. He had just returned from a visit to the dentist, and he was toasting his teeth with Scotch. "Maybe I'm—maybe I do things that I'm not aware of that mean something to other people," he said. "I don't know what she means by a curtain coming down. It may be that I'm trying to hide my own emotion, and to her it's the curtain coming down. Now *I'll* relate the story, because it started long before Jane ever indicated that she wanted to be an actress. She was with a young beau of hers who was just getting started in the theater, and he and I were talking about using an emotion, having to feel an emotion in the theater. And I likened my reactions to an amphibious plane. There's a section on the underside of the hull of a seaplane that is called a step, and although the plane is very sluggish, slow in the water, as it picks up speed it gets out on that step. And I used to feel if I could get myself going, I could get up on that step, and then nothing could stop me. Then all I had to do was to hold back, hold the reins, because then I was *going*, I was *soaring*.

Curtain hid emotion

"Anyway, it was maybe a year, two years later, and I found myself in a cab with Jane going downtown, and Jane said, 'You remember the story that you told about soaring?' And she said, 'I know what you mean. It happened to me today.' Well, I can get emotional right now remembering Jane tell it, and probably the curtain came down to hide the emotion. Because for my daughter to be telling me about it—she knew what it was like! Well, I wasn't going to let her see me go like this."

"Why not?" I asked. "Don't you understand she wants to get to you?"

"Well, gosh," he said, "she gets to me." He leaned forward in his chair. The Nebraskan in his voice was unmistakable.

"I know," I said, "but she wants to know she's getting to you. She's such a demonstrative person."

"Well," he said, "I'm not."

"Well," I said, "you're demonstrative with me. Why should you be demonstrative with a stranger and not with your own daughter? I just hate to see her upset by it."

"You can't just . . ." He started to say something, but then he stopped. "Is she upset?" he asked.

Once Jane decided to become an actress, she found that her name already fitted quite well on a theater marquee. To pay for her acting classes, she had begun to model. Director Joshua Logan, her

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more like my father."

godfather, happened to see her on a magazine cover and realized she had grown up. He signed her to a five-year contract and put her in the film *Tall Story*, in which she played a cheerleader and Tony Perkins played a basketball star.

"The first time I met her was in Josh's apartment," Perkins told me. "There was a photographer there, and he wanted publicity pictures of us necking on the couch. Well, Jane kind of turned pale. It was her first encounter with one of the absurdities of this business, and it was as if she said to herself, 'Well, are you up to it? Is it worth it?' You could see her take a deep breath and say to herself, 'Well, OK; is this what being an actress means? Well, I guess it is; let's go.'"

For her first Broadway play, Logan asked her to play the part of a rape victim in *There Was a Little Girl*. The play was a flop, but when Jane walked into Sardi's after the opening everyone rose from his table and applauded.

It was during her second Broadway play, *Invitation to a March*, that Jane began to feel herself being drawn closer to Voutsinas. "All her other relationships, they had been too quick, like striking a match," he told me. "So as quick as the match burns, it goes out. We grew together slowly."

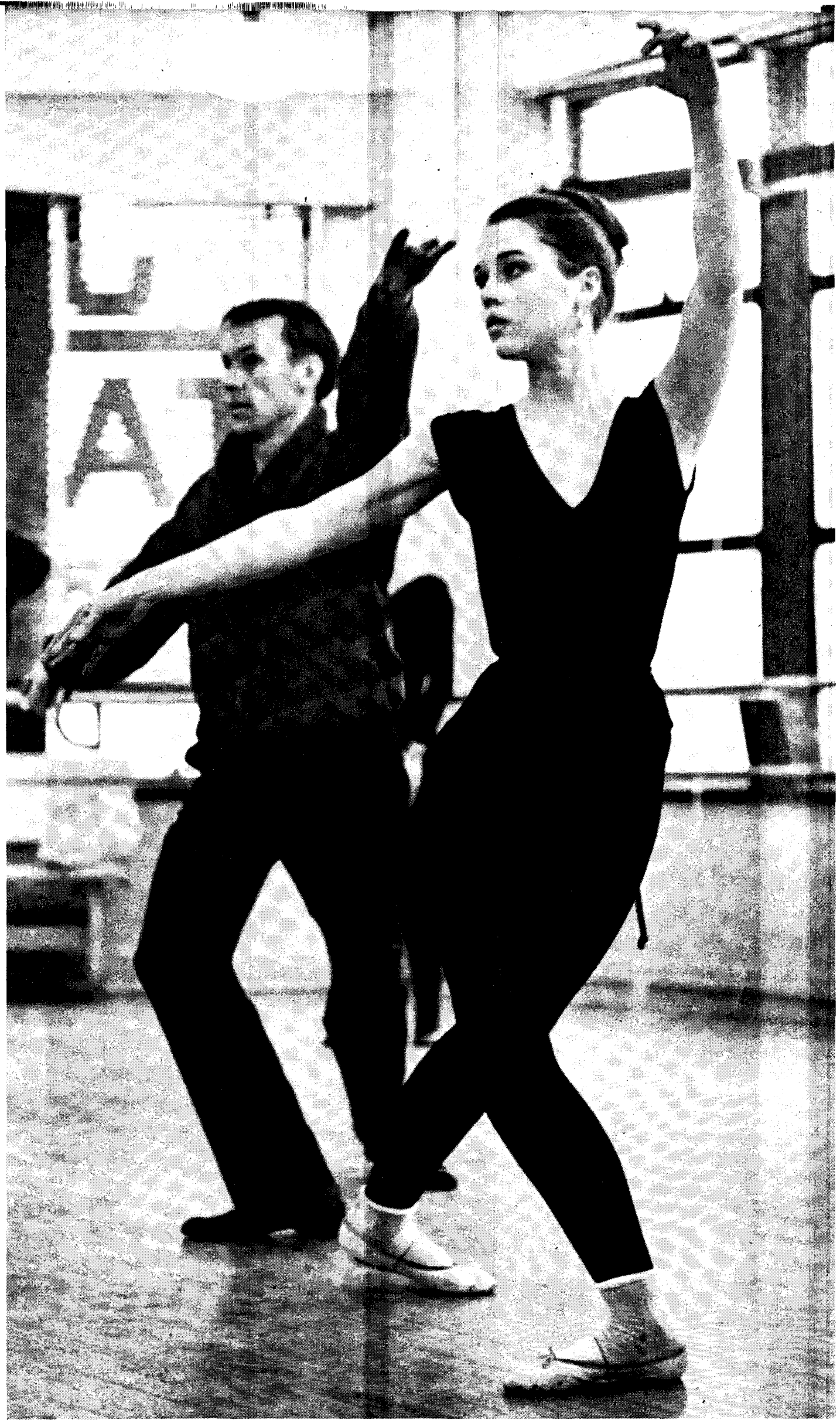
They are both undergoing psychotherapy, one of several common experiences which continue to bind them tightly, although their friends say that Voutsinas's embrace has given Jane much more security than the analyst's couch.

Norman Mailer believes that analysis turns a woman into a cancer. Billy Wilder thinks that an actress comes out of analysis a clenched, dreary thing. Henry Fonda, learning from a newspaper article that Jane was seeing a psychiatrist, told her, "You need it like a hole in the head." But Jane is convinced that analysis has helped her.

"An actor's violin," she says, "is his body, inside and outside, and when you play and it's flat you say, 'Well, I better find out why it's flat. And what do I do to tune it up again?' I was brought up in such a restricted kind of way, you know—one doesn't raise one's voice; one never shows what one feels. If someone says something that I don't like I will never show it. Now this is a great impediment to acting, because to be a good actress you have to go on the stage and, to use the cliché, hang out your dirty laundry, or clean laundry, or whatever."

She had been preparing a salad in the kitchen, and we were now sitting in her living room, drinking wine. On a shelf, almost crushed among books, was a phrenological head, a birthday gift from Voutsinas. Photographs, posters, drawings, paintings and prints, all expensively framed, covered the walls. On an end table there was a photograph of her mother and father, smiling, with herself and her brother as little children.

"In other words," she said, struggling to sum herself up, "I've discovered that the problems of Jane Fonda the actress are exactly the same problems as those of Jane Fonda the human being. I know now that the better I can be as a human being, the more fulfilled I will be as a woman. And the better I will become, I hope, as an actress." THE END



Working out at the June Taylor dancing studios in New York, Jane receives pointers from instructor Richard Thomas.

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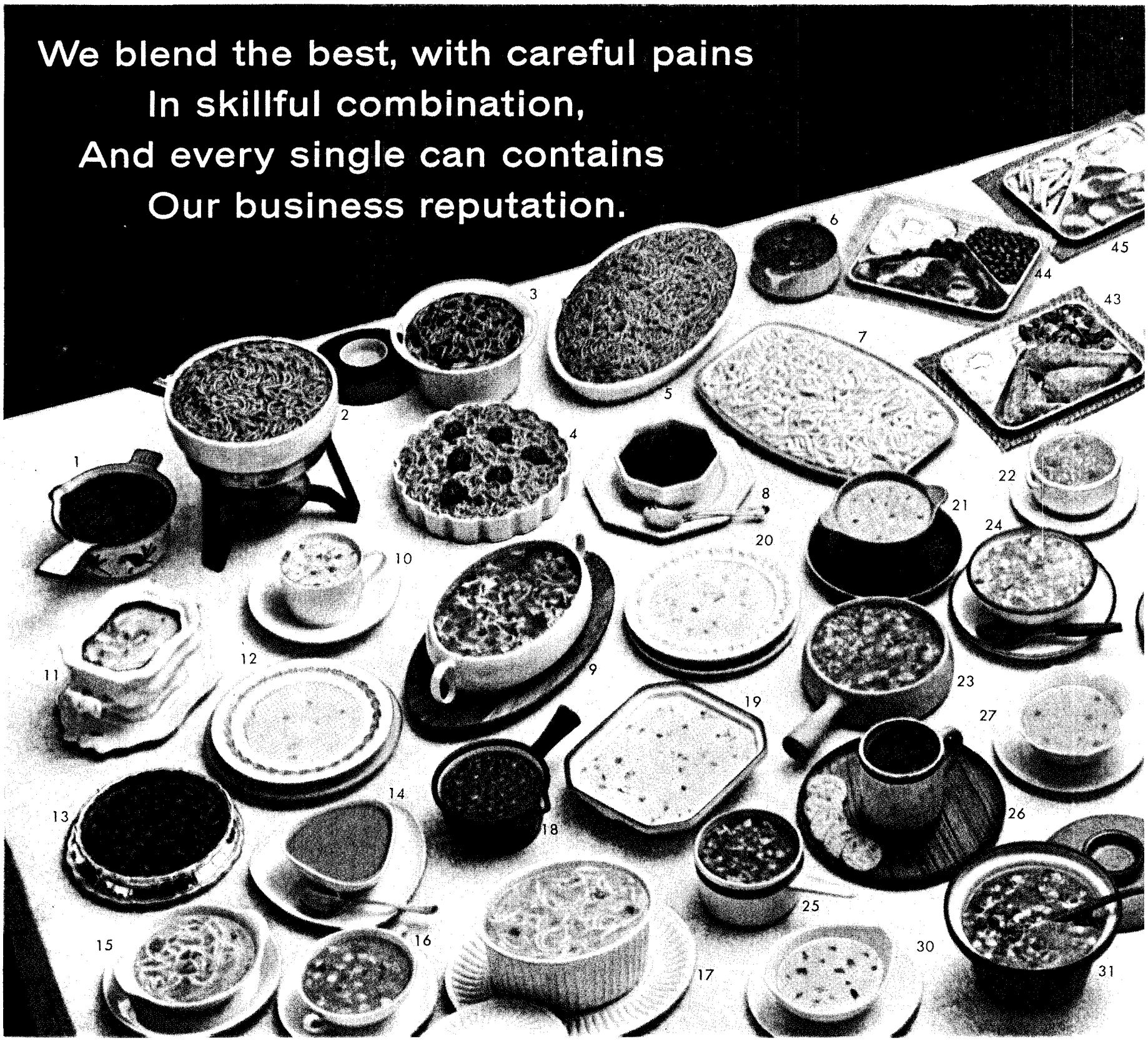

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It all started 65 years ago when we found the way to condense tomato soup

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49. *Campbell's* Tomato Juice • 50. *V-8* Cocktail Vegetable Juices • *Campbell's Beans:* 51. Pork & Beans 52. Beans & Franks 53. Barbecue Beans • *Swanson Frozen Pies:* 54. Apple 55. Deep Dish Beef 56. Chicken 57. Deep Dish Turkey 58. Beef • *Red Kettle Soup Mixes:* 59. Cream of Potato 60. Onion 61. Noodle with real chicken stock 62. Beef Noodle 63. Cream of Mushroom 64. Chicken Noodle with diced chicken meat 65. To be announced.

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The number of illegitimate babies born in America is reaching alarming new heights.

MOTHERS WITHOUT JOY

By Jonathan Rinehart

The two narrow, stucco-faced buildings of Inwood House stand anonymously on bleak 15th Street in lower Manhattan. There is nothing about them to tell the casual passerby that this is a home for unwed mothers—and few of the residents of the same block know who their neighbors are.

The raucous sounds of children in the streets and the trucks which rumble past have no effect on the inmates of Inwood House. For the 27 girls who may at any given time be sheltered there, the world has become very small.

I recently talked with a sad-eyed girl who had been a Seattle schoolteacher. Only a short time before, the future had been bright and certain. She was engaged to a young lawyer; they had tentatively picked out a house, even started choosing furniture. Now she sat twisting her ringless hands in her swollen lap, her view of her future pinched into the hope that she could keep her secret from her socially prominent parents. Shattered by her fiancé's rejection when she told him of her pregnancy, she had fled 3,000 miles to New York. "I know what people think," Ellen H. said. "A mistake like this stamps you for life. It's like being a criminal."

The number of girls like Ellen H.—now a quarter of a million of them a year—would be even higher if it were not for some other unpleasant facts. There are at least one million illegal abortions in the U.S. every year—perhaps far more. And one out of every six American brides is pregnant when she marries.

Illegitimacy is certainly not a new problem. But its mounting totals clearly indicate that it is time for the nation to take a fresh, serious look at its growing dimensions. While the total birthrate has increased by 60 percent in the last 25 years, the illegitimacy rate has more than tripled—to the point where about one out of every 18 babies in 1963 will be born out of wedlock. At least seven million Americans now living were born to unmarried parents; with the increasing rate of illegitimacy, there will be an estimated three million more before 1970.

The toll for this social malaise is paid by society as well as by anguished individuals—and the cost in dollar terms alone is enormous. Under part of just one Federal-state program (Aid to Dependent Children), impoverished illegitimates and their mothers receive $180 million a year. Other costs to society are incalculable. Illegitimacy contributes significantly to the national tragedy of school dropouts, which in turn feed juvenile delinquency and unemployment.

"The figures aren't surprising," says world-famed anthropologist Margaret Mead. "It's simply one of the prices we pay for the way our society organizes its marriage and sexual behavior. We push youngsters into dating too early, into going steady. If you have a society which permits and almost forces its members into extramarital situations, then you are going to have illegitimacy. We're just tricking these kids."

Dr. Clark Vincent, chief of the Social Sciences Section of the National Institute of Mental Health, says: "Ours is a society which condones, contrives and consumes sex enticements. The current notion that sex is fun openly permeates our novels, films and plays. It is the keynote in the way we sell many of our products and services, and the beauty queen is the centerpiece for everything from football games to trade fairs. We inadvertently encourage, if not explicitly condone, the biological cause of pregnancy, and then explicitly censure and condemn the inevitable result."

From the turn of the century, when dating was chaperoned and a single girl lived with her parents, we have moved into an age when girls can begin dating at 10 or 11. Independence and glamorous popularity are every normal girl's dream. Thus inspired, the girls among our 20 million teen-agers dutifully spend $25 million a year on deodorants, $20 million on lipstick, $9 million on home permanent waves.

"You grow up," says a bitter young unmarried mother waiting out her time in New York, "believing that if you buy the right bra happiness is sure to be yours. Well, I tried it. . . ."

Bitterly, a West Coast 16-year-old who had to leave private school hurriedly, says, "Everything people say about love is a bunch of lies. It isn't tender; it isn't sweet and endearing. It's cruel, and it hurts. The movie writers ought to be jailed for writing all that junk about moonlight and roses."

No one can talk to deeply hurt and disillusioned girls like these and come away unmoved by the personal tragedy of illegitimacy. But public understanding of the problem is both inaccurate and distorted; our thinking is encrusted with ignorance, confusion and misunderstandings—misunderstandings which themselves are often overlapping and mutually contradictory. We don't know enough about illegitimacy. And much of what we think we know is wrong.

Our errors begin by stereotyping the unwed mother. We tend to think of her as mentally retarded, blatantly promiscuous, or both. To be cruelly frank, most of us would say the primary offenders are amoral Negroes and teen-agers running amok. As for their illegitimate children, we see them as either dumped on the public-welfare payroll or painlessly shipped off to adoption agencies.

The sum and unconscious intent of these stereotypes is really quite simple: By characterizing the unwed mother as coming from the other side of the tracks, both physically and behaviorally, we hope to banish the whole affair from respectable society. If we can convince ourselves that the problem applies only to tramps, loafers and members of minority groups we can blandly shrug off any direct responsibility.

Unfortunately there is a great deal more to it than this. Within one week last fall, for example, Inwood House was sheltering an uneducated Negro girl from the South and a white girl whose father's picture appeared several times in *The New York Times*. Simultaneously, the Florence Crittenton Home in Washington, D.C., was caring for a country telephone operator and the daughter of an airline board member.

For his penetrating 1961 book, *Unmarried Mothers*, Dr. Clark Vincent studied 1,062 women in California and gave statistical validity to the opinions held by most other experts in the field—that the I.Q.'s of unmarried mothers are no lower than most other people's, and that the great majority were impregnated by men they had known for a long time and with whom they believed themselves

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in love. Though Vincent found professional women as well as shopgirls in his sample, many shared the incredulity voiced by the shaken daughter of a New England lawyer: "It couldn't happen to me—not to daddy's little girl."

Even when there is some truth in the stereotypes it is usually only partial truth. We note, for example, that 40 percent of our unwed mothers are between the ages of 15 and 19. Certainly this is shocking, but we should remember that this age group contains the largest number of unmarried girls of child-bearing age. If we looked at the illegitimacy rate—the number of illegimate births per thousand unmarried girls—we would see that in the last 25 years illegitimacy has increased *least* among girls 15–19. Compared with the 108 percent increase in this bracket, there has been a jump of 453 percent in the 25–29 group.

It is also true that in 1959, the last year for which there are fully analyzed statistics, 60 percent of America's unwed mothers were Negroes. And from 1938 through 1959 the illegitimacy rate among Negroes tripled while it was not quite doubling among whites.

But these facts taken alone are highly misleading. There are a disproportionate number of Negroes in our lowest social and economic groups, where most reported illegitimacies occur. Like the other luxuries of life, abortions are simply beyond the means of this group. In addition, accurate reporting of illegitimate births is least complete among the mothers who are attended by private physicians—mothers who are predominantly white and older and usually have more means to disguise their husbandless situation.

Such studies as sociologists have made of very poor, all-white communities indicate that the illegitimacy rate is comparable to that of similar all-Negro communities. And preliminary studies indicate that middle-class Negroes have an even lower illegitimacy rate than their white counterparts.

Despite differences in racial and economic backgrounds, unmarried mothers have many things in common. In her pioneering study *Out of Wedlock* sociologist Leontine Young notes the number of unmarried mothers who come from homes which are fatherless or in which the mother is clearly the dominant figure. Doctor Vincent's California evidence suggests there is less illegitimacy where there is frank, factual and low-key sex education, or among girls with a solid but unhysterical church background, or when girls have stable and mature women to model themselves after.

And within the framework of all the broad social causes—the pressures of a popularity-oriented culture, the despair and ignorance of grinding poverty, the unrest of emotionally crippled families—there are all the individual reasons. Margaret Mead and the noted Park Avenue gynecologist Dr. Virgil Damon cite the repeated cases of girls becoming pregnant in an effort to comply with society's early-marriage pressure. Experienced psychiatrists such as Dr. Marcel Heiman and Inwood House's chief consultant, Dr. Elaine Schwinge, point to the case histories of affection-starved girls unconsciously having babies for revenge on their parents, or to prove they are indeed the tramps they have often been accused of being, or to prove

Young lady in waiting

"I made him tell me what he was thinking and he said: 'God help me, I am ashamed of you.'"

This is the story of a girl we shall call Linda Ryder. She is 19, and when interviewed she was expecting a baby. She is a blond girl with violet eyes and a habit of plucking at the long hair which keeps drifting over the right side of her face. She was wearing a simple skirt and white blouse, loafers and white socks. In spite of her pregnancy there was about her the coltish awkwardness of youth. She was a resident of the Florence Crittenton Home in Washington, D.C.

"They say it's the good girls who get caught," Linda said. "I was always a good girl, except with Joey. It isn't that I didn't know what we were doing. I guess it just never seems like it could happen to you."

Linda lived in a pleasant suburb of Philadelphia. Her father owns a small business in town; her mother is a partner in an interior-decorating firm. She has a 14-year-old brother.

Linda herself was always a pretty, popular girl. She brought friends home and never went with a "wild crowd." At the end of her first college term she met Joey. "He was awfully good-looking and a wonderful dancer, but that wasn't it. It sounds silly, but there was something in his eyes. He'd been hurt a lot, and his home hadn't been happy, and he didn't have any money at all. He was so sad—and lonely.

"We just began going together. We read and studied together, and we talked about how much better this was than going out all the time with lots of different people. We used to talk about how this was the good kind of love, not like you get from your parents. I think they love you sometimes as if—well, almost the way a child loves a teddy bear. With us it wasn't like that. We were comfortable, and it really was good—then, anyway.

"The rest just happened. We didn't use any—well, take any precautions. It wasn't that we didn't know the facts of life. It just didn't seem right to be so businesslike about it."

Last April Linda and Joey made a mistake in timing. Linda had a feeling she was pregnant even before the biological signs. When the signs were unmistakable, her fear exploded into panic: "I cut a lot of classes. I began to go to the movies, why I don't know. I couldn't face telling mother. And I couldn't bear what knowing about me would have done to daddy."

Having to confide in someone, she told a more experienced girlfriend. "I went to visit her for a weekend," said Linda, "and we tried everything from hot baths to hot gin. For three days I was the cleanest, drunkest pregnant girl in Eastern Pennsylvania." Nothing worked.

Linda lived alone with her knowledge for three weeks. "It seemed more like months," she recalled. "I didn't want to tell Joey, but finally I couldn't stand it anymore. I told him after class one day. He was drinking an orange soda. It's silly to remember that now, but he changed right from that minute. I know it took weeks, but slowly but surely he began to disintegrate right in front of my eyes. Right then all he said was, 'Oh, God, no,' and then we walked back to his apartment. We didn't say anything for a long time. I felt I just couldn't reach him anymore. Finally I made him tell me what he was thinking, and he said, 'I'm sitting here being ashamed of you. God help me, I'm ashamed of you.'"

During the next awful week Linda and Joey drove to another town, where, under an assumed name, Linda got medical confirmation of her pregnancy. On the ride back they talked about an abortion, but neither of them had the money. "I never really wanted one anyway—not really," said Linda.

"I didn't mention marriage. I was waiting for him to. I didn't even mean it would have to be right then, but all he ever said was that it would be a disaster. Maybe he was scared. You know, it's awful when you know you aren't going to marry someone ever, ever, ever. You start questioning how much you really did love each other.

"From then things just got worse. A couple of times he got really drunk, and once he even asked me how he could be sure the baby was his. I saw him only once after that.

"After we broke up I couldn't study anymore at all. Then I had to tell mother. When I finally got it out she just looked at me and then walked out of the room. When she came back the first thing she said was, 'We can't tell your father. He couldn't stand it.'"

Mrs. Ryder moved promptly on the practical arrangements. Through a family agency in Philadelphia she got maternity-home reservations. Through a friend she got Linda a job to keep her busy. Two months later Mrs. Ryder told Linda it was time to go away—before her father found out or the family's reputation was compromised. "It was sort of an ultimatum," Linda said. They told her father that Linda was going to visit a girlfriend who had moved to Kansas. "We said it was because of the courses I'd flunked that I wasn't going back to school for a year," she said. And just about the time she would have been reentering college, Linda, alone again, got on the train for Washington and the Florence Crittenton Home. "There are people here I can talk to, and that helps," Linda said. "It's easier for some people to forgive than for others." Her mother has not been able to get down to see her.

So she waited. The baby would be adopted, Linda said, "because I don't think any unmarried girl has the right to keep her baby. I don't think it's fair to the child.

"It's funny, though. A lot of the girls don't feel it, and I know I don't have the right. But I'm starting to feel like a mother and that this is also a child who will need a mother."

Linda hopes to be able to return to school, perhaps living with an aunt in Philadelphia and working part-time to help pay the bills. Beyond that she doesn't know. "I want a home. I want to be married. I want children I can keep and love. Maybe that's why I'm here. Maybe I just need someone to love. I've been so lonely. . . ."

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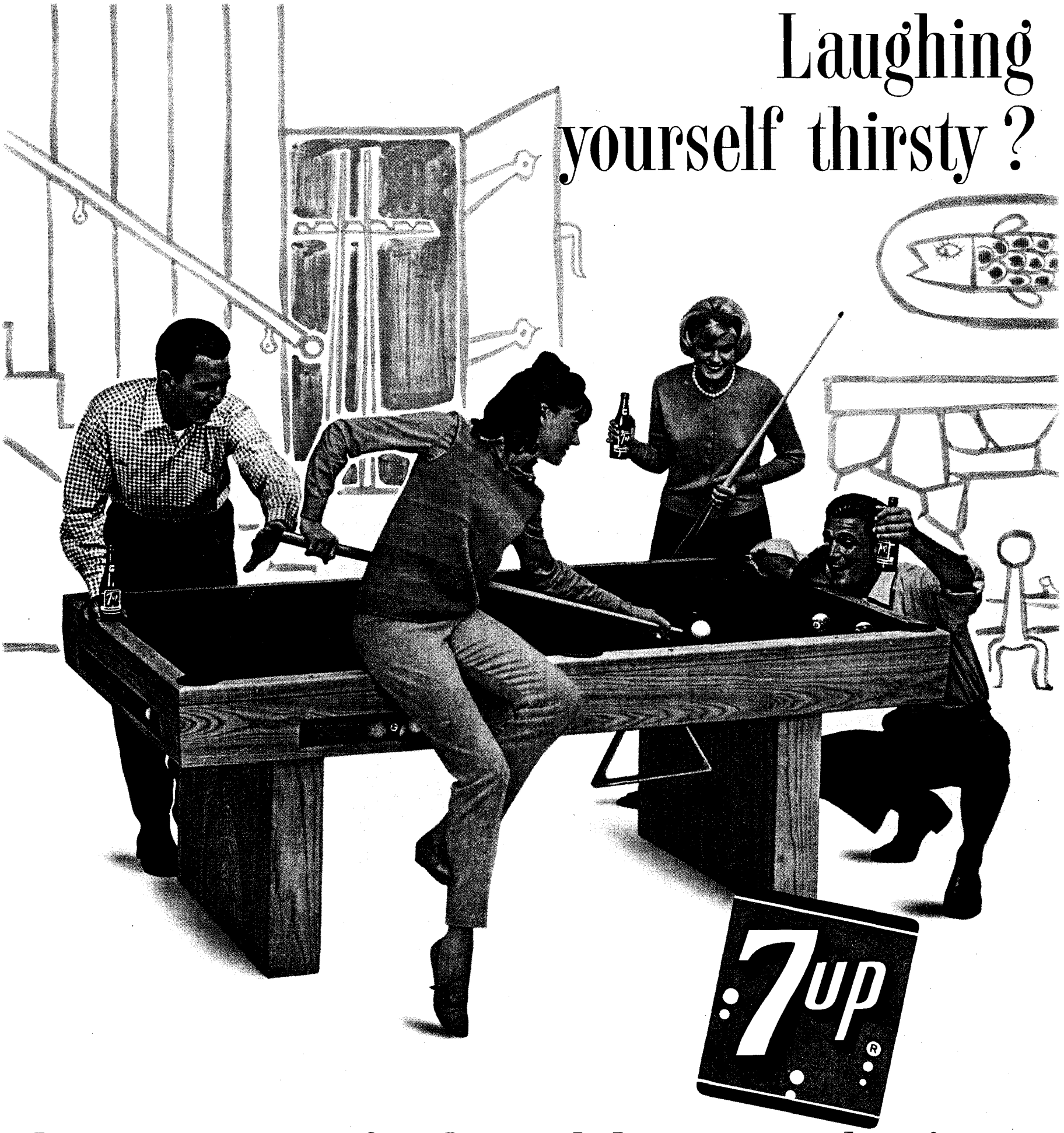

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they really are women capable of childbirth, or just to create someone to love and be loved by. Although the underlying causes may be the same, no two girls' stories are exactly alike.

For the 17-year-old daughter of a prominent government official, it began on an evening when she and her boyfriend, with whom she had been going for two years, were baby-sitting for neighbors. "It just happened," Beth M. said later. "It was the first time." For Katherine P., who left a strict family life in a small Kentucky town, the loneliness of a big new city proved too much. After a month of solitude she grabbed desperately at an unwise love affair with a worldly exchange student. "I needed someone so much," she said later, after he had denied responsibility for their unborn child.

However a girl's story begins, there is no question about society's instinctive response to her plight. It is simply to ostracize her.

If she is a youngster, for example, she will probably be expelled from school so that she will not set a bad example for others. In New York City a girl is usually on her way home within an hour after authorities discover and confirm her condition—and New York is no worse than many other places.

As few girls fail to note, such swift action is not meted out to the unmarried schoolboy father. In one New Jersey high school (and New Jersey happens to be a state which takes the problem of teen-age illegitimacy seriously) there is a senior who has impregnated no fewer than six girls in the course of his education. As one expelled mother says bitterly, "You never say, 'Oh, look, he's an illegitimate father. He made this girl pregnant. He's a bum.'" But for the girl whose profile advertises her mistake the verdict is often as simple as that expressed by a New Jersey teacher: "A mother can no longer be considered a schoolchild."

Education is one field where the process of ostracism is in many ways an irreversible one. Says former U. S. Commissioner of Education Lawrence Derthick, "Many school systems . . . are prevented by law providing teachers, school facilities or making homebound programs available from public funds for unwed mothers. . . . In many districts there is no way a girl can earn credits for any scholastic work she does during pregnancy. Or if she does earn credits there is no way by which she can conceal the fact that the earning was done in a maternity home or under other conditions which would embarrass her."

Some pregnant girls are lucky enough to find unexpected sympathy and understanding at home, but many do not. When the mother of a Long Island college girl learned of her daughter's condition she promply reported the facts to the police. After an hour's intensive grilling on possible abortion contacts, the police tried to bully the pregnant girl into signing a rape complaint against the prospective father, a man with whom she was deeply in love.

Whether or not such nightmares happen to her, the girl who "gets caught" is usually well enough aware of society's attitudes in advance. "I remembered the way those girls were treated in my hometown," said a telephone operator. "Everybody looked down on them. They never let them forget." So, as many girls do, Janet followed her first panicky impulse and ran. It was not until after long, weary months of odd jobs as a waitress that she learned that the telephone company had a well-organized program to help girls like herself.

Other girls simply refuse to face the fact of their pregnancy. A lawyer's daughter didn't see a doctor until she was seven months along; a druggist's daughter packed herself into ever-tighter girdles for six months. A recent study in New York showed that, of the girls who got their medical help at clinics or public hospitals, 17 percent received no prenatal care at all and 27 percent had had none before their seventh month.

"The right to pray?"

But even more serious than the physical risks are the emotional scars. The crash of the American dream for the unmarried mother, bred to believe in the magic of movie stars and the right brand of toothpaste, is so loud that it often leaves her with little sense of her personal worth. "Does a girl in my position have the right to pray?" a desperate West Virginia girl recently inquired in a letter to a Government agency.

Only a year and a half ago an 18-year-old Negro girl came north from Georgia with her head full of hopes and dreams. Now after one affair she says, "I don't guess I'd make anyone a very nice wife." Even if that attitude could be changed, she now despairs of "finding a man who is really reliable, who would stand by me and take care of me." Yet the dream of glamorous love is so thoroughly instilled by our culture that it lingers. Asked whom she would choose for companions if she had to be stranded on a desert island, Estelle answers, "A couple of movie stars."

Hurt, distraught and often astonishingly naïve, the unmarried pregnant girl needs a special kind of help. She needs professional counseling which will guide her to a place to have the baby, make provisions for its home, and help her to pick up the shattered pieces after her ordeal is over.

Whether through public welfare agencies or the nation's network of private family agencies, most girls do find their way to some solution for their immediate problem: the birth itself. If she is herself a child, the unmarried mother is likely to spend the last months of her pregnancy in a foster home, where it is hoped that the warmth and personal attention of a home atmosphere will help her over the rough spots. If she is a little older and can find the space, she may be admitted into one of the more than 150 maternity homes in the United States.

Forty-eight of these are run by the Florence Crittenton League. Depending largely on local community support, these homes have been ministering to the problems of the unwed mother since 1883. Another 38 homes are run by various Catholic charities, and the Salvation Army's Booth Hospital system supports 35 more. Such places seek to give the unwed mother the medical help and

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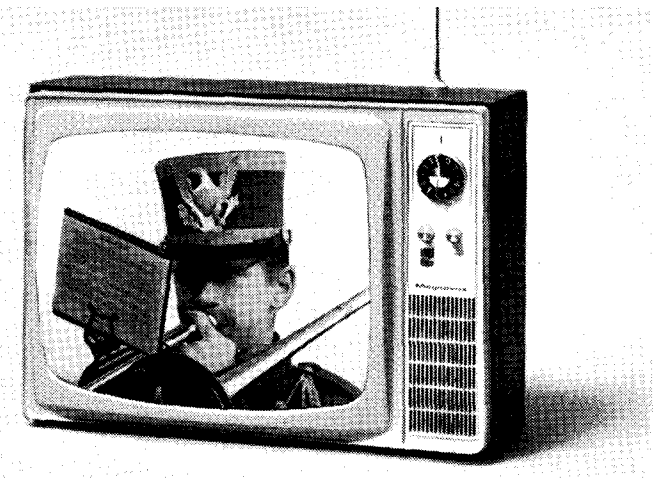

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privacy she needs, to salve some of her spiritual wounds and to help her plan for the future. Collectively, they probably do more for unmarried mothers than all the rest of our society put together.

But even at best these homes can accommodate only 10 percent of the unwed mothers. There are four states which have no homes at all, another 10 in which none will admit Negroes. Some homes have only the most tenuous connection with a psychiatrist or psychologist; others have only the barest programs for continuing education.

The birth of her baby, even under the best of circumstances, is not the end of the unmarried mother's problems. For a Negro girl it probably means only the beginning of a life with a fatherless child. One of the tragic facts of illegitimacy is that, while nearly 75 percent of white illegitimate babies find adoptive homes, fewer than 5 percent of Negro illegitimates are so fortunate.

And even the girl whose baby is adopted has the formidable task of reintegrating herself in the society which cast her out. The first innocent question that hit one Inwood House girl at her old job was, "Where have you been—having a baby?"

Helen M., a highly intelligent, well-educated Negro girl, came home to a community where she had been a leader in church and youth groups, only to find her neighborhood rife with rumors spread by the father of her baby. "People pry and pry and prod and prod," she said. "I have to keep telling myself that all they know is rumors. I'm not going to let them break me down. I'm not going to move away. I'm going to stay and work and get back my self-respect and my integrity and get to like myself again."

Most girls don't have this much stamina. Particularly when they are not getting continued professional counsel, the temptation to run away can prove too strong. Or they can resign themselves to failure, as did the ex-college girl from Virginia who said, "I'm just going to sit and knit socks for my little brother."

From the time she becomes pregnant until she is able to return to society the American unmarried mother travels a route of namelessness. "We exist to help the pregnant girl keep her secret," says Charlotte Andress, the able director of Inwood House, where (as in other maternity homes) the girls are known only by their first names and last initials to preserve anonymity.

But, while there is something merciful about this anonymity, it is symptomatic of the way we treat illegitimacy in this country: our society isolates the offender and loses interest in her once she is out of her "state of sin." We spend paltry thousands on researching illegitimacy's causes and, as Clark Vincent says, "Nobody even thinks to ask what the unmarried mother's problems are ten years later."

The professionals—doctors and social workers—are just now beginning to put some of their best efforts into rehabilitation. At some of the Salvation Army maternity homes there is a growing push behind the "after-care" program, which is carefully designed to keep a troubled girl in contact with her social workers during the tough reintegration period. At progressive Inwood House the whole emphasis is on rehabilitation, including the round-table sessions with a psychiatrist each week.

The professionals are now beginning to look at the problem of the unmarried father. Obviously he is an inseparable part of the problem of illegitimacy, yet it was just six years ago that two progressive West Coast agencies—Vista Del Mar in Los Angeles and St. Elizabeth's in San Francisco—became the first to grapple with this shadowy figure in the drama.

Professionals have a long list of other areas where work must be increased. It ranges from enlightened sex education in high schools (only 10 percent of American schools now have such classes) to programs to prevent pregnancy from making educational cripples of young mothers. Finally, the professionals say we must reinforce the assault on the vital but amorphous problems of family life and poverty.

But, while there has been some progress in these areas, society continues to make it difficult. In Boston, for example, the Salvation Army has been trying to move one of its maternity hospitals to a new neighborhood to allow for expansion. Vocal elements in the community have fought the move as vigorously as if the Army were trying to relocate a leprosarium. Most communities trying to remove educational roadblocks have to fight the sort of attitude expressed by one educator: "Why reward these girls for the problems they have brought upon themselves and society?"

We all have a kinship

One answer to this question comes from Mary Louise Allen, executive director of the Florence Crittenton Homes Association in Chicago: "We've had the problem of children out of wedlock since time began. That alone should give all of us some kinship to it." It also should have been time enough to convince us that, even in what we like to consider the world's most advanced and humane nation, the problem of illegitimacy is not going to go away of its own accord. Nor can a society which condones the cause of a problem reasonably expect a handful of sociologists, psychiatrists and educators to solve it alone.

Unfortunately, the instinctive steps now being taken by parents and private citizens are not always happy ones. Some of them are extreme. Expert observers such as Clark Vincent and Leontine Young are struck by the number of serious, well-intentioned parents who see birth-control advice for their children as the best way to parry the threat. Says New York's Dr. Marcel Heiman, "This is saying to a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old, 'You are going to have intercourse, so protect yourself!'"

Other Americans suggest that the answer to our problem may lie in solutions accepted abroad. Germany, for example, protects the rights of illegitimate children by making them legal wards of the state. Sweden, plagued with a housing shortage which delays young marriages, takes a reasonably tolerant view of a new family starting off with one illegitimate child. Denmark and Japan cut their illegitimacy drastically through legalized abortions.

No one knows whether these approaches would work here, but one thing, at least, is clear. No solution will stand much of a chance unless our society as a whole recognizes its own responsibility. We might begin with the Bible's maxim to accept the doer while rejecting the deed. "After all," said a professional, "they are 'our little girls,' and we built their beds for them." THE END

the drums for Tampax

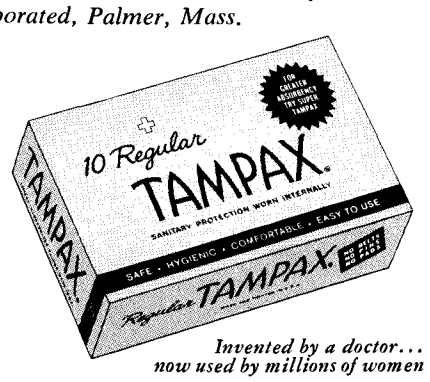
I have just one regret: that I didn't discover Tampax sooner.

You never feel ill-at-ease with Tampax. Why, you can't even feel it once it's in place. There's nothing to show, no one can possibly know.

No odor—that's positively for me! No belts, pins, pads. Who wants 'em? Bathing and showering are *nice* when I'm wearing Tampax. Now I wonder how I *ever* got along without Tampax.

* * *

Tampax® internal sanitary protection comes in your choice of 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Invented by a doctor... now used by millions of women

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It is too easy to forget that 11,000 Americans are fighting a war in Vietnam. Some are too young to vote, but they know the crack of gunfire. This story tells of their heroism.

"I'M HIT! I'M

On a remote Asian border, these Americans wage a lone

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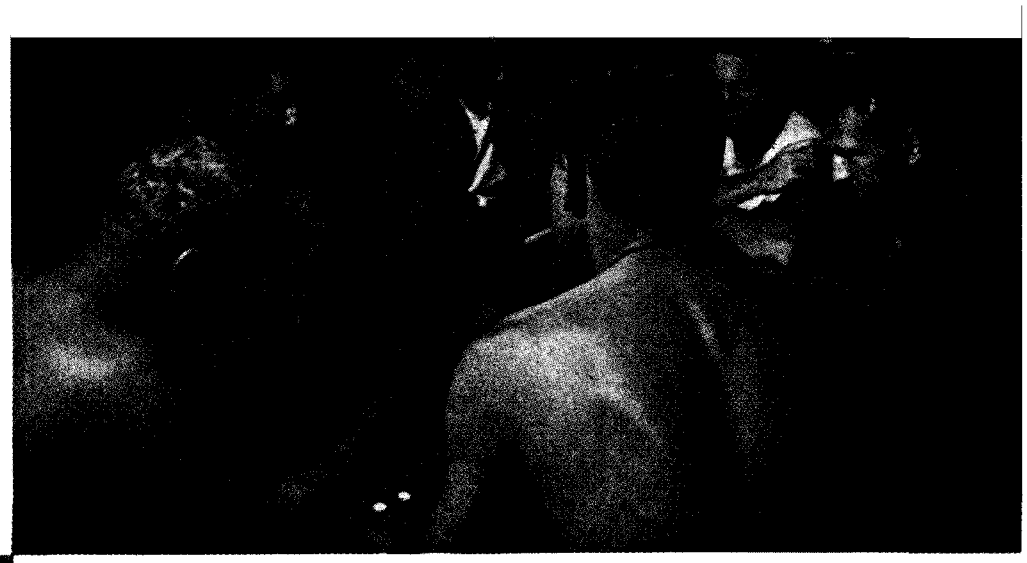
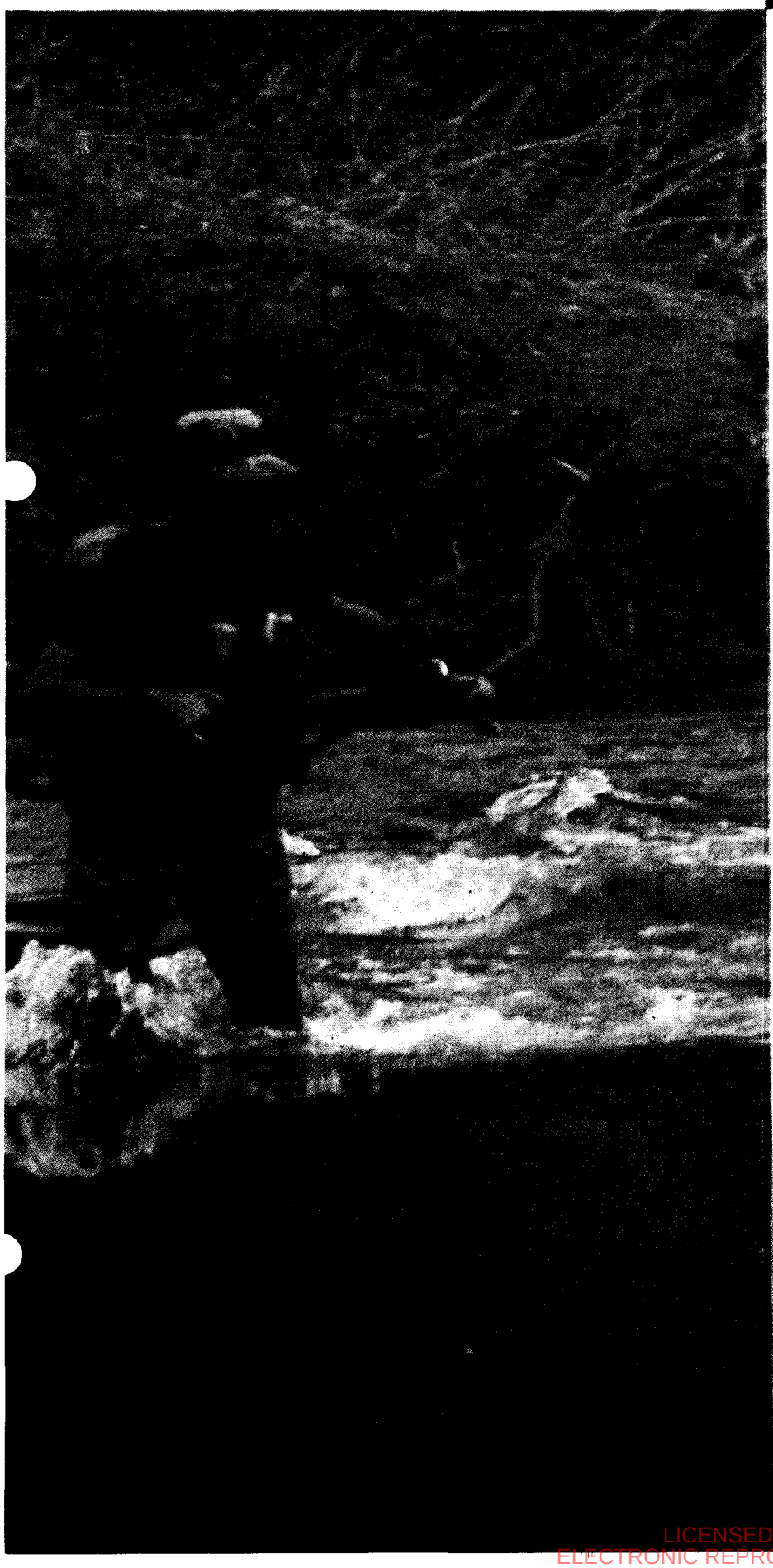
Text and pictures by Jerry A. Rose

HIT! I'M HIT!"

struggle against Communism.



Poker players: (from left) Hulsey, Grant, Jasper, Foy, Dooley, Abernathy.



The gas lantern, hanging from a bamboo rafter of the longhouse, hissed and cast a hard white cone of light on seven Americans. Six of the men, sitting on cases of C-rations and medicines, were hunched over a table made of two footlockers and covered by a gray flannel blanket. The seventh man was standing, opening a can of C-rations.

"I'd hate like hell to get shot by the VC [Viet Cong—Communist guerrillas] sittin' under a gas lantern playin' poker," said Truman Leroy Foy in a dry Texas drawl.

Joe Jasper, dealing, paid no attention. He flipped out the cards, bending and turning them over with a metallic snap. "Two, ten. Won't reach," said Joe. "Eight, Lady. Ah don't know. Twin cowboys. Ah can't play no more."

Sgt. Jaspar Hulsey, a chubby Georgian who was losing, complained about the "*blankety blank unprintable* smoke." The acrid smoke of smoldering green wood was drifting up through the split-bamboo floor.

Until the Americans arrived, the 30-yard bamboo longhouse had been deserted for several years. It was thatched with straw, blackened by the fires that had once burned constantly on the open hearths. Underneath the house, which rested on six-foot wooden pilings, were the troops, now falling asleep in their hemp hammocks. They were well-fed, having killed, carved and cooked a water buffalo that day, and their cooking fires still embered.

The two companies of troops in this South Vietnam village of Buon Mi Ga constituted a Strike Force, specially selected and trained by Americans to penetrate the mountainous jungles, their natural habitat. These soldiers were not Vietnamese but dark-skinned *montagnards*—"people of the mountains," as the French called them. They belonged to one of the 34 indigenous tribes which live in Vietnam. They were Rhadé. The Americans belonged to another tribe. "Sneaky Petes," Army argot called them, and they were one of the 40-odd Special Forces "A" teams (12-man field teams) operating in remote areas throughout South Vietnam.

Buon Mi Ga is as remote a village as one can find anywhere. Nestled in a narrow valley among jungled mountains, its code name is *Nashville Frontier*. It is a front in the midst of enemy territory on the wild tropical frontier of Darlac province, one of three provinces which form the rugged High Plateau in the west central part of Vietnam. Buon Mi Ga is 50 miles east-southeast from the nearest town, Ban Me Thuot. There

Wary of hidden Communist snipers, Foy and Hulsey ford stream on patrol.

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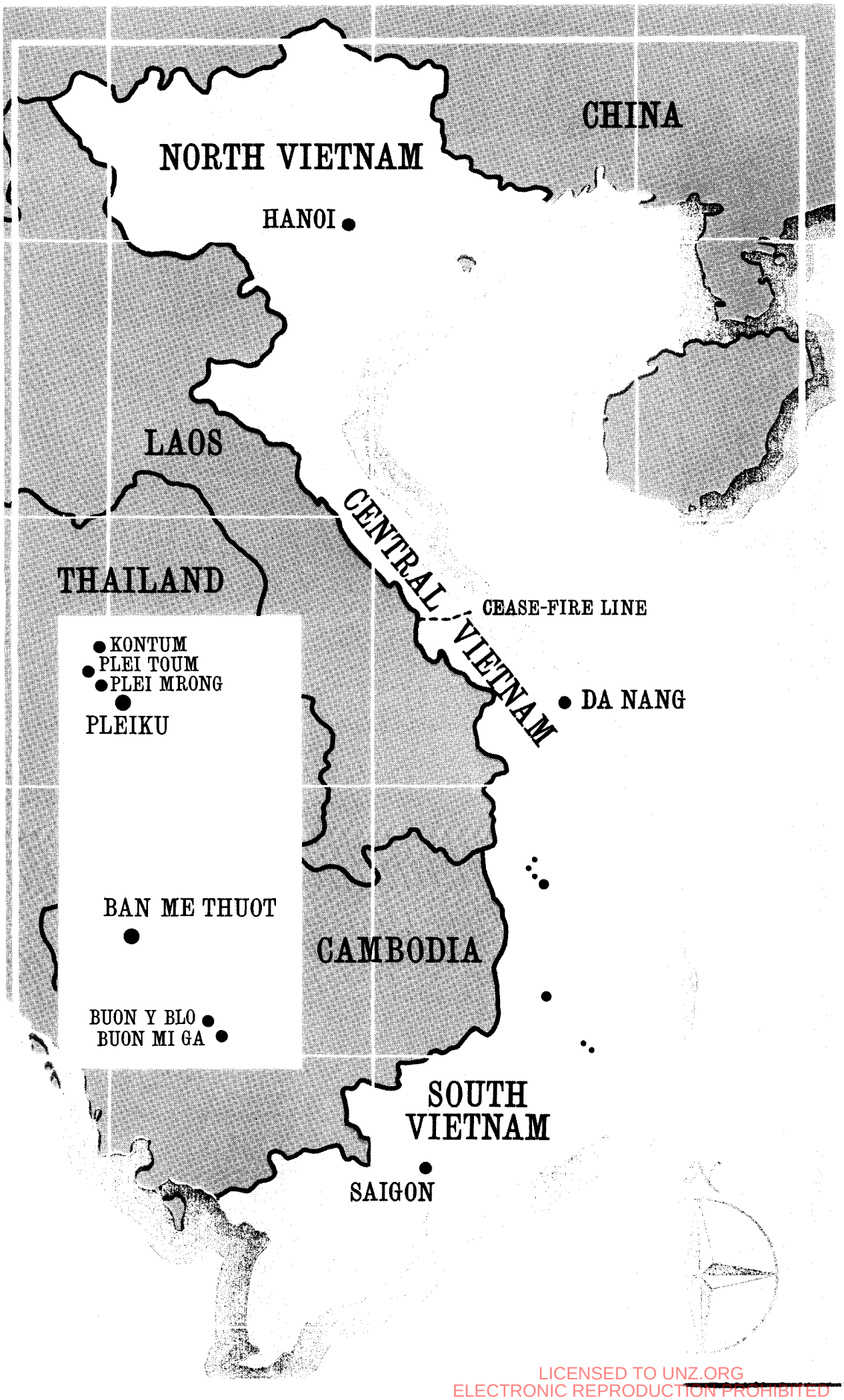
Trapped, Grant heard the guerrillas shout: "Come on, take the Americans!" Then he opened fire.



are two ways to travel from Ban Me Thuot to this village: six days by foot or 30 minutes by helicopter. Only the Viet Cong travel toward Buon Mi Ga on foot. They come to raid the Americans.

When the Special Forces men go down to wash in the cold mountain stream that runs a little beyond the new barbed-wire fence, guerrilla snipers take shots at them. Not far away in the jungle lies the carcass of an American helicopter that crashed while carrying supplies. Imminent danger has become normal. The poker game goes on despite it. So do the patrols.

The patrols found one abandoned village after another, abandoned except for a few cattle or "a cat which was so damn lonely, it just came right up and rubbed itself against my legs," said big Sgt. Coy L. Vaughn.

"If I was back in the wide-open spaces of Texas," said Sergeant Foy, "I'd go up to that village there and drive those cows back."

"This isn't Texas," said Capt. Eugene Bailey Abernathy, the team leader, throwing into the pot a blue chip worth a quarter.

"That's a natural-born fact," said Truman.

"Pot right," said Joe Jasper, still dealer. A lean 27-year-old Negro sergeant from Huntsville, Alabama ("Ah got a girl seven and a boy of eight months who Ah saw once when he was four days old"), Joe Jasper was wearing a pair of Vietnamese boots of army-green canvas that looked like basketball shoes.

"Card goin'," Jasper said and began dealing again, the third card up in seven-card stud.

The first card went to Lt. John Dooley, 25, of South Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Dooley had spent 22 days of 30 on patrol, and the red rims around his eyes revealed his fatigue. Waking that morning, Dooley had stuck his nose out of his sleeping bag into the cold, fog-ridden air and sang: "Hark the Herald Angels shout. Two more months and I'll be out."

It was Christmas. A small and forlorn Christmas tree of silver tinsel standing at the hearth just beyond the foot of Dooley's air mattress testified to the day.

"Just like any other day," someone said. But those who had received gifts and letters opened them slowly, lingering on the ribbon and Scotch tape so that the taste of home would stay for a second or two longer.

These Americans are here, far from home on Christmas, to defend South Vietnam against a sustained attack by Communist guerrillas who hope eventually to take over all of Southeast Asia. The *montagnards*, whom the Americans are training and leading, do not see the struggle in such broad terms, however. Not only are they not Vietnamese; they are hostile toward the Vietnamese. They want only to be left alone. "The *montagnards* are the Negroes of Vietnam," remarked one American colonel.

Most of the 34 *montagnard* tribes—to whom the Communists promise "independence"—are of Malayo-Polynesian origin, stocky and dark-skinned, with wide noses and thick lips. Their various dialects—which usually have a rolling Scots *r*—are incomprehensible to the Vietnamese. They worship the spirits of the trees, animals, sky, earth and water. The men wear loincloths and hunt with poison-tipped arrows; the women go bare-breasted and weave lovely cloth with Mexican-style designs.

Map of Southeast Asia shows battleground (white area) in mountain terrain of South Vietnam.

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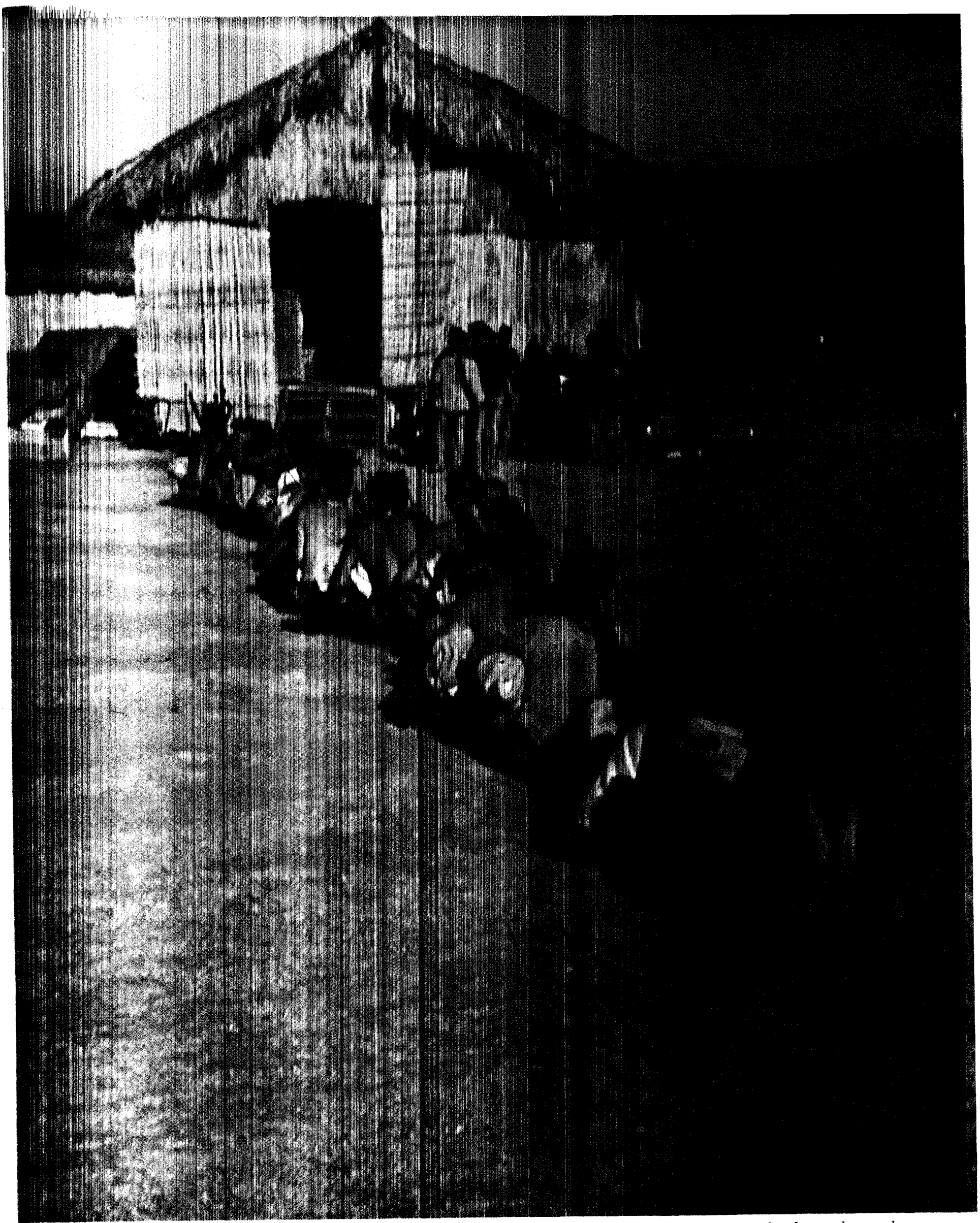

A ragged line of montagnard tribesmen await their turn to train on U.S. firing range. Suspicious Vietnamese insisted on putting them under guard.

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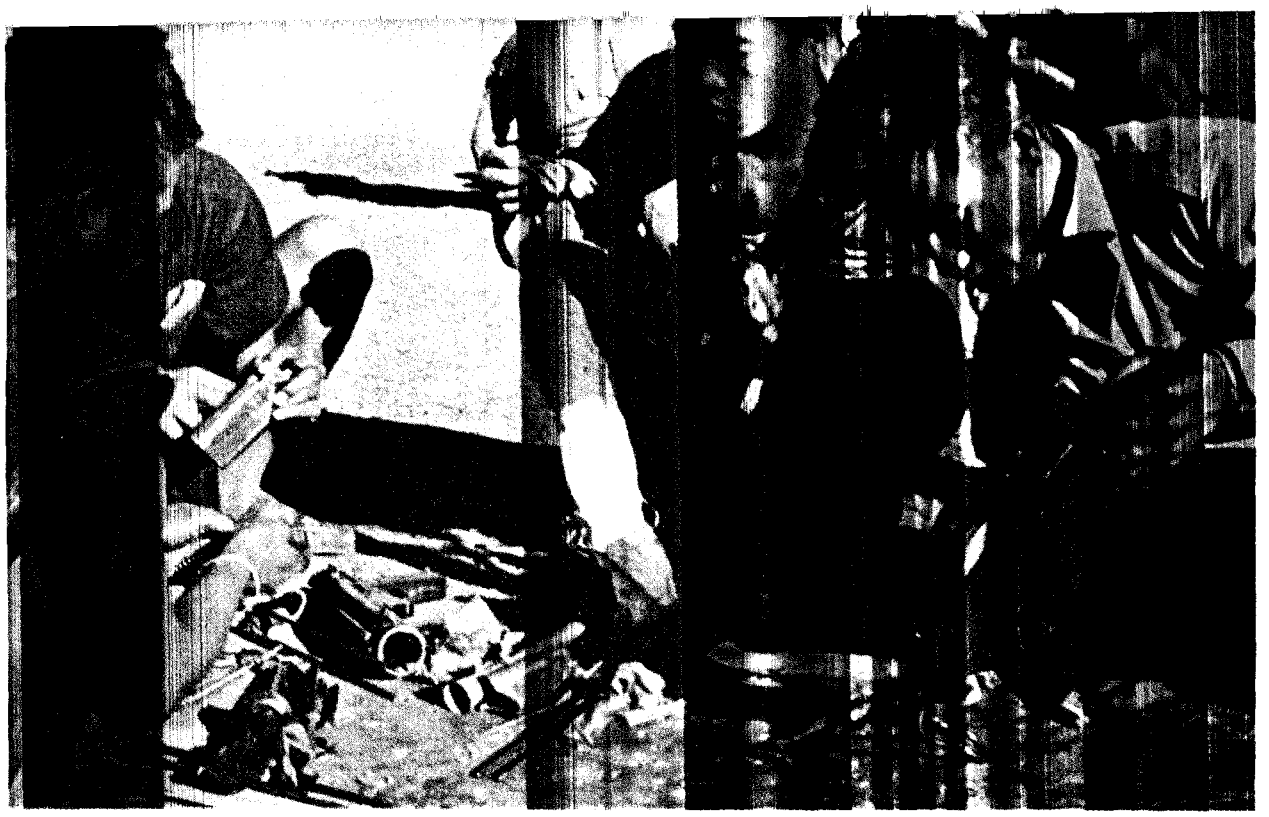
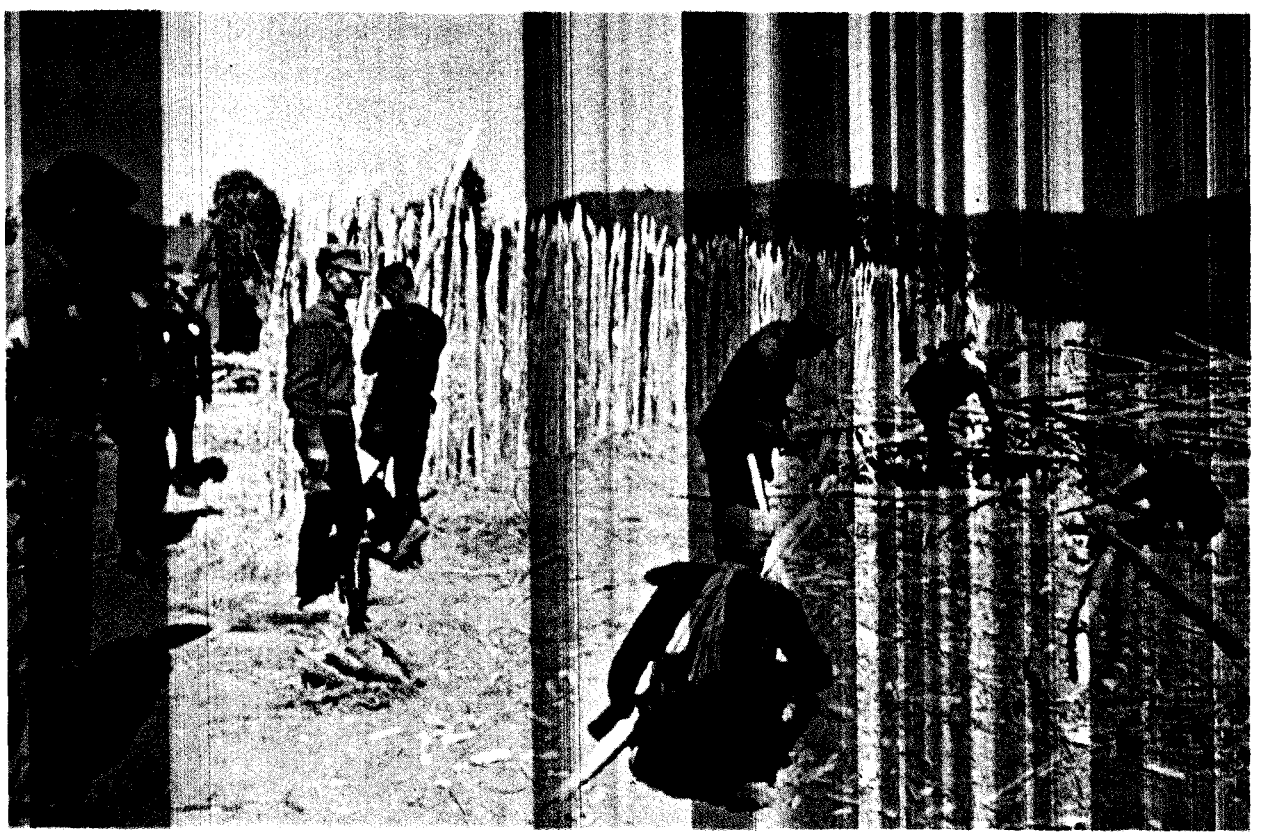


The villagers have never before had U.S. weapons like these. Now they learn to clean—and use—them.



A new wooden fence will help guard villagers against nighttime raids by marauding Communists.

The Vietnamese call the tribesmen savages and bomb their villages.

Though the 700,000 *montagnards* make up only 5 percent of South Vietnam's total population, they occupy more than half the nation's land. Moreover, they occupy the High Plateau which borders on Cambodia and Laos. From Communist North Vietnam through Cambodia and Laos come the highly trained North Vietnamese guerrillas who bring arms, propaganda and the technique of training other guerrillas. Strategically, therefore, the High Plateau is one of the keys to victory in the war that has brought at least 11,000 Americans to Vietnam. For he who knows the trails, the places to hide food, can control the region. The *montagnards* alone have this knowledge. So he who wins the allegiance of the *montagnards* controls the area.

The officials of South Vietnam call these people "Moi" (savages). In the marketplaces, the *montagnards* pay outrageously high prices to Vietnamese merchants. The Vietnamese steal their land and give them little medical care or education. (Fewer than 10 *montagnards* attend high schools, and one French-educated *montagnard* who received a scholarship from an American university could not accept it because no *montagnard* is allowed to leave the country.) Worst of all, the Vietnamese have savagely bombed and shelled villages where innocent Moi men, women and children were living peacefully. This indiscriminate destruction of their villages has made thousands of *montagnards* turn to the Communist Viet Cong. There was a time when the *montagnards* regarded the French as their only hope for tranquility and independence, and many fought hard for France. Today this loyalty has been transferred to the Americans. And yet the *montagnards* know that someday the Americans will leave, and their future and fate will be left in the hands of the Vietnamese. Already the government of South Vietnam is placing its haughty officials, who speak none of the native dialects, in control of the *montagnard* troops.

"Trey, twin cowboys. No help," said Joe Jasper, snapping a card to Truman Foy, who was contemplating his legs.

"If I get any skinnier," said Truman, "I'll be able to take a shower in a shotgun barrel."

Everyone laughed. Joe sent a card skittering to Hulsey, and then another to Sgt. Gerald (Doc) Grant, the team medic, who was on his right.

Husky Doc Grant, 31, of Elgin, Illinois, was now wearing a green T shirt and gray sweat pants. But two weeks ago he had stood in the back of the longhouse, dressed in a "tiger suit" (camouflage uniform), his ammunition belt full,.his medic kit and canteen resting against his hips. In his hand he had carried one of the Army's newest weapons, an Armalite AR-15, a small-caliber lightweight weapon with a deadly impact. If its exploding shell hits a man in the ankle, it will shatter his whole leg, and the shock is likely to kill him.

"Now watch out," Joe Jasper had said to Grant. "That white skin can get you in trouble."

"See you later," Doc had said with a chuckle.

"An American child would be wailing," said Grant, treating stoic girl's ear.

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American aids child who could not stand the pain. Many villagers driven into jungle by warfare get no medical care until patrols round them up.

Grant's first mission was to give an after-action report of an air strike on a rice field and several houses believed to shelter Viet Cong guerrillas. It was 1:30 in the afternoon. Grant and his column of 51 men moved out the east gate of Buon Mi Ga, down a steep bank and across a shaky bridge of thick green bamboo which spanned the 20-yard width of the rapid jungle stream. At the rice field he found little damage. Tall, light brown rice stalks covered the field, and several small thatch huts were still standing. A single shot rang out. Grant grabbed his radioman by the shoulders and swung him around down the trail. A deluge of bullets broke over them. The slight Rhadé man carrying the radio was bludgeoned sideways, a slug in his ribs.

Grant hit the dirt and crawled behind the protective side of a knoll. The devastating fire was coming down the sloping field, from the northwest perimeter of the jungle, 300 yards away. About 100 guerrillas were using two light machine guns and an array of automatic weapons. ("They were throwing away ammunition like it was going out of style.") With his own AR-15 switched to automatic, Grant returned the initial barrage of fire, changed magazines, then looked for his wounded radioman. The radio was there but not the man, nor were the other nine men he had brought with him as the head of the patrol. They had all fled.

Grant picked up the telephone on the PRC-10 radio and shouted, "I'm hit! I'm hit! I'm hit!"

Another storm of bullets cracked around him.

Back in Buon Mi Ga the Americans already knew that Grant and his patrol had been hit, and hit hard. The staccato sound of heavy firing tore across the afternoon jungle silence and echoed among the mountains.

Joe Jasper and Don Jones, a 23-year-old sergeant, did not wait for their Strike Force to organize. They could only hope their troops would follow. Together, Jones and Jasper sprinted out the gate, over the bridge, and up the trail that Grant had taken. Jones carried a grease gun (submachine gun), Jasper a sawed-off pump shotgun. They ran all the way.

As they approached the rice field, they met most of Grant's patrol withdrawing with six of their wounded men.

"Don't nobody move!" Jasper screamed at them. They didn't understand and kept moving back toward Buon Mi Ga. When the Strike Force got to the village, Captain Abernathy, 27, of Paris, Tennessee, immediately called Ban Me Thuot for helicopters from the 81st Transportation Company to evacuate the wounded. Meanwhile Jones and Jasper had reached the rice field. They had no idea where Grant might be, whether he was alive, dead or captured. The tall mountain rice stalks revealed no movement.

Then, just as the two men were passing a small thatch hut, a Viet Cong sniper began to pick at them. Bullets snapped close, very close, and they flung themselves into the hut to get out of sight. Moments later, Jones stepped quickly out, sprayed the area with his grease gun, and ducked back. The sniper opened up again. His shots methodically started to probe the interior of the hut. Mortar fire was still being directed at the upper end of the rice field.

Jones turned to Jasper and said that their patrol must have arrived by now. The patrol was carrying a 60-mm mortar which would reach the outer edge of the rice field and scatter the enemy—he hoped. Jasper would cover his withdrawal.

Then Jasper heard Jones's voice come floating calmly across the field: "Hey, babe, they got me."

Jasper called back: "No, man, you're kiddin'."

"No, they got me in the arm," Jones said.

Upright, Jasper ran through the field. Jones had been hit in the left arm, just below the biceps. He was bleeding badly. The two men started to crawl down the trail toward the jungle. It was a long way, and Jones soon got weak from loss of blood. The Viet Cong sniper opened up again. A bullet just missed Jasper's leg.

Now Jones wanted to make one desperate dash for the woods. He felt he could not continue crawling for too much longer. And every time they moved, the sniper shot.

Jasper made the dash first, to cover Jones's withdrawal. When Jones reached the woods, he was on the verge of collapse. The wound was spurting blood. Jones sat down, faint. Jasper took the leather thong which held his knife sheath to his leg and used it to bind Jones's arm. By this time, their Strike Force began to straggle in.

Jasper figured Grant was already dead, but Grant had remained behind the knoll, still very much alive—though he wasn't sure how much longer he'd stay alive. He saw six guerrillas emerge from the woods and make a frantic run for a hut to his north. They were shouting, "Come on, take the American!" He opened fire on them, but they made it to the house ("I wanted to get one so bad I could taste it").

Then, unexpectedly, one of his own soldiers appeared next to him. It was a 14-year-old Rhadé boy known as S-2. The boy spoke to Grant, but they did not understand each other. The boy apparently wanted Grant to retreat down the trail. Grant wanted to attack, get the troops moving, shooting, anything. He didn't know that most of his troops had withdrawn.

The Viet Cong besieged his position again with heavy fire. He returned the fire, and then looked around. The Rhadé boy had disappeared ("I didn't blame him").

Slowly Grant began to crawl down the trail, not knowing whether he was moving directly into the hands of a waiting enemy. The guerrilla sniper peppered his path.

As he neared the woods, he heard Jones's voice shout furiously: "Fire the damn mortar you dumb s.o.b.'s!"

Grant ran for the voice in the woods, and found Jasper and Jones, and the Strike Force. Jones, resting against a tree, had his arm in a crude harness that Jasper had made from his shotgun sling. Doc immediately began to work. Don Jones is "real young but looks older," a "hell-for-leather man" who kicked around the world with his

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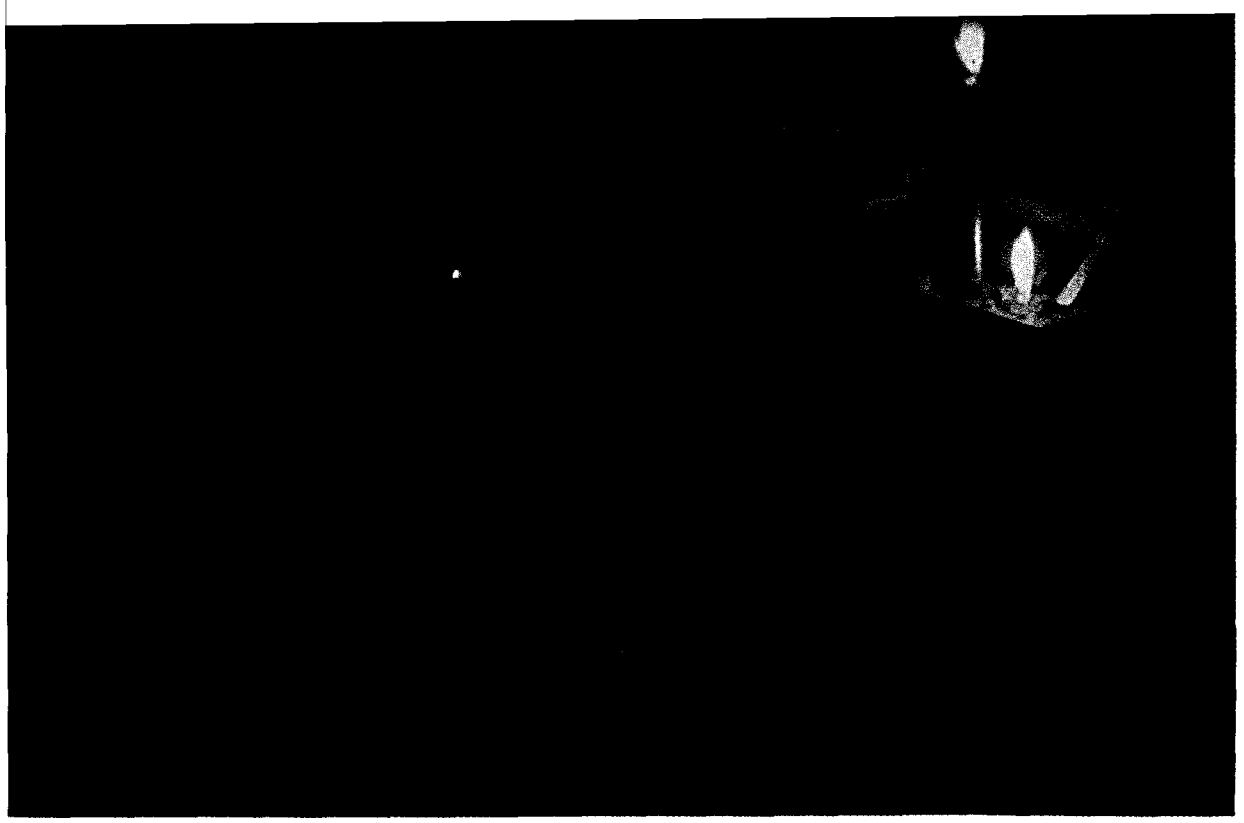

An American officer rests in a jungle hut. Lieutenant Dooley, far from his native Philadelphia, spent Christmas Eve reading by the pale light of a candle. Nearby stood a forlorn Christmas tree.

father, an Air Force sergeant. He had worked in oil fields, served with the Special Forces in Laos, and wanted to go to Army flight school. As Doc Grant worked on the arm, he knew that Don would probably never be a pilot. The bone in his arm was shattered. The left arm was likely to be shorter than the right.

"Faith, hope, charity . . ." Joe Jasper was dealing out the last card. "Some get some, and some get none."

The game went on until 1:30 in the morning. When it was over, Joe figured up how much each man had won or lost. He marked the winnings and the losses in a tall, narrow ledger. For four months, they had been playing poker together and no cash had yet been exchanged. At the end of six months—when their tour of duty was finished—the figures, as meticulously inscribed in Joe's *Official Poker Log*, would be tallied once and for all, and then some would get some, and some would get none, or less.

At eight sharp on the same morning the poker game ended, Truman Foy and Hulsey set out on a three-day patrol to see how much of some they'd get; so did Lieutenant Dooley and 19-year-old Sgt. Charles McHenry (though Mac was sick with dysentery). The two groups started together toward a village called Buon Y Blo, 10 miles away. There were 105 Rhadé tribesmen, dressed mostly in black calico and wearing canvas boots. The soles of several men's boots were coming off, and later their feet would turn bloody from the briars and leeches that pricked their flesh. ("I order a whole bunch of boots—fives, sixes and sevens," said Truman. "And what'd I get? *Vile obscene unprintable* eights, nines and tens. They were walking around here looking like a company of Charlie Chaplins.")

The troops, burdened with packs and weapons that seemed to dwarf their small frames, moved south out of the gate and down a wide path that was once a road. Here and there the faint ruts of wheel tracks could be seen, but for five years no vehicle ladened with market produce had traveled this road. The vegetation, now gray-green and wet from the heavy mist, was slowly squeezing it shut. The bridges along the 35-mile length of the road had long been destroyed, and the pathlike road had an even border of foot traps, small square pits with fire-hardened bamboo spikes: one misstep and the spike would pierce through boot and flesh.

The road was a testimony to the influence of the Viet Cong. Thus, one of the primary missions of these men of Buon Mi Ga was to reopen the road, find the natives scattered through the jungle, resettle them along the road, help them build new villages, schools, medical centers, protect them from the Viet Cong—guard the whole frontier. The column tramped slowly, turned west off the road and began to plow through denser vegetation. Still, there was a trail and it led to a river crossing. The river at this point was 30 yards wide, knee-deep and swift: an ideal place for an ambush. The men crossed 20 at a time, their legs pitched against the current, their feet sliding over the rocks. Lieutenant Dooley, with a cigar in his mouth, led the way.

The stream traversed, the column moved out again, now backtracking in a northwesterly direction toward the mountains. The fog was burning off and the sun began to emerge. A pair of parrots glided overhead.

They came to a village—empty. Several longhouses in this village were still smoldering from napalm bombs dropped by the South Vietnamese air force two weeks before, but most of the buildings stood as they had for 60 or 70 years. Some of the Rhadé began to pick various edible leaves and fruits that were growing around the village: raw tobacco, manioc, sweet potatoes. They also found and killed a suckling pig, and picked up a pig that a tiger had killed for them.

Dooley and McHenry took 20 of the men into a longhouse, where they would stay until dusk, then creep out quietly toward an area where the

"What a miserable life," he groaned.

Viet Cong and the village people were suspected to be hiding.

Truman Foy led the remaining 85 men out of the village along a good trail, stopping now and again to let the point man ram apart foot traps. Once, the point man halted suddenly at the sight of two snakes. Foy went ahead and smashed their heads with the butt of his carbine.

The march continued, climbing. The trail stopped at a thicket of briars and bamboo. The point man cut through, and suddenly, almost like an apparition, there lay the village of Buon Y Blo. At the very center of the village was a herd of 27 cattle, including three large bulls, all grazing quietly. The straw thatch of the longhouses glistened cleanly in the warm sun; the surrounding mountains stood like great maternal guardians; the cattle grazed idly. The scene was as tranquil as the heart of peace. Yet, there was not a villager to be seen, not one of the 500 or 600 who must have lived there.

Rhadé men and women had worked to build Buon Y Blo just two years ago, and now they had left—for they were afraid. It was a time of war, and bombers filled the skies over the jungles, and the jungles were filled with the guerrillas. The bombers told them they had to move. The guerrillas told them they had to move. And so men and women and children packed the bare necessities of life—a blanket, a cooking pot, a crossbow, a few fish traps—on their backs and moved into the dank stream beds in the jungles where they would at least be safe from the bombers.

They came out of the jungles only furtively to harvest a rice field, or lead off a cow or pig. They had to feed themselves, and they had to feed the Viet Cong; and because they fed the guerrillas, their rice fields had to be burned, their livestock slaughtered. And even their villages had to be destroyed, for the strength of the government had to be impressed upon them. They had to be shown that the Viet Cong could not live up to its promise to protect them.

Such is the cold brutality of the war in Vietnam. Buon Y Blo symbolized its tragedy.

The Strike Force immediately formed a security perimeter around the village, and Foy, Hulsey and two Rhadé leaders toured the area, looking for signs of recent human activity. There were none, except for the cattle.

"Well," mused Truman, "we might just come back here and round up this herd of cattle."

After establishing a base camp in a rice field, the men moved out again to hunt for tribesmen in the surrounding jungle. But after beating their way through a morass of vines, saw grass, grass with thorns, vines with briars, trees with thorns like small spears, and myriad trees and saplings that snapped back like whips, Foy and Hulsey found only three makeshift huts at the bottom of a V-shaped stream bed.

And so the patrol, wearied to the bone, returned to its encampment with nothing to show for its efforts. Foy and Hulsey opened some C-rations. Talk naturally centered around food. Hulsey complained about C-rations, and Truman smiled, took out an onion from his pack—a bit of flavoring. Hulsey eyed it hungrily.

Truman said that he was not going to share it. He had packed it up and "it weighs every bit of an ounce—it could've been the straw that broke the camel's back."

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"Well it could be worse," said the other Special Forces sergeant on the patrol. "You could've been born here."

But he shared it anyway, and they both ate some red peppers which they had picked off a bush; and when they were finished eating, Truman said, "I'd like a Porterhouse steak about as big as a poncho and thick as a PRC-10 [three inches thick]."

Hulsey agreed to the menu.

Then Truman got on the PRC-10 radio and began calling back to Buon Mi Ga: "Nashville, Nashville, this is Nashville one-one, Nashville one-one, over." When he got Nashville, he gave the map coordinates of his position and signed off.

The sun descended and the mountains became black silhouettes against a gigantic swath of vermilion sky.

It was a time for serious reflection, and Truman reflected on the rich potential of the valleys among these jungles: how a man could open this land into farms, even a ranch—though, "Course it'd be hard to see the Saturday-night movie." If someone had opened up the region and given people a square deal, there wouldn't be a war and they (he, particularly) wouldn't be chasing over the whole damn territory looking for a bunch of poor, scared *montagnard* villagers. Then the two men unrolled their ponchos, and Hulsey said he hadn't brought a blanket.

"Sho' is going to get cold," said Hulsey, the man from Georgia.

And Truman said, "Well, Hulsey, you can get along if you're unprepared, but you can get along a hell of a lot better if you come prepared."

The two men rolled into their ponchos, Truman with a flannel blanket inside, and they looked up at the stars.

Truman said: "Can't understand why a man has to go up to the moon when parts of this earth ain't even explored."

"Hell," said Hulsey, "there's parts of the U.S. which ain't never yet been explored."

The sky stayed bright and clear until early morning, and then the fog rolled in. When they awoke at the crack of light, the cold fog had coated them like frost.

"What a miserable life," Hulsey groaned from somewhere within his poncho.

"Well, it could be worse," said Truman, beginning to crawl out.

"How?" asked Hulsey.

"Well, you could've been born here," said Truman Foy.

All that morning the two men went out again, but they found nothing but briars, leeches, ticks—and a boll weevil, which made Hulsey feel a little nostalgic for the South. They decided to bring back the cattle from Buon Y Blo.

The cattle were grazing in the center of the village as Truman approached them with a lasso. On the first throw he got the loop over a cow's head and began to lead her away. The herd started to follow along, and everything was going smoothly when a big gray bull suddenly got amorous—and then the cows ran off in all directions like frightened maidens.

"Now why did that damned old bull have to try and do that this early in the mornin'?" Truman complained as the Rhadé tribesmen went to chase the herd.

Finally they managed to get one bull, one calf and nine cows moving down the trail. The remaining 16 cattle had scattered into the jungle, like the villagers of Buon Y Blo. Keeping the herd of 11 on the trail over and down the mountain was not easy. At the jungle stream just outside of Buon Mi Ga, one cow tried to cross the shaky bamboo bridge, fell off, and started floating downstream, her four legs paddling, her tail out like a rudder. Then the other cows and the calf went into the water. The bull decided it was not his day for swimming and dashed into the bush. It took over an hour to get the cattle back, and finally they drifted into the village. Buon Mi Ga suddenly looked less like a military encampment. Not only were cattle grazing, but there were also eight men in loincloths, 11 women and 14 children, all collected by another patrol and brought to safety.

These people told a tale of nomadic misery, of moving 10 times in one year, of having little food, no medicine. "Many children died," said one man, and as an afterthought he added, "So did many men."

"The Viet Cong told us that if we were captured by the Americans, we would be given salt and soap to eat, and at night we would be put in the cold stream."

"Hi, Sweet Pea," said Doc Grant to a child he was treating for a respiratory ailment. Another child had a large cyst behind her left ear, and he had to cut it open. The nine-year-old girl lay very still, not crying until the pain became excruciating, and then her tears welled up silently. "An American child would be wailing her head off," said Doc.

And an old woman with shriveled skin came to Doc Grant and showed him a tiny scratch on her foot; the bare foot was tough as leather with a hundred small scars from scratches and cuts which had healed themselves, but she too wanted to be cared for.

There are other *montagnard* centers too, more organized than Buon Mi Ga. One of them, 145 miles to the northwest, is Camp Plei Mrong. It isn't a natural village but a military training center, encircled by 900 yards of barbed-wire fence, 15 feet wide, with a trench running parallel to its whole length. There are nine neat longhouses of newly woven straw, barracks for the Strike Force. The camp even has electricity, supplied by a hefty 10-kilowatt generator. Capt. William Grace, of Arlington, Virginia, a gaunt West Pointer whose crew-cut hair is prematurely gray at 29, began building this camp several months ago with his Special Forces Team and a Strike Force company of 77 Bahnar tribesmen from Kontum province. Its first mission was to train a Strike Force of regional tribesmen, mostly Jarai.

Just before Christmas they finished training two Strike Force companies of 236 men and there was a huge celebration. American and Vietnamese V.I.P.'s showed up—for President Ngo Dinh Diem was particularly interested in this project. The natives slaughtered chickens, pigs, bulls and buffaloes to feast the day. Bronze gongs clanged rhythmically, and Lt. Paul Leary, 27, second in command, had to dance with an old *montagnard* lady ("who wasn't too bad—say at three thousand meters"). Everyone drank a measure or two of the sour *montagnard* rice wine, received bronze bracelets and became a member of a tribal village.

There was talk among the military and political V.I.P.'s of turning Plei Mrong into a showplace for other V.I.P.'s. During the next six weeks, in seven- to fourteen-day cycles, 715 Jarai men from 21 villages would be trained and armed for their own self-defense.

The first group of Jarai began streaming into Plei Mrong shortly after the celebration, 173 of them, ranging in age from 13 to more than 60. Each had been screened and cleared by the local Vietnamese government; each of them carried an

Helicopters carry supplies to Buon Mi Ga. The one in foreground is unloading a refrigerator. The other copter in the background, called the Marion Spook, is taking off on last brief flight.

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A PROPHETIC QUESTION:

"Wouldn't it be funny," asked the camp-bound lieutenant, "if we got hacked instead of you guys?"

identification paper with the signature and seal of the district chief. The men immediately got weapons: carbines, shotguns, automatic rifles.

Plei Mrong swung into a fury of activity: Tents went up; cooking pots and rice and blankets were distributed. Then training began, mostly by gesture and demonstration, yet some of the native men seemed to catch on quickly.

By New Year's Eve, when the Special Forces were drinking a toast in champagne that Captain Grace had brought back on his last reconnaissance flight, the Strike Force was ready to go. Robert Corriveau, a French Canadian from New Hampshire who had the nickname "Frogg" tattooed on his shoulder, asked Tony Duarte, the team operations sergeant, who would be going out on the four-day patrol. Everybody wanted to go. Tony said he'd "pass the buck to the old man." Captain Grace chose his men: Tony Duarte; Lou Woelfel, a 32-year-old sergeant who came "once upon a time from Brooklyn"; Sgt. George Hoagland III, 27, of Phoenix, Arizona, and himself.

"Sure am disappointed I'm not going," said one of those left behind, young Private Mike Boyd. Lieutenant Leary, however, said he was glad he wasn't going. He wanted his chance at playing top dog, and "there'll be some changes around here—like nobody's going to shave."

"There'll be some more changes when I return too," said Grace.

At supper—meals always the same, day after day, with cabbage salad, tough buffalo meat, greasy potatoes, supplemented by cornflakes, peanut butter, beer, canned milk and dysentery—talk naturally turned to the imminent patrol. Some of the talk was light, but some was edged with a faint note of tension.

If there were 3,000 Viet Cong across that Ronhing River, said one of the men, and they decided to attack the patrol, then it was going to be another Dunkirk.

"Except without boats to get out," replied Captain Grace.

"Is there anything you fellows want to will to me—like cameras?" asked Lieutenant Leary, one cheek bulging with a wad of chewing tobacco. And then he added an offhand, purely rhetorical afterthought: "Wouldn't it be funny if we got hacked instead of you guys?"

No one took much notice of the remark.

After supper the team went into the headquarters, where there was a large map of the area, and Duarte began a briefing. Duarte, a natural "tiger" who had won a silver star in Korea, explained that the operation would be a "leapfrogging" movement. They would land in the field, move to Plei Toum village, establish a base camp. On the morning of the third day there would be an air-drop of food and ammunition. On the fourth day helicopters would pick them up.

The next day the camp rose in the dawn grayness. Captain Grace and the other Americans going on the patrol packed their gear.

"Got cigarettes, transistor radio, razor. I'm ready," said Lou Woelfel.

The selected Jarai troops got their food and ammunition.

At eight the artillery support, two mammoth 155-mm howitzers, lumbered clumsily through Plei Mrong. They took a position one and a quarter miles north of the camp, where their shells could surely reach across the five-mile distance to the objective area.

At a quarter of nine, Grace and his troops moved out to the airstrip. Then the helicopters arrived, swirling gigantic, blinding clouds of brown dust. The troops, broken into 10-man units, ran forward, weapons in their left hands as they had been instructed. The crew chief grabbed their right hands and yanked them into the choppers. The four Americans separated and boarded.

The pilots lifted their ships from the ground and slipped forward through the dust. Treetops snapped against the bottom of the helicopters as

The end of Marion Spook. Its engine gave out 700 yards from Buon Mi Ga, but nobody was hurt. Abernathy (left) and Vaughn guard the wreckage.

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they cleared the edge of the runway. In the distance, a funnel of smoke slowly grew out of the ground—T-28's had dropped napalm bombs on the target area.

Minutes later the first two helicopters stormed into the center of the landing area, knocking over the bamboo spears that the Viet Cong had set up to prevent landings. The troops leaped out into the field. There had been no enemy fire, no buried man-traps. The only casualty was one man who sprained an ankle dropping from a helicopter.

Their target, the village of Plei Toum, had been seared by the napalm, but most of the longhouses, gray from age and surrounded by flaming red poinsettia bushes, stood as they had for generations—except now they were empty. Yet here too—as in Buon Y Blo—grazed a herd of cattle. And there were other signs of people: the carcass of a recently cooked deer, a shiny rice-wine jug sitting near a tomb. Grace and his men were just beginning to relax when the heavy and rapid voice of an automatic rifle thudded at the edge of the village. There was a cacophony of small automatic weapons. The troops had spotted a guerrilla, a rifle in hand, a pack on his back. He escaped. The enemy now knew the Americans' location and strength, and it was imperative to find a different base camp before dark.

Anxiety on his face, Captain Grace learns of Plei Mrong attack. Beside him stands Tony Duarte.

Back at Plei Mrong, Lieutenant Leary was busy. During the late afternoon the Jarai trainees were assigned trench positions around the west side of the camp. This was the area usually covered by the First Company, most of which was now out on patrol. Lieutenant Till, a young *montagnard* who spoke excellent French and was the over-all commander of the two Strike Force companies trained at Plei Mrong, came to see Lieutenant Leary. He requested, hesitantly, that some of the village defenders be given ammunition. He knew it was against the rules for the Jarai trainees to possess ammunition during the night—a precautionary measure against infiltration—but the camp was understrength. Wouldn't it be wise to supply at least a few of the village defenders with ammunition? He had personally selected 11.

The argument sounded logical, and there was no reason to doubt Lieutenant Till's loyalty. Lieutenant Leary granted the request. Plei Mrong grew quiet. The moon sank below the horizon just before one A.M. At 1:30 all but two of the Americans were sleeping. Lieutenant Leary—a father of four young children in Houston, Texas—was sleeping in the barracks; so were Sergeants Billy Bowles and "Frogg" Corriveau, and 23-year-old Private Boyd. The assistant medic of the team, Sergeant Billie Fell, 23, of Haleyville, Alabama (father of a 14-month-old boy), was alone and awake in the dispensary, half zipped into his sleeping bag, drinking a Coke. He had just come off duty. Sergeant Marvin Compton, who had replaced him, was sitting in the radio shack at the far end of the American barracks, reading.

Suddenly there was an explosion, then frenzied screams, staccato gunfire. Compton ran out the door. The darkness was alive with moving figures and the specks of shooting weapons. He fired three pistol shots—the signal for alert or attack.

"Attack!" he hollered, but the Americans already knew. They were up and dressing. Leary was sitting on the edge of his cot, yanking on his boots, when a fragment of a recoilless-rifle shell slammed through his footlocker. Had he been lying in bed, it would have hit him in the chest. When they got out, they saw that the Viet Cong were everywhere. There were, in fact, 400 Viet Cong attacking the weakened garrison of 250.

Compton yelled at Boyd to man the mortar position, which was surrounded by sandbags, in the center of the camp. Then he himself dashed out toward the mortar. When he got there, he found the sights completely out of line. He grabbed the mortar and swung it around toward the west, toward the main siege of fire. Boyd and Bowles arrived. Together they began shooting flares and high-explosive shells. Bullets hammered into the sandbags surrounding the emplacement, and hand grenades burst in front of them. In the light of the flares they could see guerrillas huddled around the ammunition stored inside the fort. Most of them wore the black calico uniform of the Viet Cong. One man was passing out ammunition. Lieutenant Leary rushed in and joined the others in throwing grenades and firing at the guerrillas near the ammunition crates.

Explosion after explosion tore in bright flashes at the darkness.

At the first explosion, Billie Fell rushed out of the dispensary, wearing a white T shirt. "Never run out with a white T shirt," someone had told him. He went back into the dispensary, threw on a green fatigue shirt, left again, ran toward the trench—a grenade exploded behind him—and jumped in. His leg hit a board, and the board snapped up sharply into his groin. Gasping, he began to fire his carbine.

"Frogg" Corriveau, wearing only underwear, sat in the dank radio bunker. His right hand was tapping rapidly at a Morse-code key: "Zulu Foxtrot need air strike Zulu Foxtrot need air strike (under heavy attack, need reinforcements, need air strike)."

The message was aimed at the Special Forces "B" team in Pleiku, 18 miles to the southeast. There was no response. Still tapping the key, Corriveau tried to make voice contact over the PRC-10. No response. Why had the big TR-20 radio, promised two months ago, never arrived? "Zulu Foxtrot need air strike." No response.

The ground quaked; gargantuan explosions suddenly shredded the night; the air filled with acrid smoke.

Twenty miles north in Kontum, a Vietnamese radioman heard the frantic signal from Plei Mrong, then rushed to get his commanding officer, who contacted his American counterpart, Maj. John Evans.

Major Evans picked up a landline phone and rang Pvt. Jonathan Rubin at the "B" team in Pleiku. Somewhere along the way the message got garbled. Rubin understood that Captain Grace was under attack while out on patrol.

In Plei Mrong the Viet Cong grenades landed closer and closer to the 81-mm mortar manned by the Americans.

"It's getting too hot here," Lieutenant Leary shouted. And they were short of ammunition.

They got out, running in a half-crouch, went to the rear left corner of their barracks and found extra ammunition that had been prepared for Captain Grace's patrol. They wrenched the lids off the boxes, scooped out grenades and began throwing them.

Billie Fell's ammunition ran out. He heaved himself out of the trench, ran back to the dispensary (lost his loafers), picked up a cartridge belt and stepped outside as an explosion rocked the dispensary, blowing out one wall. Then he spotted the other Americans. They had retreated to the electric generator, were using it as a shield. Mike Boyd held a 60-mm mortar in his hand and was firing round after round. Fell ran to join them.

On their small island, Leary, Compton, Boyd, Bowles and Fell took their stand. There was nowhere else to go.

"Don't shoot weapons," Leary ordered tersely. "Throw grenades." The flame of weapons would

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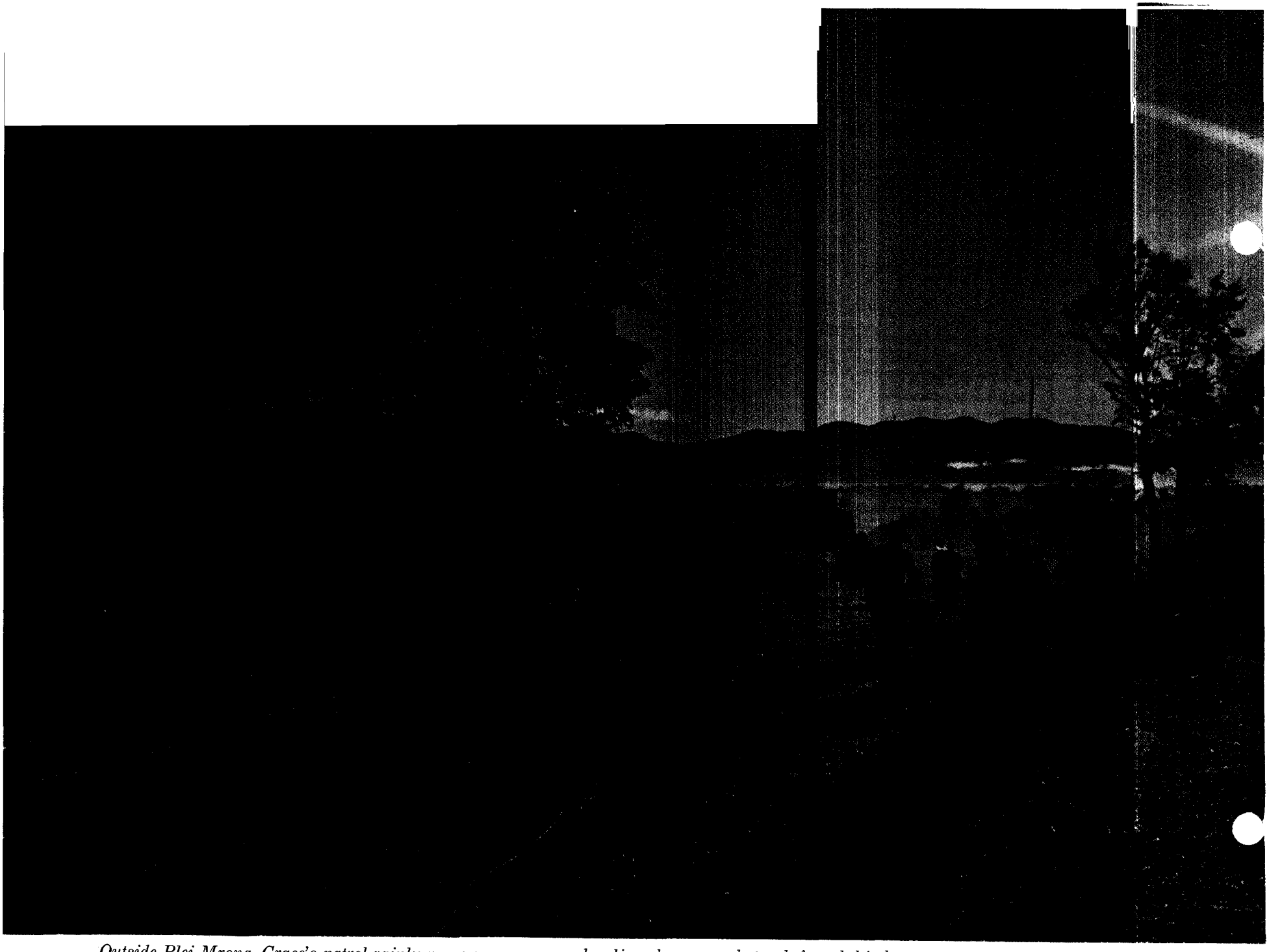

Outside Plei Mrong, Grace's patrol vainly pursues an enemy who slipped away and struck from behind.

pinpoint their position. Still, the mortar in Boyd's hand flashed over and over until there was no more ammunition.

Billy Bowles ran forward to the boxes of ammunition stacked for the patrol. He bent over to yank open a lid. A grenade burst near him, and a piece of shrapnel cut deeply into his left hand. He squatted down, took the medic kit from his ammunition belt, and calmly bandaged the wound. The hand throbbed, and his feet felt cold—he had no shoes—but he picked up some mortar shells and returned to the bastion around the generator.

"Zulu Foxtrot need air strike Zulu . . ." Corriveau in the radio bunker continued sending his signal, not knowing exactly what was happening in the fury outside.

Then he heard a faint reply of dots and dashes: "Roger Zulu Roger Zulu . . ." The "B" team had heard him. But the request for reinforcements, unknown to Corriveau, was refused. The Vietnamese Ranger company was needed for the security of Pleiku—a divisional headquarters where thousands of troops were stationed. Similarly, the T-28 squadron at Pleiku could not strike at Plei Mrong because, said the Vietnamese commander, the airstrip at Plei Mrong had no lights. One American pilot said that he'd fly the mission, strip lights or not. No, came the reply, the T-28's were now Vietnamese planes, and the Vietnamese didn't want any of them lost.

Plei Mrong remained a Hell. But at 3:15 there was a sudden lull.

Mike Boyd heard rain falling, and then realized it was water dripping from the barrels of the shower stall: they had been shot full of holes. He noticed that the mortar tube was burning his hand, and his right foot ached. He wondered if he had somehow broken his big toe.

"Lieutenant Leary," said Billie Fell softly. "Do you think we'll make it?"

Before he could answer, the battle erupted around them again.

Marv Compton thought he heard a plane. He and Fell, under a deluge of bullets and shrapnel, ran forward to turn on the lights and swing the camp's large, illuminated directional arrow toward the west to signal for a bombardment on that side. Then they returned to the generator. No plane arrived, and the two men dashed back to switch off the bulbs so the batteries would not run down. Five times they repeated this vain effort. And at four A.M. there was again a lull. The lull slowly shrouded the camp in a funereal silence, and the strange silence lengthened from seconds into minutes.

"I'll sure be glad when that sun comes up," whispered Lt. Leary.

They were all famished for light.

"Zulu Foxtrot need air strike . . ." Corriveau was still sending his message at 4:30 when he distinctly heard a plane. He immediately picked up the phone on his PRC-10: "Fly-boy, fly-boy, this is control, control. Over."

"Control, this is Dakota. Over," responded the voice of an American pilot who had flown all the way from Saigon.

"Are you our air strike?" asked Corriveau.

"Negative. I'm just your flare ship."

In Plei Toum, where Captain Grace's patrol was bivouacked, the radio finally came alive. He grabbed the phone and made contact with the Dakota. "Can you tell us what is happening over there?" Plei Mrong under attack, came the answer from the Dakota. What is the estimated strength of the enemy? The Dakota relayed the message to Corriveau, and the reply back to Grace: "A battalion."

Grace asked the pilot to give American casualties by job title. Pause for relay. Answer: "Radio supervisor slightly wounded."

"Billy," said Duarte.

"Billy," added the pilot.

"Other casualties?" asked Grace.

Pause . . . "Fifty dead."

"Friendly?"

Pause . . . "That's affirm," said the pilot.

Captain Grace lighted a cigarette. The glowing tip was the only light in the shell of darkness. Two hours remained to dawn.

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"Zulu Foxtrot need air strike," the radio signaled. "Under heavy attack . . ."

The village of Plei Toum, emptied by the Viet Cong, suffered this fate.

Back at Plei Mrong, flares brought an artificial dawn over the battle scene. The five Americans cautiously left their position by the generator and moved toward the center of the village. Mike Boyd, limping, looked down at his right foot and saw why it hurt: he was wearing two left boots.

Under the flare light, the Special Forces men began to survey the camp. A 100-yard arc of trench from the south gate to the western point of the fence was nothing but a long and narrow tomb for grotesquely maimed men, with arms and legs sheared off, necks without heads, abdomens opened to reveal coiled intestines.

A large hole had been cut through this western sector of the barbed-wire fence.

The wounded, some of whom seemed as badly maimed as the dead, were collected and laid in a line at the center of camp. Billie Fell treated them. One had the lower part of his face blown off. Another man, who had been found near the crates of ammunition, was shot four times through the body. Fell recognized him as one of the village defenders. Having bandaged his wounds, Fell stood up and was about to move on when the man suddenly opened one eye. The eye glinted in the flare light as the wounded man stated proudly in English: "Me Number One VC."

This must have been the man who had been distributing ammunition to the Viet Cong from the crates in front of the mortar position. How

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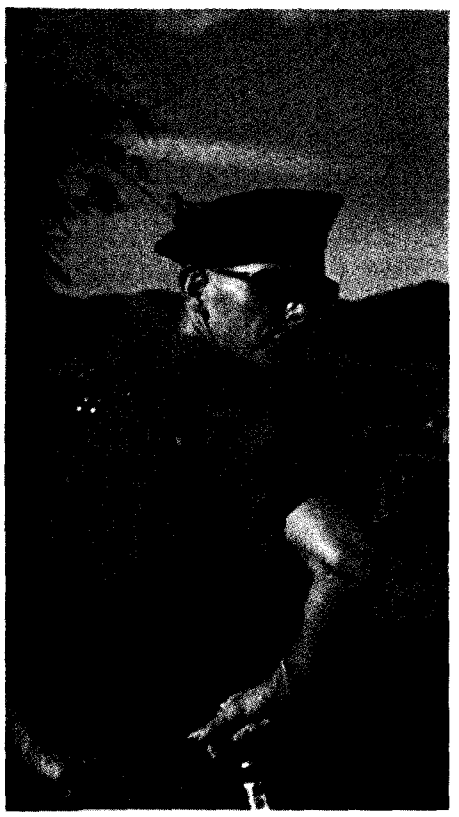
"We are going to find a big sack full of left hands."



"All I want," said Lt. Paul Leary, "is the Combat Infantryman's Badge."

A grenade burst near Billy Bowles and wounded him in the left hand.

many more among the village defenders, or even the Strike Force, belonged to the enemy? Were guerrillas still inside the camp?

At six A.M. came a partial answer. The Viet Cong hit the camp again—from the outside. Once again the uproar of weapons started, but died quickly. The guerrillas were just saying good-bye.

Fifteen minutes later, with headlights on and sirens wailing, some reinforcements from Kontum arrived. But still no air strike.

Light broke at 7:15, and then the Dakota flare ship departed. An array of flying vehicles soon filled the sky, and the airwaves crackled with relayed messages.

Captain Grace asked for helicopters, either to get him back to Plei Mrong or across the river where he could take up a blocking position against the fleeing enemy. Instructions came to burn something to mark their location for a helicopter pickup. The deserted village of Plei Toum was burned.

The flaming longhouses sent up dense swirls of black smoke that curled the fiery red leaves of the poinsettia bushes, and the bamboo frameworks popped like gunshots under the heat. But it was noon before the helicopters came.

When Captain Grace finally arrived back at the Plei Mrong base, he found it packed with a variety of officers ranging up to a Vietnamese general, the corps commander. And he found the dead, rolled in gray blankets, lying on the ground in the center of camp.

Captain Grace spoke first with Lieutenant Leary and the other members of his team who had been in the battle. They went over and over the details of what had happened. Slowly a cohesive picture was formed.

Among the 173 *montagnard* trainees, all screened and cleared by the local Vietnamese government, were a certain number of hard-core guerrillas, possibly just 11—supplied with ammunition by Lieutenant Till (who remained behind in the camp after the attack and walked around freely for a day until someone's memory and his own jittery nerves led to his arrest). Except for Lieutenant Till, no one among the 308 men of the three Strike Force companies could definitely be accused of siding with the enemy, though 11 had disappeared, probably captives.

On the night of the attack, one infiltrator had carefully turned the 81-mm mortar out of position, another had cut through the barbed-wire fence at the west, several others had taken positions near the ammunition crates or near the *montagnard* tents. Outside the camp, arriving by moonlight in groups of twos and threes, the main body of the Viet Cong force began to collect. There were probably 100 hardened well-armed guerrilla fighters, another 100 who were regional troops and about 200 villagers. Some guerrillas slipped quietly inside the fence, but most remained outside as support troops and to provide an escort to herd off the captives.

The initial attack occurred in the tents of the sleeping Jarai trainees, and five were killed. A recoilless-rifle shell landed near the American barracks. Once the Jarai were in the trenches, where they could be definitely located, the Viet Cong launched their main attack on the western side of the camp. There, from both the rear and front, they massacred 24 village defenders and wounded 30, who had no ammunition to defend themselves. Sixty-nine of the village defenders fled with or were captured by the Viet Cong.

Total casualties for the camp were counted up: 35 killed, 33 wounded, 74 captured or defected. And 104 weapons had been lost.

"All I want," Lieutenant Leary joked grimly, "is the Combat Infantryman's Badge." But Americans in Vietnam are ineligible because they are theoretically not fighting.

Because of the attack, Plei Mrong suddenly became a regimental headquarters. Tanks appeared. Another artillery unit of 105-mm howitzers entered the camp to join the 155-mm monsters. A company of Rangers arrived. Six companies of Vietnamese troops were helicoptered into the mountains. The artillery units wildly battered the mountains. So did T-28 fighter bombers.

Final results: no contact with the enemy. Where had he gone? How could he be defeated?

A day after the assault a representative of the president of Vietnam sat down in the mess hall with Captain Grace and said: "Perhaps now we should stop for a while arming and training these people . . . go perhaps more slowly ——"

Captain Grace interrupted him: "Don't you see, that's exactly what the Viet Cong want us to do—to stop."

"One morning," Sergeant Duarte said bitterly on the day he returned to camp, "we're going to find a large sack full of left hands outside our gate"—hands of captured Jarai who had volunteered for Plei Mrong.

The *montagnards* are being squeezed by both sides. And in a sense, so is the American soldier like Captain Grace—and the members of his team and other Special Forces teams—who works hard and risks his life for Vietnam. A ranking Vietnamese government official of Pleiku province sent a letter to President Ngo Dinh Diem, accusing Captain Grace of being partly responsible for the incident at Camp Plei Mrong. Captain Grace was specifically charged with accepting *montagnard* trainees who had not been screened and cleared by the local Vietnamese officials. The letter was an outright lie, a shabby shifting of blame, and highly typical of the atmosphere existing in Vietnam today.

The *montagnards*, meanwhile, gathered at dusk outside the gate of Plei Mrong to pick up their sons and husbands and fathers who were killed that morning. The bodies were wrapped in gray blankets, seemingly indistinguishable one from the other. But there was an old woman with a very lined face who apparently recognized her son beneath a blanket, perhaps from the size and shape of the body, perhaps from the bare feet sticking out. Her left hand went into her mouth, and the lines in her face bunched together with pain. A low wail emerged from her lips as she squatted down beside the body. With her right hand she gently pulled back a corner of the blanket and then gasped and quickly covered the headless stump of her son's neck. She stood slowly, and two men lifted the body on a bamboo pole. They began to carry it off, with the old woman following behind, her left hand still held in her mouth. Many bodies were picked up on poles and carried away, until there was a long line of the living and the dead moving into the deepening dusk of the mountainous jungles.

"I'm sure sorry the villagers got so hacked," said Mike Boyd quietly.

But that night the Vietnamese army's 105-mm howitzers sent 20 shells blindly, arbitrarily, crashing into mountains where the living villagers had moved with their dead.

Joe Jasper had said it that Christmas. "Some get some, and some get none," he remarked, flipping out the last card. THE END

One of 35 killed at Plei Mrong. A mother recognized her son, even under a blanket.

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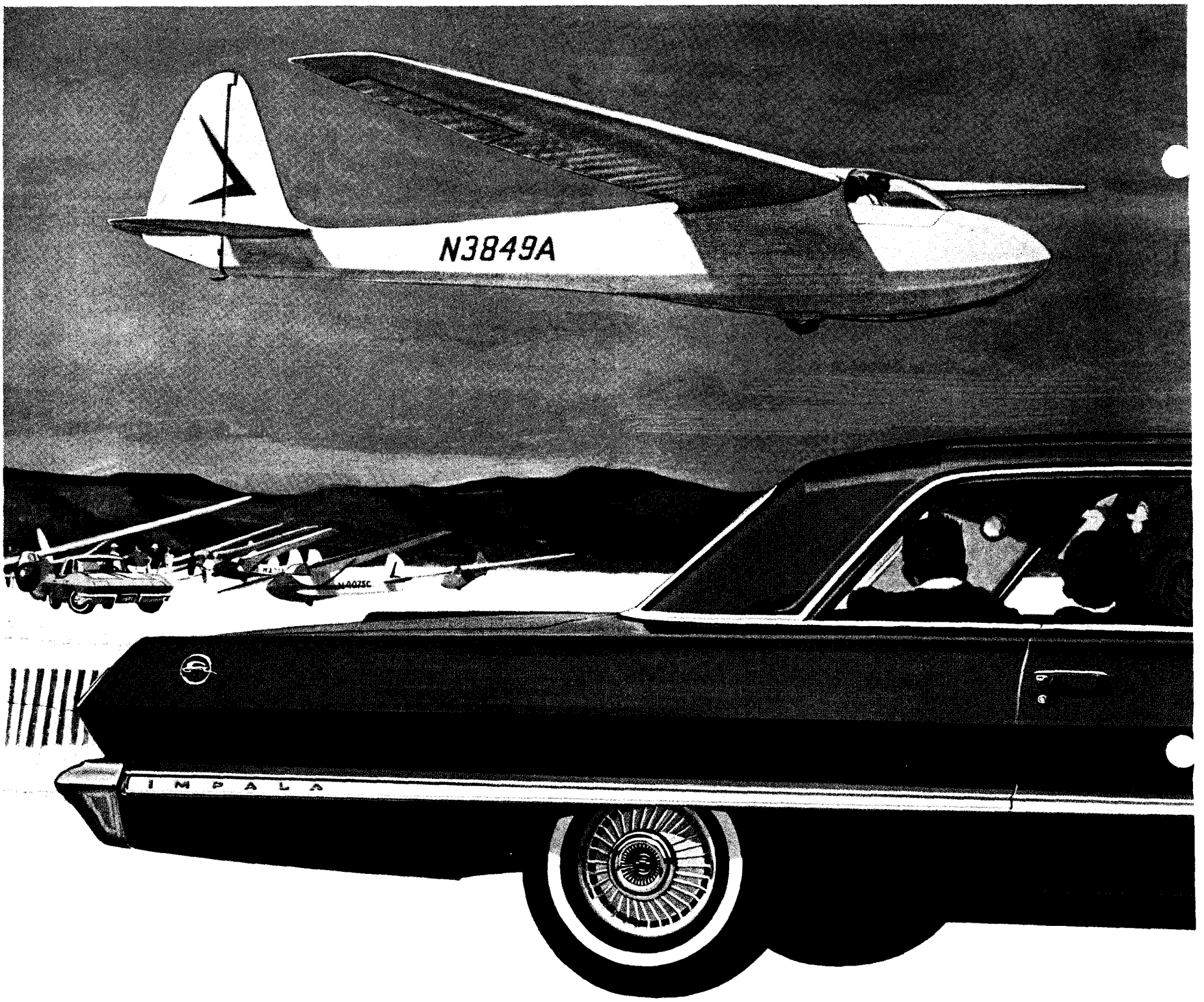

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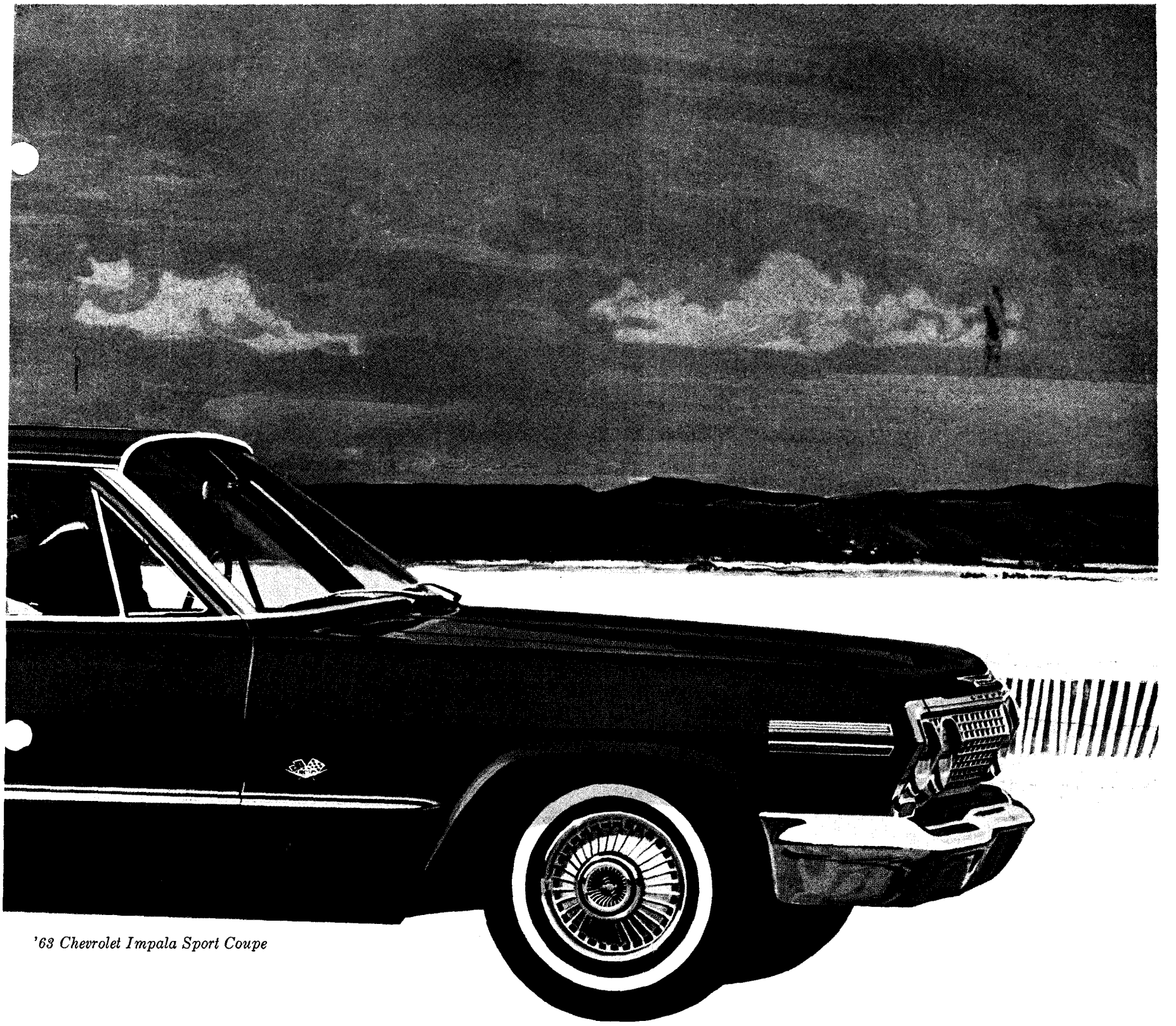

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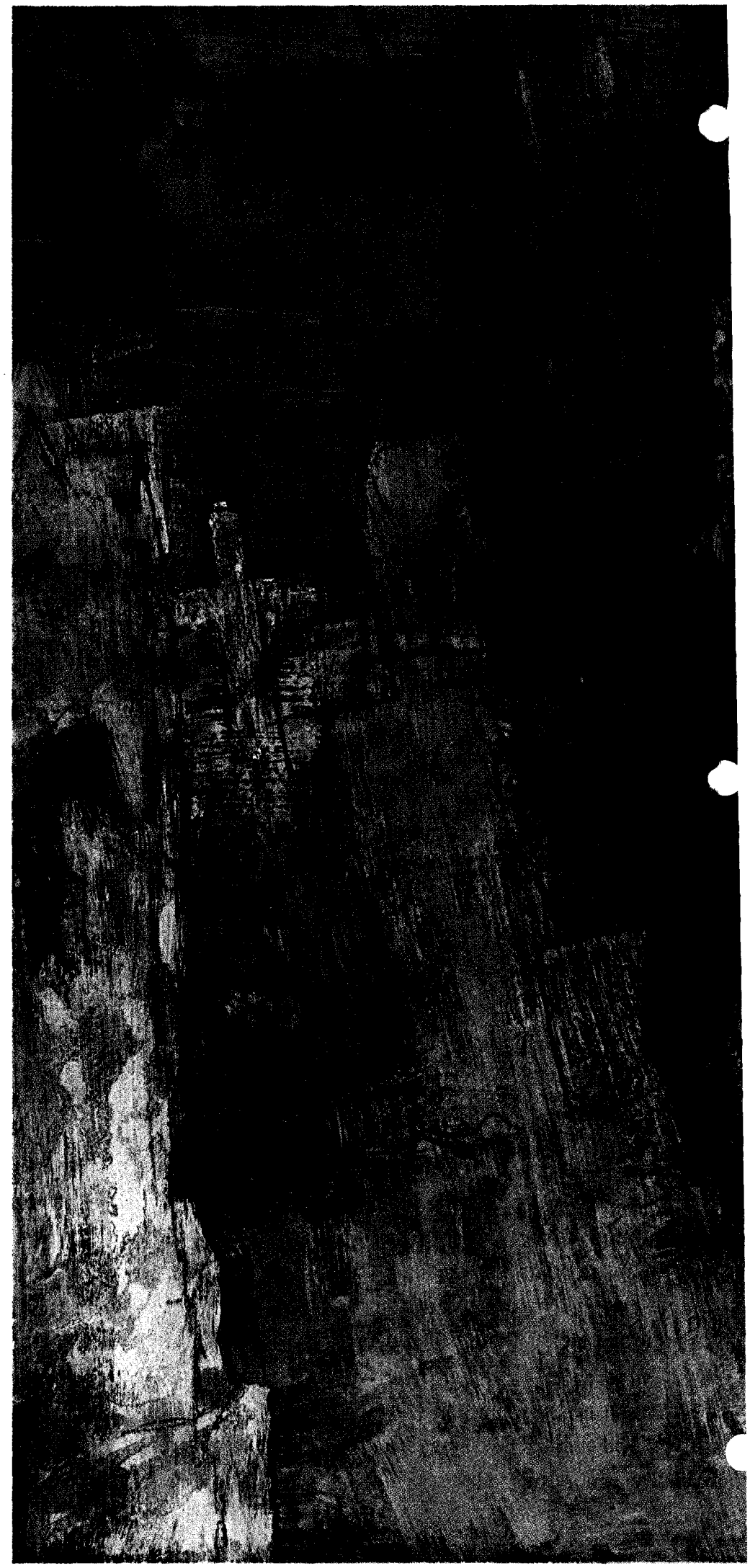
By JOHN O'HARA

Aunt Anna

He was still young—and there were the kids, of course. He'd need a wife again pretty soon.



He was a big man, a good six foot two-and-a-half or three, and probably two hundred and thirty pounds. Just standing there on the dock he was impressive in spite of his attire, which was so careless that especially in a man of his size there was defiance, belligerence, to the way he made himself look. He wore a cotton work shirt of faded blue, khaki pants that were ripped in a couple of places and rolled up at the cuffs, old surplus Marine Corps combat shoes of reverse calf, and a yellow safety helmet. They were honest clothes, but he wore his belt low, so that his belly flopped over the brass buckle; in the back his shirt was not tucked in and on one side the shirttail was almost out. His safety helmet was on the back of his head because he had neglected to adjust the harness inside that would make the helmet fit.

He was watching the progress across the bay of a dory with an outboard motor. A young man was steering the boat, and a middle-aged woman sat erect in a spot halfway the length and halfway the width of the dory. She had a paper shopping bag in her lap which she held onto with one hand while keeping the other hand on top of her blue denim hat.

The man on the dock made no sign of greeting. He remained standing in the same position as the crossing ended; the woman gave the boatman a dollar bill, got out of the boat at the float beneath the dock and walked slowly up the ramp. She halted when she was a few steps from the man.

"Well, aren't you going to say hello?" she said.

The man reached in a shirt pocket and took out a crumpled cigarette pack. It was so crumpled that at first he could not find the last remaining cigarette. He threw the pack in the water and held the cigarette up to see if the paper had been broken. The cigarette was bent in a couple of places, but it was smokable. He lit it, took a deep inhale, and now for the first time spoke to the woman. "I thought you's gonna be here an hour ago," he said.

"He couldn't get the thing started," she said.

"Charged you a dollar," said the man. "I remember when they used to row you across for a dime. Yeah, and they took about the same length of time."

"I don't think that kid could row that far."

"Row that far? He didn't look to me like he could spin the flywheel."

"Well, he finally did."

"Do you want to stop in Paul's for a beer?"

"There's some in the icebox, unless you drank it all."

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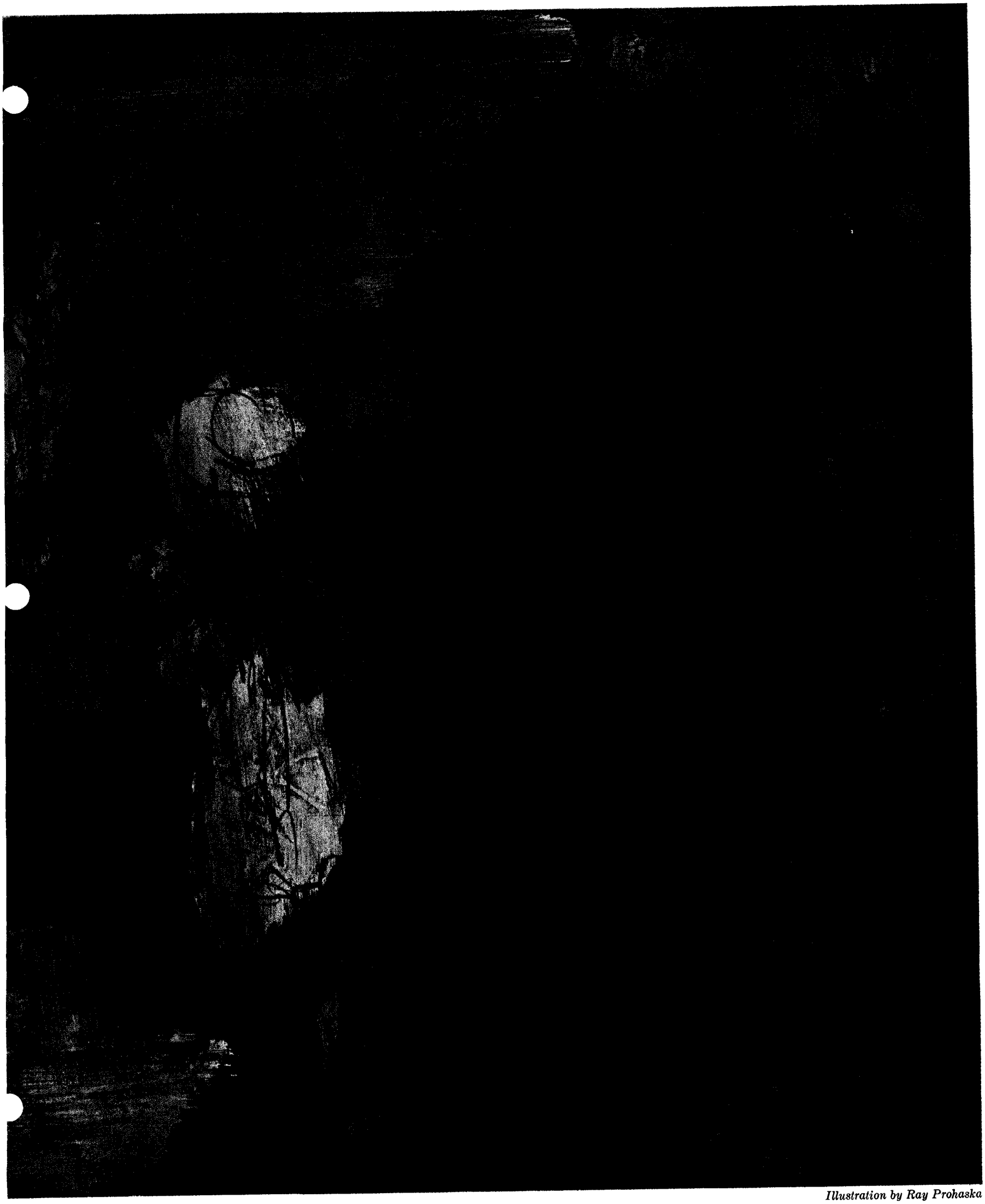

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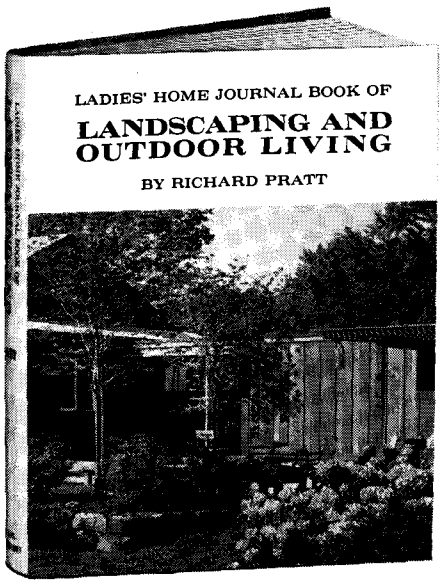

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AUNT ANNA

"I put in a couple six-packs," he said.

She followed him in the direction of the parking lot. "You get enough to eat while I was away?"

"Lay off," he said.

"I was only asking you a question," she said. "Did you eat home, or go out someplace?"

"I done both. I ate home, and a couple times I went over and had something at Paul's." They reached the car, a twelve-year-old Cadillac that had a cracked window crisscrossed with friction tape in one of the rear doors. The edges of the fenders were crumbly with rust, and a hubcap was missing, but still it was a Cadillac, a big car.

"You didn't get rid of this," she said, sitting in the car. "What happened with getting the Falcon?"

"He wouldn't allow me but only three-fifty on this," said the man. "I read an article where they pay five, six thousand dollars for a car this size. In South America. One of those South American countries. So why should I part with this for three-fifty?"

"Well, if they pay that much maybe we could put this on a ship and get a free trip to South America," she said.

"Listen, if I could get the time off, that's what I was thinking of doing. I went through the Canal in 'Forty-three, when I was in the Seabees. That's quite a place, South America."

"I don't have any objections," she said.

"Well, you been away almost three weeks," he said. "Stay home awhile."

"I'd be ready to leave again tomorrow, if we could go to South America. Free. Maybe make a little profit, if they paid you five or six thousand for this. How much would it cost to ship this?"

"Oh, maybe three-four hundred dollars, I don't know for certain."

"But it'll never happen, so what's the use of talking about it? You'll end up taking two hundred for this, and I won't get my little Falcon till I'm too old to drive it. If you had any idea what this was to park."

"I don't have any trouble."

"You don't weigh a hundred and twenty," she said. "You just want a big car, that's all."

"Well, I tell you this much," he said. "You won't get me driving around in like one of them Fiats."

"Let's change the subject. Was Margaret all right? Did she keep the place clean?"

"I only saw her Sundays. Yeah, the place looks all right."

"Did she make your bed every day?"

"Uh-huh."

"She put the dishes away and all?"

"Uh-huh."

"You didn't pay her, did you?"

"I didn't know I was suppose to. I understood you were."

"I was, but I thought maybe you might have. Forty-two dollars, we owe her."

"Will we get it back?" he said.

"How?"

"Well, didn't that brother-in-law of yours offer to pay you anything?"

"For God's sake, Harry. My own sister."

"Your own sister, but he's your brother-in-law. He could offer to pay something."

"He did offer, but the expenses mounted up. He'll be a year paying off his debts, and he needs every cent for those children. A widower with three young children, not one of them old enough to work. But he sure is wonderful with them, I must give him credit. They do everything he says, and they're so neat and clean. You never saw any three children so neat and clean, well behaved."

"Was that him, or your sister?"

"It was both. But they didn't go to pieces when their mother took sick. Little Ann, she did the dishes before she went to school every morning, and she's only twelve. Maxine made the beds, she's only ten. And Roddy, you oughta seen that little seven-year-old boy trying to help out with the garbage can and one thing another."

"I guess he better get himself another wife pretty soon, with three kids that age," said Harry.

"That's what I told him," she said. "He asked me if I thought it was right. 'Henry,' I said, 'the best proof of how well you thought of Betty is if you get married again.'"

"I don't get *that*," said Harry.

"If a man stays single, that doesn't prove he thought highly of his wife. Half the time it just proves he always wanted to be single."

"Well, he isn't much for looks," said Harry. "A long, skinny drink of water. He won't get another as pretty as Betty."

"He got Betty, didn't he? Henry Dumaine has a lot of personality, never mind the looks."

"How do you mean, personality? Would you go for him?"

"Me? He was married to my younger sister."

"Yeah, well I heard of *that* happening," said Harry.

"Oh, sure. You heard of everything happening," she said. "I phoned you the night of the burial."

"I was home, unless—Tuesday I was bowling."

"Anyway, you weren't home, because I phoned you. I tried you again Wednesday too."

"What for?"

"I wanted to stay there a while longer. There was a lot of things I wanted to take care of. But I said I'd be back here today, so I came back. I'm going over there again next week for a few days."

"No, you're not," said Harry. "You done your share, now let Henry start looking for somebody else."

"No, I said I'd go over again next week. I'm the only one that knows where everything is, and I have to show this woman he's getting to help out."

"What the hell do you think you are?"

"I'm those children's aunt, my younger sister's children, and that's all there is to it. You could of got the day off to come to the burial if you tried hard enough. You could of reported sick."

"You can't hold that against me. I'm the foreman, and if I don't show up the work don't get done. Done right, anyway. And somebody has to make up that forty-two dollars."

"If you weren't such a helpless we wouldn't had to spend the forty-two dollars. I'll pay you the forty-two dollars out of my savings account, if that's the way you're going to talk."

"I'm no chiseler. I'll pay it. But you're staying home."

"It's only across the bay and five miles by car."

"It might as well be Saskatchewan. You're staying home." They had reached home, a gray-shingled, story-and-a-half house on the slant of a hill, with a propane gas tank near the kitchen door, and ruts in the grass made by the Cadillac. "Where's your suitcase?" he said.

"I left it over at Henry's. I knew I was going back."

"You had it all planned."

"I could of told you over the phone," she said. She slightly raised the shopping bag. "This is an angel cake I brought you. One of Henry's neighbors gave it to him, but he said to take it with me. He doesn't like to have the children eating too much sweet stuff, for their teeth."

"So that's what I get for my forty-two dollars. A cake I could buy at the supermarket."

"You don't have to eat it if you don't want to." She carried the cake into the kitchen and put it away.

"Are you coming up to the room?" he said.

"All right," she said.

He had been deprived of her for three weeks, and his need was so urgent that she was surprised by the response it created in her. She had known what to expect and was reconciled to it, but she found that she wanted him as much as he wanted her. He was almost someone new. But he was not someone new. The someone new was over on the other side of the bay.

"Well, I guess you won't go back now," said Harry.

"I have to, Harry. It's those children."

He was in a better humor. "You're a stubborn bitch," he said.

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"You don't have to curse at me," she said. "Just because I want to do something for those children."

"Toss me one of those cigarettes," he said. "Maybe I don't have the personality, but I know *you*, all right."

"You only think you do," she said.

"Huh," he chuckled. He took a couple of drags on his cigarette, one on top of the other, and crushed it out. He stretched out and lay on his right side. "Wake me up around ha' past seven, will you?"

"What do you want for supper?"

"I don't care. Maybe a pot roast," he said.

In the morning she caught the bus that took the long way round to the other side of the bay, an hour's journey. She walked from the bus stop to Henry Dumaine's house and let herself in by the kitchen door. At about ten o'clock she heard someone downstairs. "Is that you, Mrs. McNamara?" she called.

"It's me. Mrs. Phelps?"

"I'm just finishing up the upstairs."

"Can I help?"

"Why don't you put the coffee on and I'll be down in a minute," said Anna Phelps.

Mrs. McNamara was a sturdy woman, who looked as though she could do everything about the house; but sitting at the kitchen table, smoking a cigarette, she seemed to be waiting to be told what to do. "You certainly do resemble your sister," said Mrs. McNamara.

"Well, we used to when we were younger. She was four years my junior, you know," said Anna Phelps.

"I wouldn't of said that. In fact, toward the end there Betty aged. Of the two you look the younger."

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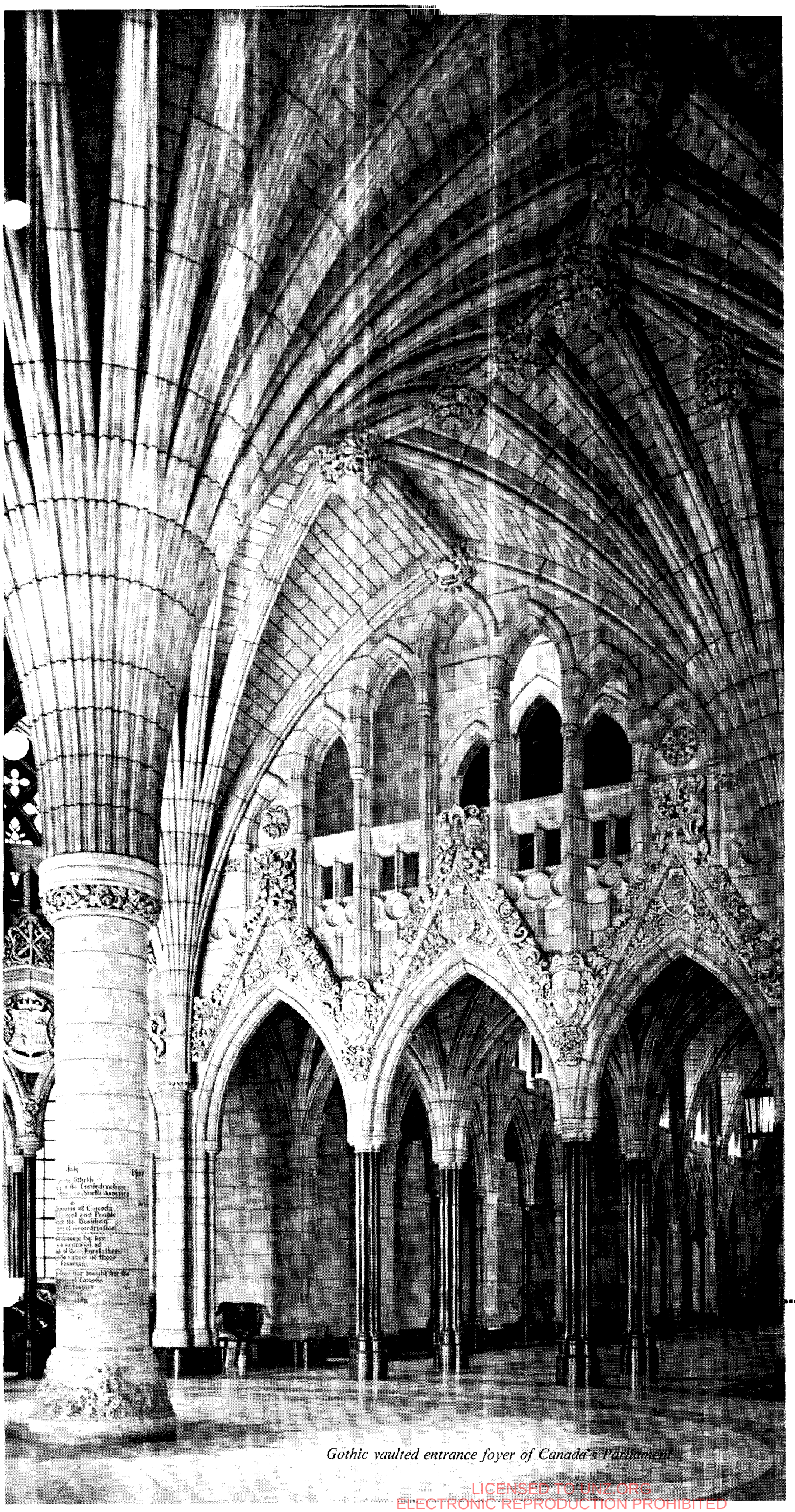

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AUNT ANNA

"I guess that's because my husband and I don't have children. It's wonderful to have them if you're healthy, but Betty was sick much longer than she let on."

"I have five myself, but thank the Lord I was blessed with a strong constitution. I have nine grandchildren."

"All your children married?"

"All but the one that's a priest, naturally. I have my boy Paul, a Vincentian, teaches at St. John's University, Brooklyn, New York. I'm probably older than you think. How old would you say? Give a guess."

"Well . . . fifty-two?"

"I'll be sixty-three years of age on the twenty-fourth day of October. I didn't have glasses till I was fifty-five. I don't need them now, except to read. These are bifocals."

"I was judging by your hair, and your complexion," said Anna Phelps.

"They say worry puts the lines in your face, and it's true. I know I was never one to worry, even when Mr. McNamara had to stay home from work all that time. He was home over a year before he finally passed on. Just suffering, and no money coming in, but I didn't let it worry me."

"I guess you have your religion," said Anna Phelps.

"Oho, indeed I do, thank the good Lord," said Mrs. McNamara. She dipped the lighted end of her cigarette in the bottom of her coffee cup, got up and put the cigarette butt in the garbage pail and rinsed out the cup and saucer. "Henry said you'd be over sometime next week," she said.

"Yes, but I talked it over with my husband, and he said I might as well help you get started today. I can stay a couple days, and by that time you'll know all the ropes. Harry said what was the use of waiting till next week? If I was gonna be any help, this was the time." Anna Phelps watched Mrs. McNamara taking in the lie.

"He sounds very considerate, your husband," said Mrs. McNamara.

"Oh, yes. Good-natured, like most big men."

"Mr. McNamara was a big man, over six foot."

"Uh-huh. Harry Phelps is too. Six two-and-a-half in his stocking feet, and weighs well over two hundred. He can pick *me* up with one hand. He's a foreman with the telephone company."

"So I understood, from Henry. I guess he must be one of that Phelps family from over on the Point."

"Yes, Harry was born there. So were we, of course. Betty and I. We're Point people."

"I know," said Mrs. McNamara. "But Henry comes from Pawtucket."

"Originally from Worcester, Mass, but raised in Pawtucket. They moved around, the Dumaine family. That's how Henry happened to first meet Betty. Betty was just starting out as a telephone operator when Henry came along. That was when he was still working for the telephone company, a traveling auditor, went from place to place."

"That wouldn't have been much of a life for a couple of newlyweds."

"No, that's why Henry took this job here."

"Well, they think the world and all of Henry at the bank. I *know* that. He's in line for cashier, that's according to my eldest son, Desmond. Desmond has the management of the Inn, that's where Rotary and Kiwanis meet, and Desmond hears everything that goes on around town."

"Oh."

"The men at the bank, the directors, they finally got wise to the fact that one third of the population are Catholics, French extraction mostly, but they never had a Catholic working there before Henry. You know those French, they're thrifty, but it was Henry Dumaine got them to start putting their money in the bank."

"Yes, I never thought of that," said Anna Phelps.

"And your sister, Betty. Was she an asset! She was as much of an asset as Henry, to some extent. You know they say that about converts, that they're more devout than some were born in the Church. Not always the case, but true in her case. You saw that church the day of the Mass. Over half filled, and on a weekday when everybody has to go to work. That's what they thought of your sister."

"It was a wonderful turnout, that's for sure," said Anna Phelps. She was beginning to see that this woman, so pleased with herself, who had seemed to be waiting to be told what to do, had in fact been waiting to get across a few points of her own. And she was getting them across. "Betty never talked much about it, religion, at least not to me. She just did what Henry said."

"Oh, that's not the way it is, Mrs. Phelps," said Mrs. McNamara. "You have to convince the priest that it's *you* that wants to turn Catholic, otherwise he won't baptize you. Henry had something to do with it, but Betty had to be sincere."

"Uh-huh. Well, as long as she was happy," said Anna Phelps. She got up

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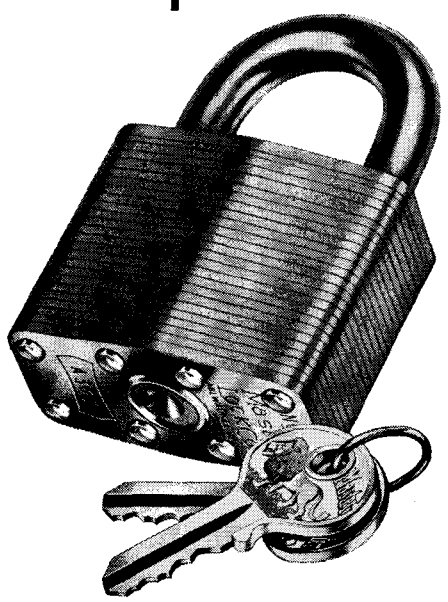

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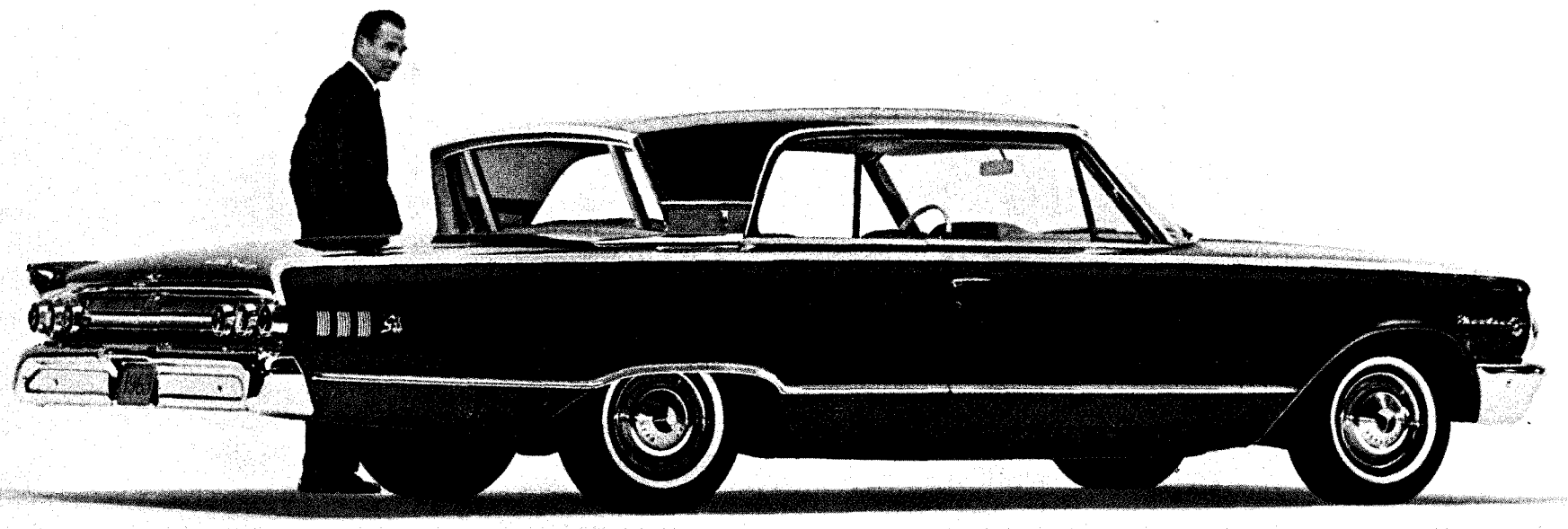

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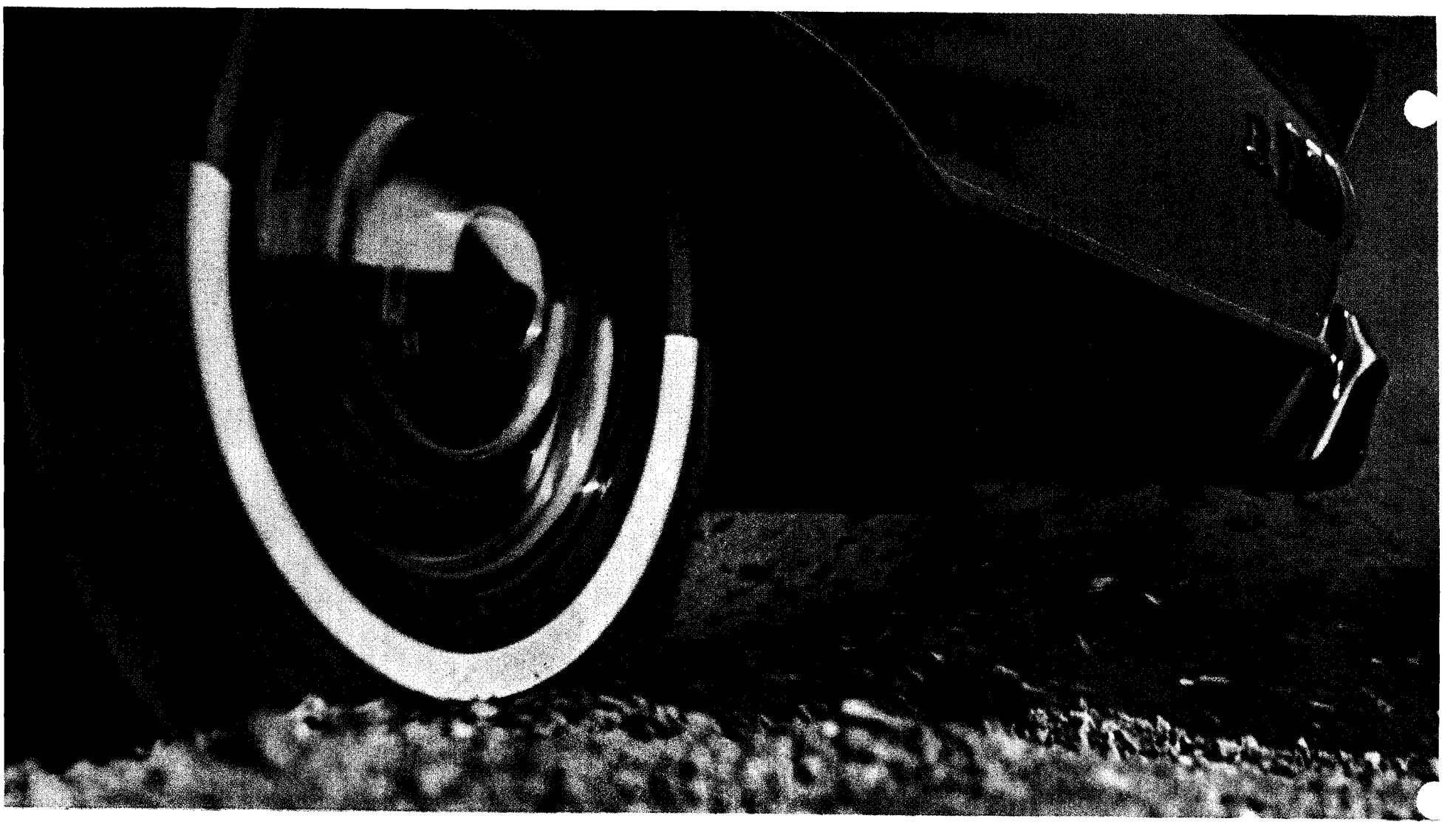

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and rinsed out her cup and saucer. "You'll want to do things your own way, but I thought I'd show you where Betty kept everything. You notice the knives and forks, the sharp things, they're all kept up here, that's so the younger ones don't cut themselves. My little nephew tries to help out, and he does, but Betty kept the sharp things out of reach."

"Uh-huh. I took notice to that. I'll make my changes gradual-like, to give them a chance to get used to me. I guess Henry told you, I'll be coming in late in the morning and stay to cook their supper. But I don't want them to get *too* used to me, Mrs. Phelps. I told Henry, I said it's his duty to start looking around for somebody to take Betty's place. Someone more her age."

"You mean, to get married again?"

"Yes, sure. He said he had some conversation with you about it and you had the same idea, so I just wanted to let you know. He oughtn't to have any trouble finding a nice Catholic woman, most likely a widow. There's two or three would jump at the chance, but Henry don't have to take the first one that comes along. You know, *we* have to be sure it's *permanent*."

Even before the children came home from school the two women had gone through the house and covered all the details of running the household. "I could almost go home on the late bus," said Anna Phelps. "But I think I'll stay and cook supper for them. I'll get them off to school tomorrow, and if I don't see you in the morning, thank you very much and good luck."

"You'll be here tonight, then?"

"Yes, I'll be here, if you want me for anything. Then I'll get the ten-fifteen bus in the morning or else maybe get that boy to take me across the bay in the outboard, if I can find him. I'll leave you my number in case you want to call me."

"Uh-huh. Well, I'm glad we had a chance to talk," said Mrs. McNamara.

"Yes, I'll feel better knowing you're in charge," said Anna Phelps.

There was no further excuse for lingering, and Mrs. McNamara left.

The children were delighted to see their Aunt Anna again so soon. Her return was an extension of the holiday that her visits always seemed like but particularly in the recent three weeks of their mother's illness and death. She had not brought them presents this time, but she gave each child some money. At supper they groaned when she said she was leaving in the morning, and the boy, Roddy, had to be told to stop bawling. "Why'nt she stay if she came back?" he said.

"Now you be a good boy, and I'll come over a lot," said Anna Phelps. "And next summer if you're good you can come stay with Uncle Harry and I. We can go for rides in his great big car."

"Where to?" said the boy.

"Oh . . . Pawtucket, to see your Grandpa and Grandma. And a lot of places."

"If you're good," said Henry Dumaine. "Now it's time to say good night, son. And girls, your homework."

"Does Uncle Harry have a TV at his house?" said the boy.

"Of course," said Anna Phelps. "And by next summer we'll have a brand-new one."

"I wish we had a TV," said the boy.

"Maybe this Christmas," said the father. "Now enough stalling."

The children went to their rooms. "I guess I'll get them a TV," said Henry Dumaine.

"They're nice to have if you don't let them have it on all the time."

"School doesn't want them looking at it week-nights, and I'm in favor," said Henry Dumaine.

"So am I."

"If I'm not strict with them now they're liable to take advantage," said Henry Dumaine. "And they have to get used to Mrs. McNamara."

"They will," said Anna Phelps.

"Well, I hope so," he said. "That's why I was thinking—don't make them any promises about coming over. You know what I mean? Let them get used to ——"

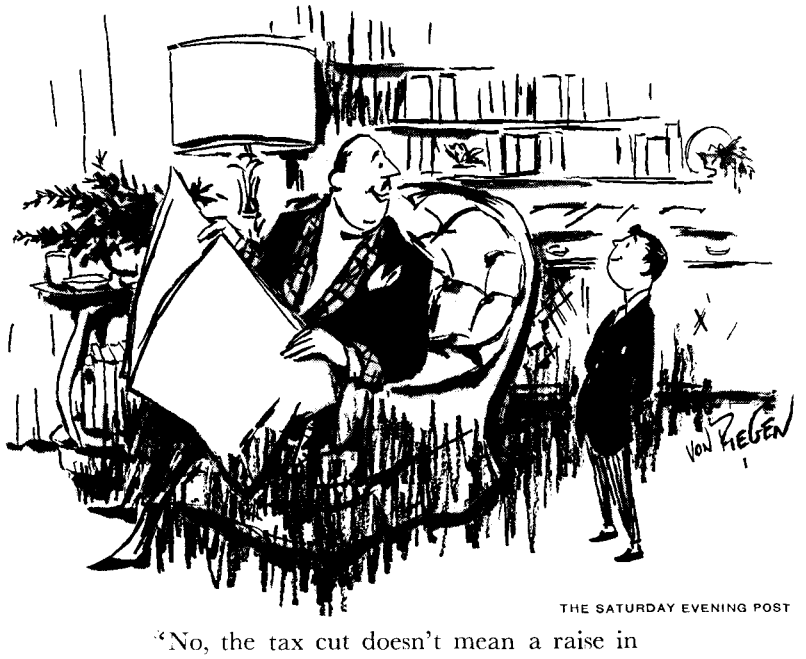
"Oh, I know, Henry. You want them to get used to Mrs. McNamara. I won't interfere."

"You wouldn't interfere, Anna. But I don't want them—you know—counting on you. That way they'd never get used to Mrs. McNamara, and they're going to have to. At least for a year or so."

"Well, I could stay away entirely, if that's what ——"

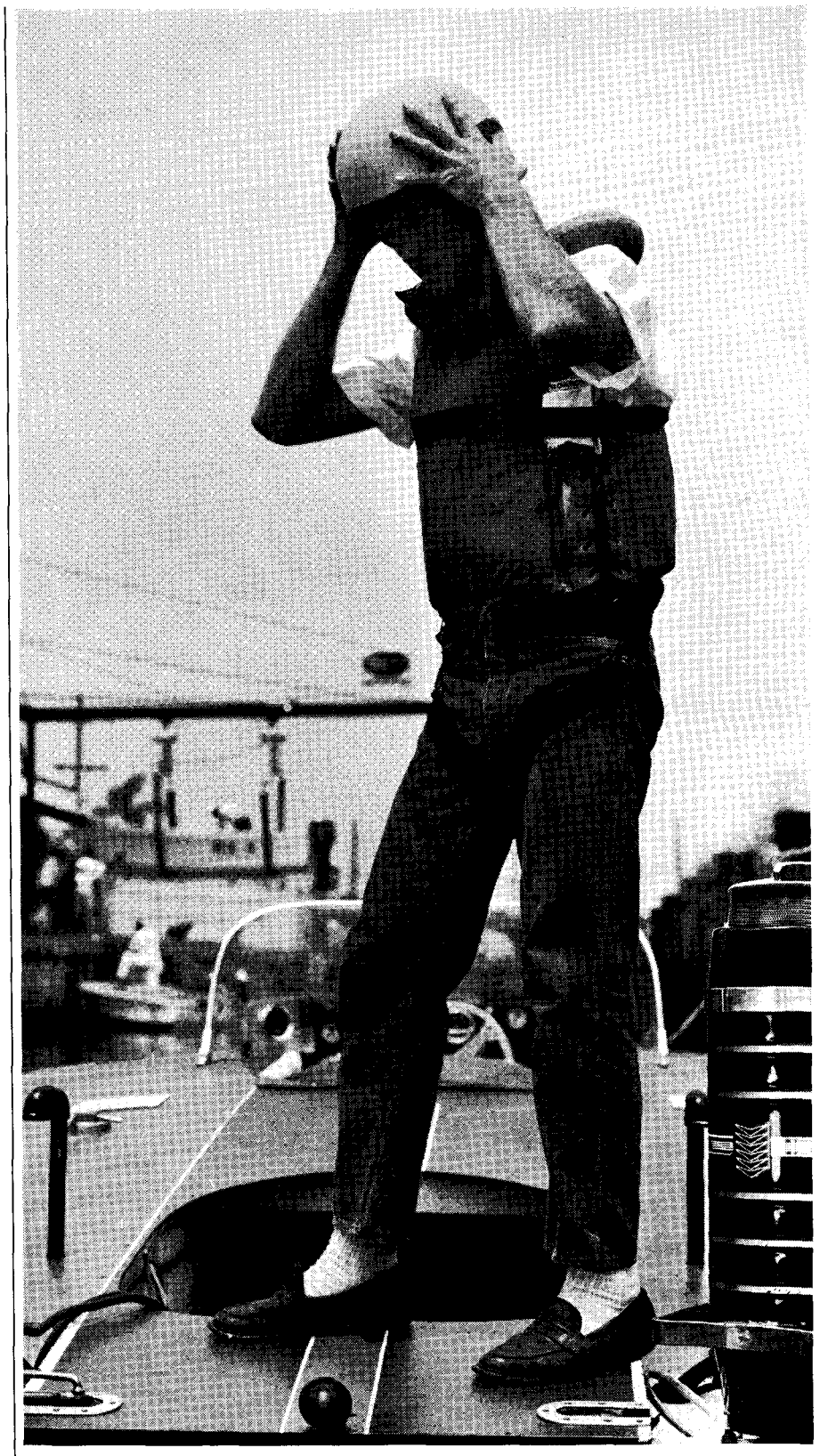
"No, I don't want that. Not a bit. But you were never here much before, and then these past few weeks, they're too young to realize."

"Realize what, Henry?"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"No, the tax cut doesn't mean a raise in your allowance—but I like your thinking."



Demolition Expert

This is a Mercury outboard test driver dressing for work at our Lake X, Florida, proving grounds. He's paid to try to demolish Mercury outboards.

His weapons include speed, "stand-still" idling, corrosion, underwater obstacles the size of telephone poles, sand bars and different fuel mixtures (many of them wrong). One of his deadliest weapons is "full throttle time." The idea here is literally to run the motor to death.

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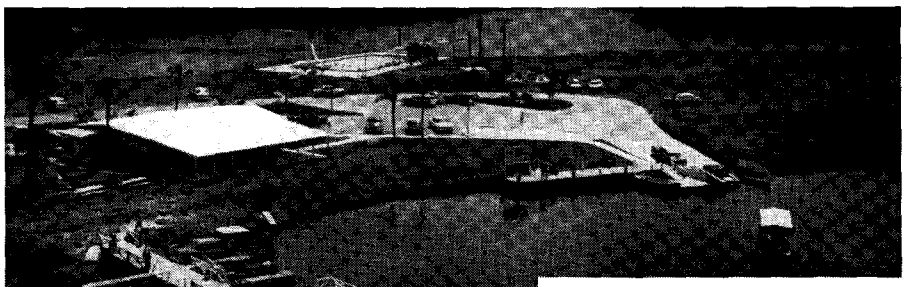

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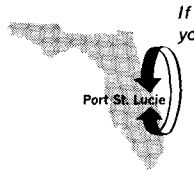

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AUNT ANNA

"Well, that with me a widower, it's a different proposition than if Betty was still in the house."

"We didn't realize it, either, the night of the burial," she said.

"I don't know what came over me," he said.

"Well, I was willing," she said.

"I've been ashamed of myself ever since."

"What for? It was always there between us."

"Yes, I guess it was. For you? Was it there for you?"

"Yes, and you knew it and Betty knew it."

"No she didn't," he said. "She never had the slightest inkling. And you're wrong, Anna. Maybe we liked one another, but that's all it ever was. If there was anything much before, we had several chances. I've been analyzing it, and it was just two people overcome by emotion and the one emotion led to another. But you went straight back to Harry Phelps. Don't tell me you and Harry didn't have relations when you went home yesterday."

"I won't tell you anything, since you know so much. Got it all analyzed and figured out. But did you ever stop to consider why I only came here once or twice a year? An hour away by bus?"

"Harry."

"Betty, not Harry. She didn't want anything to get started. And I don't know what you're talking about, those chances you mentioned."

"Well, I could have gone over to the Point."

"That. But here Betty never left us alone for five minutes. She made sure of that."

"Betty trusted me," said Henry Dumaine.

"Like a hole in the head. Henry, Betty used to think you could have any woman you wanted, from her own sister right on out. Young or old, big or little, rich or poor. She knew about your reputation before she ever met you. The other operators. But that didn't keep her from going for you."

"That was when I was single," he said.

"Oh, hell, I don't care when it was," she said. "Now all I care about is if these children have a good home. That's really all I care about. And I'm not going to stand in the way. You could even marry the McNamara woman if she was ten or fifteen years younger."

"Her? I wouldn't give her a tumble if she was thirty. How did you ever get that idea?"

"I spent the whole day talking to her. She'd like it, even if you wouldn't."

"She's over sixty, and I'm forty-seven," he said. "You're getting yourself all wrought up because you have some kind of a guilty conscience. Not only Tuesday night, Anna. But what you came here for. Why you came back so soon and didn't let me know."

"All right," she said. "But at least I'll admit it. You pretend you want me out of the way, but you don't. Will you admit that much?"

"You admit it for me," he said. "You got it all analyzed."

"Then you the same as admit it, why don't you come out and say so?"

"That I go for you? I proved that, didn't I?"

"Yes," she said.

There was a long fraction-of-a-minute of silence.

"That's all I wanted to know," she said.

"Do you mind if I ask you a kind of a personal question?"

"That all depends," she said. "Ask it."

"Was Harry Phelps always so crummy-dirty and sloppy?"

"He didn't used to be when he was young. He was quite a dresser. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just used to think you were more refined."

"Well, when we were first married Harry used to go to New York City for all his suits. But then he began to let himself go. Now he doesn't care how he looks. And it doesn't do any good to talk to him about it. I don't have the slightest influence, not the slightest. And Christ knows I tried."

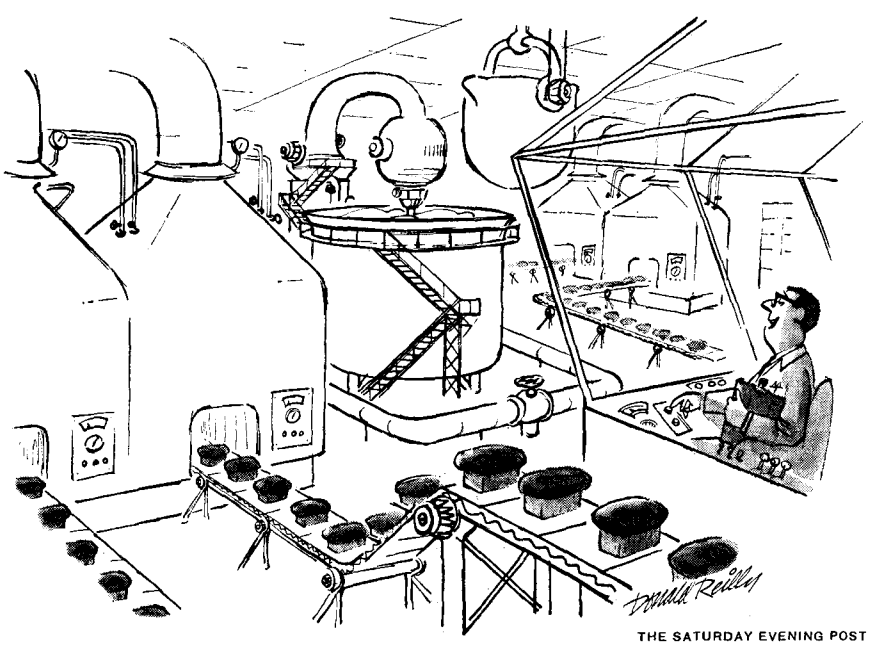
"Well, you don't have to go to New York to have good taste in clothes," said Henry Dumaine.

"I couldn't agree more," said Anna Phelps. "Either you have good taste or you don't, and all you can feel is sorry for those that don't." She crossed her legs and smoothed her skirt down over her knees. "Little Ann *and* Maxine, they both have it, to the *nth* degree."

"And why not?"

"Well, if that's a compliment . . ." She smiled, and he smiled so that she could be sure.

THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"O, this is the way we bake our bread,
bake our bread, bake our bread . . ."

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EXECUTIVE SESSION

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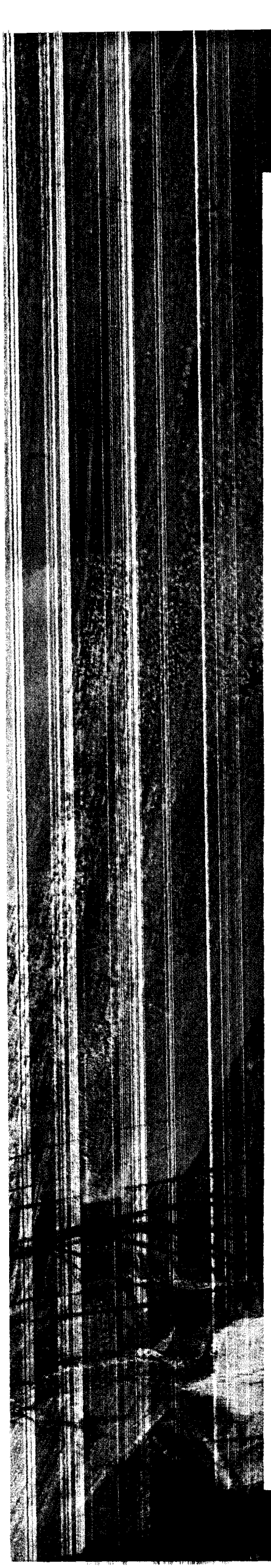

Because of his debt he searched

THE SINGING SILENCE

by Eva-Lis Wuorio

Old Vicente of Formentera was perhaps the happiest man I've ever known. And also, perhaps, the poorest.

He was a cadaverous, bent juniper of a man, brown and lined, and he owned not one piece of clothing that was not patched. He lived at Cala Pujol in a lean-to made of stone and driftwood and brush, with a rusty iron brazier for his kitchen and a couple of cracked earthen pots, discarded by the fishermen, from which to eat. But he owned also an excellent snorkel and a pair of rubber flippers and a diver's mask, and, as I say, I don't believe there was a happier man.

I had been coming to Formentera for several years before Vicente stood out in my eyes from the old fishermen who drew their boats up under the brush and the bamboo shelters at the end of the beach where the rocks begin. At last I realized he was not a fisherman. He had no time to fish.

I had some Ibicenco, his dialect, a language quite different from the Castilian Spanish, so I could tell, that day I first saw him, that he was asking with dignity, not pleading, for the loan of a fisherman's small boat. I could not understand, thinking him a fisherman, how he got along without a boat, but I offered to lend him the one I always rent in Formentera. I do not use it often anyhow. He thanked me, and again his dignity impressed me.

I watched him load the boat with the snorkel and the flippers and the face mask, an earthen jug of water, and a small parcel of provisions. There was no fishing gear, no underwater gun to go with his other equipment. I wondered what he intended to catch and how. I watched him row out, facing the horizon, a small man, intent.

I watched until he was but a speck on the horizon, and then I forgot about him. At Cala Pujol it is easy to forget. The turquoise waters are deep and clear to the bottom, the sand is untrodden, there is a long sweep of white-silver shore—the year I speak of, it was still that way—and the sun is a constant benediction. In peace, one forgets.

There came a day when the wind blew from Africa and the sea was sultry and the fishermen did not go out. They sat in the bamboo-roofed little bar on the beach and drank red wine and talked. "Vicente got in?"

"Not yet."

"He is *loco*, *este hombre*, a little crazy."

"Not at all, not so much. He has the good intention."

"You think so? You, too, are *loco*."

"Me? Not at all. I see the point. I understand very well."

"Vicente?" I asked. "He is the old man with the underwater equipment?"

"Ah," they said, "aha. Ah."

I asked for another bottle of the wine of the island, for only that is drunk there. We do not try to be smart by taking better-known wines.

And so, sitting there, with the wind from Africa blowing and stirring up the sea until it was muddy below and racing, sheep-white, above, I heard the story of Vicente.

He had been an ambitious boy 60 years ago, and he had left Formentera, the little island of the past. But 60 years ago there was not much for a Spaniard to do in his country of Spain. So Vicente went to sea in foreign ships, and after a time he came back. He walked the country, trying all sorts of jobs, but he ended where better men than he had ended, as a porter on the quays of Barcelona—a *mozo*.

He had had a dream, but dreams fail a man sometimes. So he carried the luggage of others: the rich Spaniards, the visitors, the tourists. Until ten years ago he stood there at the quay, a number on his hat, waving his hand at the passengers from the boats, pointing to himself and shouting, "Me? Me! Number Seventy-three!"

Illustration by Neil Boyle

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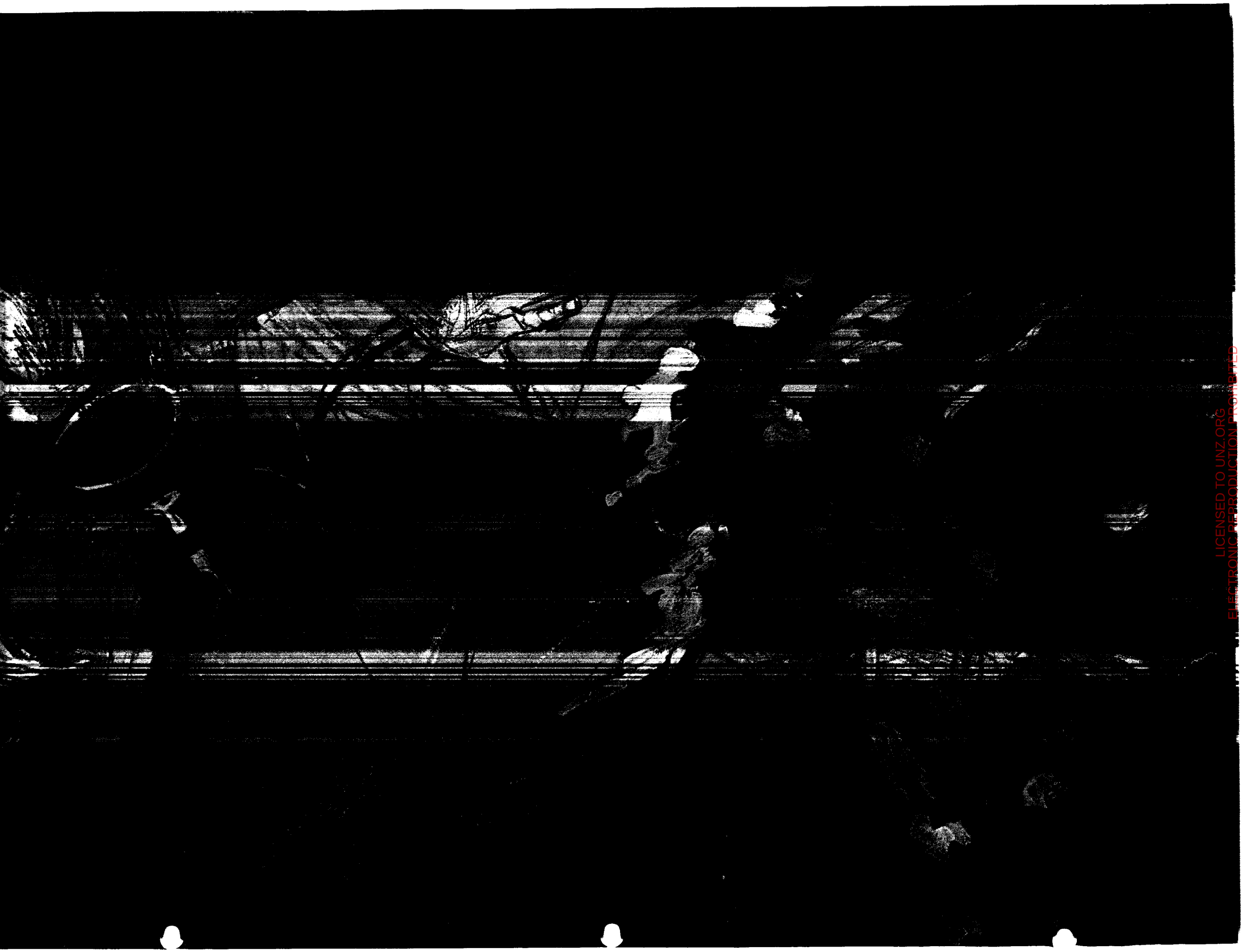

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SILENCE

One day a rich American from a Palma boat saw his frantic wave and beckoned. Vicente got in line with the other porters and pushed his way up the gangplank to the white boat. There this rich American said to him, "Here are six suitcases, and *that* thing. Be careful with it; it's an antique."

Vicente recognized the earthen vessel. It was an amphora, a Phoenician one, a fine, rare specimen of the big jugs used for transporting wine or grain. In the old days fishermen sometimes caught them in their nets. They had often thrown them back into the sea, but this they did no longer, not since the *señores* from the town came to buy them for their museums.

Vicente hoisted the bags on his back, picked up the big, pinkish, sea-encrusted jug and started down the gangplank. The people were pushing and pulling, getting off the boat, coming on board, and he shouted as they shouted. He came to the quay, and another porter, stumbling on a mooring rope, fell against him and he dropped the amphora.

Two thousand years went down in a dusty sound of earth falling. Well.

Ten years before there were still amphorae and other relics of the Greeks and Phoenicians and Romans in the shallow coves of the islands of Ibiza, but now there were mostly only almost valueless objects of more recent times; valuable specimens were very rare. The American had paid $500 for this water jug of a Phoenician sailor, having had it verified as authentic by the authorities. Naturally he was angry.

But he was also a sensible man and knew that never in a lifetime could the porter Vicente make $500, so he was resigned and ready to forget his loss.

Not so Vicente. He knew the value men set now on these useless old jugs and pots; he had seen the disappointment on the face of the American. Vicente was an honorable man and he wanted to make amends.

He followed the American to his hotel, pleaded for his name and address, and promised to pay him back. A ragged piece of paper torn from a diary and scribbled with Abraham Lincoln Smith, 72 Hudson Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., became his most valuable possession. It was to him the ultimate milepost on the long road of his search.

I believe that somehow, in his dreams, Vicente saw himself at last arriving in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A., with the ancient Phoenician amphora under his arm, receiving with joy the praise that would greet him there.

Vicente knew that he would never have the money to buy an amphora, but what was to prevent his finding one? Others had, dozens of them in the time of his boyhood. Why not he?

He had no family, so it did not take him long to bid farewell to his life in Barcelona, that bustling, busy city by the sea, where he had carried bags for the price of a small glass of wine in a smoky wineshop, and a windowless room to roof his nights.

When he had sold his few possessions he had the deck fare to Ibiza, and a little more. From the stern of the boat he looked back and saw the city sink into the sea, and for the first time he knew that his years there had been a prison of his own making. He had never, there, lifted up his eyes from the narrow streets to the wide sky.

And once again, as when he was a boy, the sea sang to him.

Back on the islands he set about the task he had chosen. He learned where the last amphorae had been found, and he realized, as had others before him, that since the ancient pieces were valuable, all the inshore places must have been searched and emptied of their treasures.

Young Sandik, of Santa Eulalia del Rio, the carpenter's son, had made himself a reputation as an undersea swimmer. He had found a cannon at the bottom of the sea—but that's another story. To consult him, Vicente traveled by bus to Santa Eulalia del Rio, and Sandik's advice was brief. Get a mask, get flippers, go far out into the sea. There, way out, were still unknown shallows, no deeper than the height of a man, or twice or thrice the height of a man, and caught in the caves of the sea bottom, treasures might still be.

Now Vicente, like many of the island-born, had never learned to swim. But he spent the rest of his money, as Sandik

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Better send up the Doc—we've either had two minor spills or one pretty bad one."

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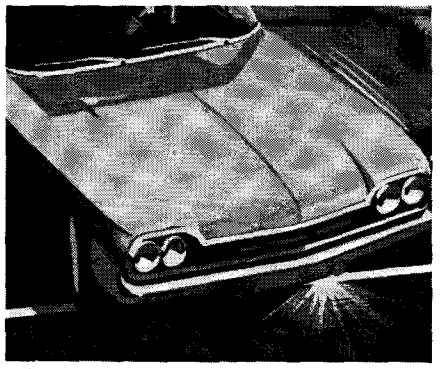
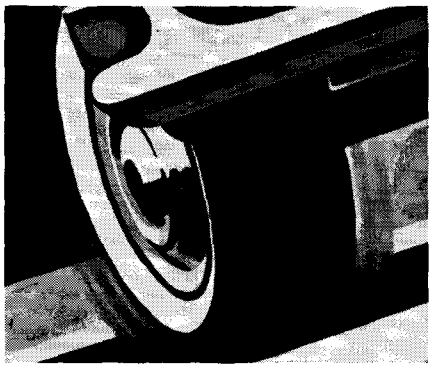
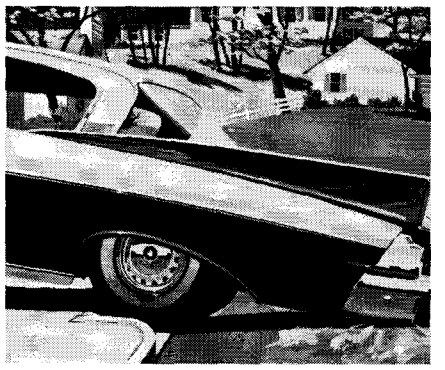


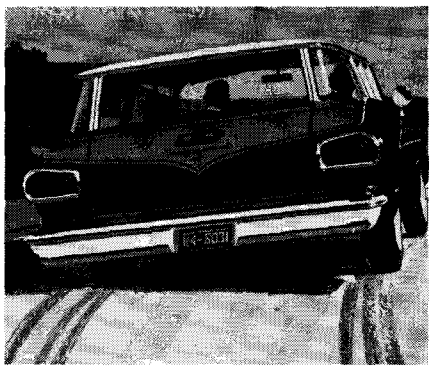
FRONT-END SAG? Sagging springs cause violent "bottoming" of car on front axle. Front Load-Leveler stabilizing units prevent this danger, pay for themselves in savings in tire wear and front-end work.



WHEELS SHIMMY? Front-end sag throws wheels out of line, causes shimmy, fast tire wear, loss of car control. Front Load-Leveler stabilizing units help hold wheels in line, save your tires.



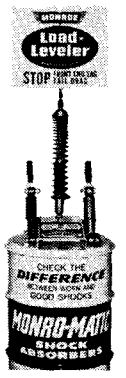
TAIL DRAGGING? If your car's rear bumper or tail pipe scrapes on inclines, you need rear Load-Leveler stabilizing units to increase road clearance and eliminate this common annoyance.



SWAYING ON CURVES? Even with loaded trunk and rear passengers, car remains on safe, level keel with rear Load-Leveler stabilizing units adding road-hugging stability, greatly improved cornering.

MONROE front LOAD-LEVELER stabilizing units prevent the sag which can occur when front springs "set" and lose tension. In giving added support to springs, they help maintain the front-end geometry of your car, keeping wheels in alignment, reducing tire wear and adding extra stability and ride control. Easily installed in place of original front shock absorbers.

MONROE rear LOAD-LEVELER stabilizing units automatically compensate for the extra weight of rear seat passengers and loaded trunk to prevent the many hidden dangers resulting from "tail drag." In keeping your car on a safe, level keel, they improve riding comfort and give you better car control. Recommended for all cars, station wagons, light trucks.



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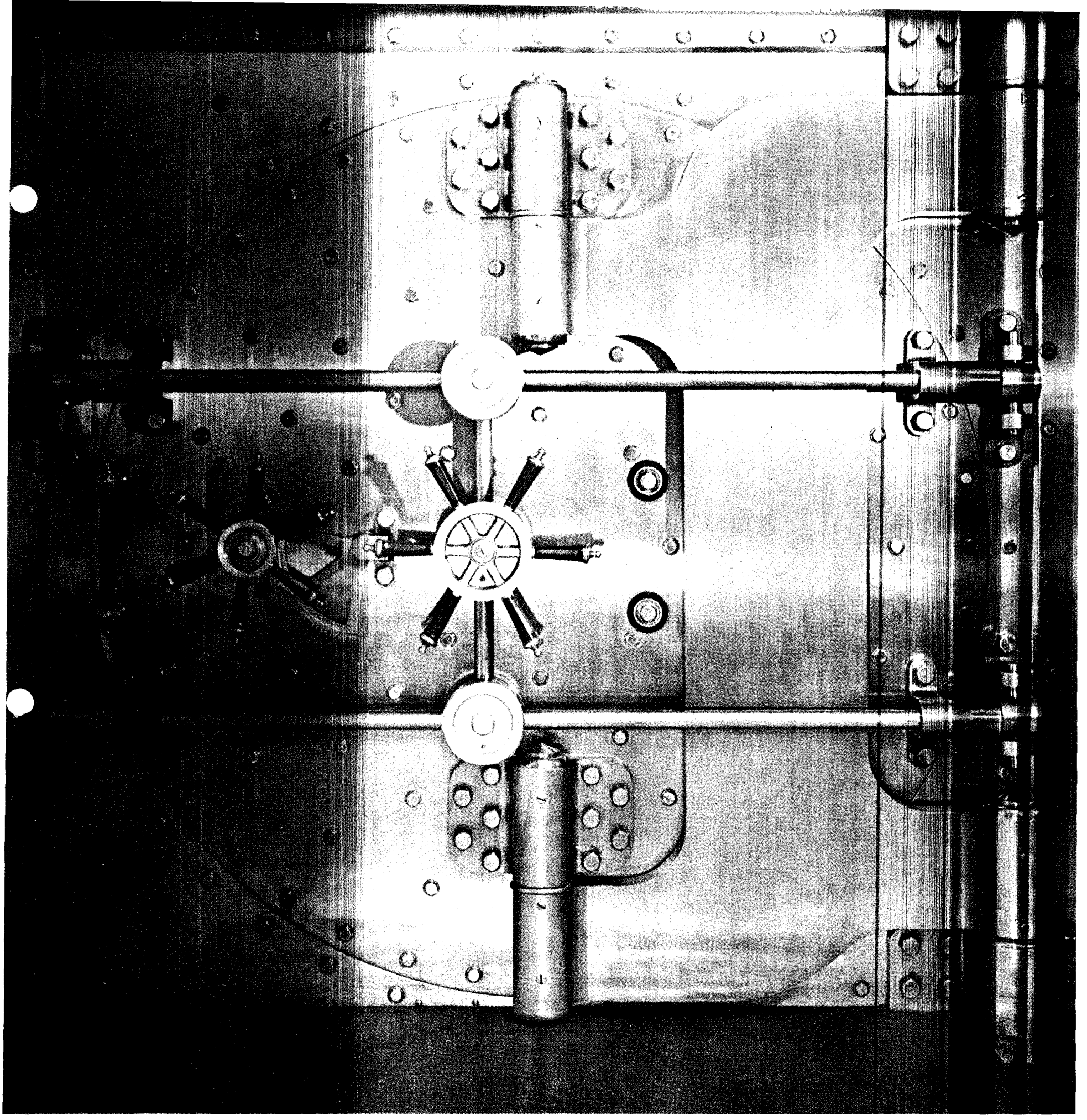

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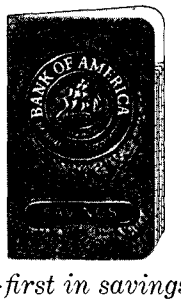

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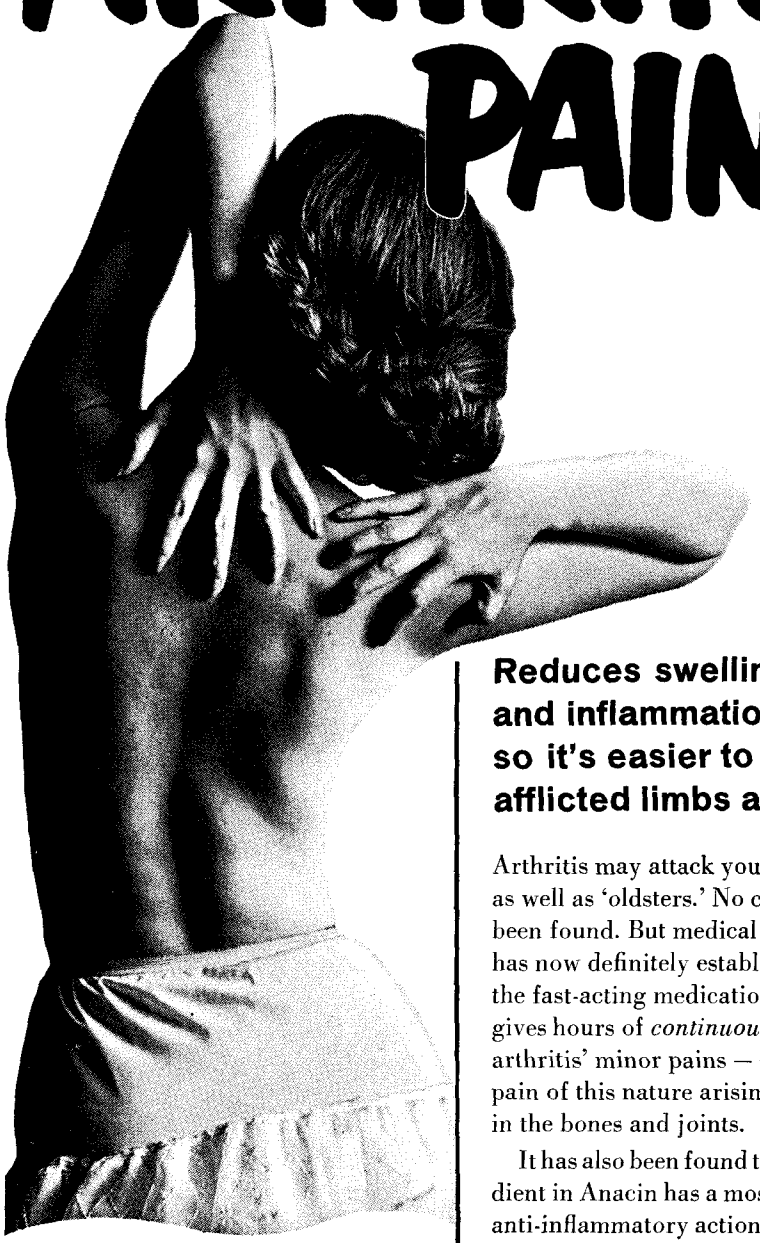

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SILENCE

advised, on a good snorkel and flippers and a mask. Then he took the little mail boat *Manolito* back to his island of Formentera. There, camping on the beach, scrounging his meals, intent as are all men with a singleness of purpose to urge them on, he set about teaching himself to swim.

He was over 60 then. An old man, as time makes men like Vicente old. Yet he was young in his urgency to learn and go on toward the far horizon of his purpose.

He learned to swim, and he learned to dive with the snorkel and the flippers and the mask, a froglike, crablike figure in the clear shallows about the beaches of Cala Pujol. He ventured farther and farther, to where the water turned purple, where the deeps began. This was the most talkative time of his life, after his first dives, for he could not contain his wonder at the unexpected beauty of the deep sea. The gardens of starfish, the varicolored, bug-eyed gentle fish that followed him, the slant of translucent sunlight on the mysterious caves and rocks—these he recounted to the fishermen who toiled upon the surface of the sea. And his tales were touched with wonder and awe. Never, he swore, had he known such freedom as at the bottom of the sea.

"But you can't breathe there!"

"One breathes with one's eyes, one's pores."

Never had he heard such music.

"But there is only silence under the sea!"

"It is a singing silence. Like many instruments sending their purest sounds up to the sky."

There is that to the Spanish language. The plowman often speaks the language of poetry. It is the way the words arrange themselves.

Day by day, week by week, month by month, and so on into the years, Vicente, searching for the amphora which in honor he felt he must find to replace the one he had broken, grew happier. Each day was a new delight, a new adventure. No longer were his days imprisoned by the needs of the hours. Somehow there was always something for those needs, a fish to grill, a glass of wine, a piece of bread, a box of matches. To the fishermen his search had become a part of their life on the beach and the sea, and their generosity was quick, unthinking.

They told me the story of Vicente, that day the wind blew from Africa and stirred up the depths of the sea and sent the high green waves scurrying, and I, too, searched the horizon for the little boat. Then I turned to Father Pedro, the curé of San Fernando, who had joined us.

"What do you think, Father?" I said. "Will old Vicente find his amphora?"

The fat little priest joined his fingers. His eyes, too, were on the horizon, but he seemed undisturbed. The wind from Africa swayed the bamboo shelter over us.

"Well, now, you see," he said, "Vicente has the search. It is not what one finds, you know, but the search itself that is important. Only the search."

Last year, on another day when the sea rose suddenly, stirred to tumult by the wind, the little boat Vicente had borrowed was tossed back to the beach.

No one saw the old man again.

The seas had been heavy.

But tied securely, wrapped in seaweed at the bottom of the boat, was an amphora, an ancient Phoenician vessel salvaged from the centuries and the sea.

Father Pedro and the fishermen who had been Vicente's friends asked me, since I knew English, to write to Abraham Lincoln Smith of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, U.S.A. I did. I wrote a number of times to the address we had and finally to the mayor of the city.

No one had heard of him.

Annoyed by the foolish old man who had dropped his souvenir, the American had fabricated a name to get rid of him. Perhaps, however, he did come from Milwaukee. We do not know. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hold it, Jenson. They've eloped."

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"...an opportunity, and an obligation"

This year, 1963, the Red Cross movement celebrates its one hundredth anniversary— a full century of service to peoples of the world. Throughout its history, the Red Cross has been an important symbol of hope and help to those in need. Wherever war, disease and disaster have struck, the Red Cross has been on hand to ease the burden of human suffering. Its staff and volunteers have built a tradition of mercy, of comfort and of kindness.

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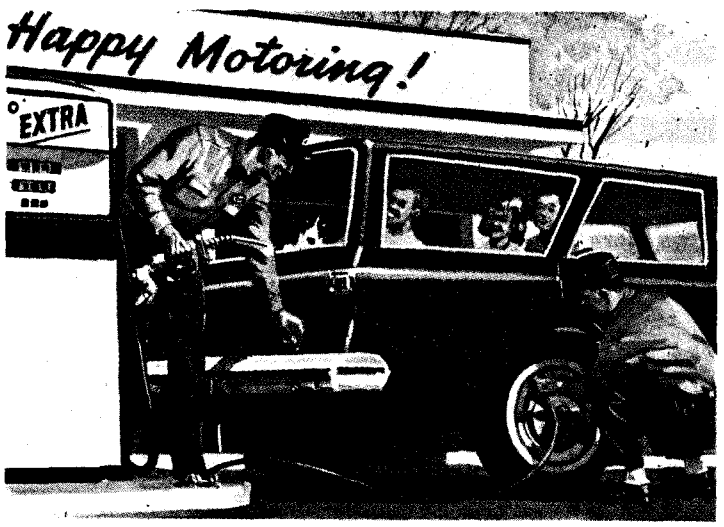

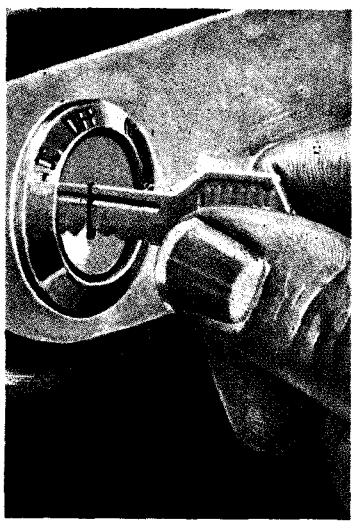

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BOXING HAS BEEN CALLED MODIFIED MURDER BUT "ITS DEATHS ARE NEEDLESS AND STUPID."

Author Roger Donoghue was a promising middleweight during the early fifties.

I KILLED A MAN

IT HAD HAPPENED TO OTHER FIGHTERS, AND IT WILL HAPPEN AGAIN.

By Roger Donoghue

I killed a man with my fists. His name was Georgie Flores. Neither one of us was 21 years old yet on that night in 1951 when I knocked him out to finish a fight we never should have been allowed to start. Flores died in the hospital four days later. Afterward they told me that it wasn't my fault and that anyway it was nothing new. It had happened before. It has happened since. And, believe me, it will happen again.

The latest uproar in boxing began last year when Benny (Kid) Paret died after taking a beating from Emile Griffith in Madison Square Garden. It was a bigger uproar than the one that followed my fight. Benny Paret was a champion, and he fought on television. Nobody had ever heard of Georgie Flores. But the comments were the same, because there's always a politician who needs a headline.

It has become increasingly clear we no longer have an excuse to have boxing in this state," a Brooklyn assemblyman named Max Turshen recently told a committee set up by the New York State Legislature to study the abolition of boxing. "It is a form of modified murder. This is a horrible way to ask people to rise from humble beginnings."

Other people said the same thing in 1951, and they got their names in the newspapers too. But boxing is more than a way for poor people to make money. Boxing is a sport, the only test left of man-against-man in a push-button world. It gives a boy confidence; it deepens a man's pride. Politicians talk of legislating it away, as they would narcotics addiction. But men go into boxing of their own free will. Narcotics have nothing to do with free will.

Boxing can be dangerous, but its deaths are needless and stupid. When a boxer dies you can bet that he had suffered earlier injuries which should have warned the authorities. When he dies you can bet that someone made a mistake before the fight and that someone else will exploit his death afterward. I've had more than 11 years to think about my own nightmare. It makes a pattern with all the other boxing tragedies.

I never met Georgie Flores outside the ring, and we spent less than 48 minutes together inside it. Until I fought him I thought that someday I would be the middleweight champion of the world. My manager was Bob Melnick, who taught me to box in the back of his poolroom in Yonkers, New York. I was a tall, skinny kid, but I could punch, and I won my first 20 pro fights.

It was a new world for me. In Yonkers people pointed me out on the street, and I had money in my pocket. I was cocky. When the chance came to fight a tough veteran named Lou Valles I asked Melnick to make the match.

Melnick said I should wait; I needed more experience. But I wanted tougher opponents, and so Melnick shrugged and said all right. I had Valles on the floor, but he got up and knocked me out.

Now Melnick knew I had learned my lesson. He began to pick my opponents a little more carefully, and I began to win again. Then he put me into the eight-round main event on a police benefit show at White Plains. The date was August 14, 1951, and my opponent was Georgie Flores.

I knew I could lick Flores. Only three weeks earlier he had been knocked out by an ordinary fighter named Johnny Cerky. Our fight went just as I figured. I gave Flores a bad beating for seven rounds. In the eighth I hammered him groggy into the ropes and the referee jumped between us and stopped the fight.

Back in the dressing room there was a lot of noise and backslapping. I had made $1,000; everybody said I had looked good, and Billy Brown, who was the assistant matchmaker at Madison Square Garden, was talking to Melnick. Finally Melnick came over.

"We're in the Garden," he said, grinning. "August 29."

I felt wonderful. It would be my first fight in the Garden. The leading sportswriters would be there that night because Billy Graham was fighting Kid Gavilan for the welterweight championship. I would earn $1,500 in the semifinal.

"Who am I fighting?" I asked Melnick.

"Flores again."

Now it was nothing. All the joy went out of it. "I don't want him back," I said. "Get me somebody else."

I didn't have a premonition. If fighters had funny notions they'd never get into the ring. I just didn't see any reason to fight Georgie Flores again. I felt I'd earned somebody better.

"Look," Melnick said. "This fight tonight wasn't on TV. Nobody remembers it. But now you'll be in the Garden, and the right people will see you against a guy who'll make you look good."

"I don't want Flores back," I said.

"I'm supposed to be the manager, and you're supposed to be the fighter," Melnick said. "Tell me, who picked Valles?"

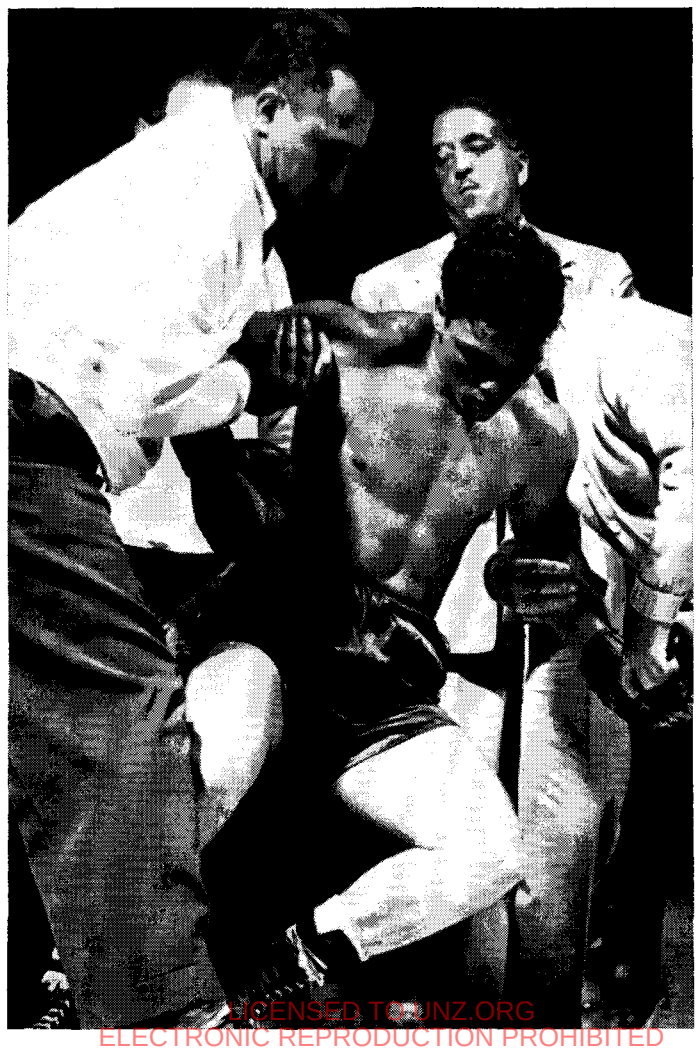
So I said all right. I still didn't believe the boxing commission would approve the match. Georgie Flores had been knocked out on July 24 and again on August 14. If the people who ran boxing in New York really cared—if they had really known what they were doing—they wouldn't have let Flores climb back into the ring on the 37th day of that cycle.

But I was wrong. Georgie Flores and I got into the ring together at Madison Square Garden. It went pretty much the way our first fight had gone. Flores started a little faster, but I got to him about the third round and began to punch him around. He made a good rally in the seventh, when he was far behind on points. He had to knock me out to win.

He was still coming at me in the eighth round when I threw a straight right-hand punch at him. It landed on his chin, and his mouthpiece flew into the crowd. He wasn't seeing anything; he hung there a second, like on wires, and as he began to sag I walked in and hit him again with a left hook. I threw another, but he was already falling, and I missed. He fell stiff and straight, on his back. His head thudded on the floor of the ring.

His handlers picked him up and helped him to his corner. When I went over there

Fatally beaten by Donoghue, Georgie Flores is dragged to corner by seconds.



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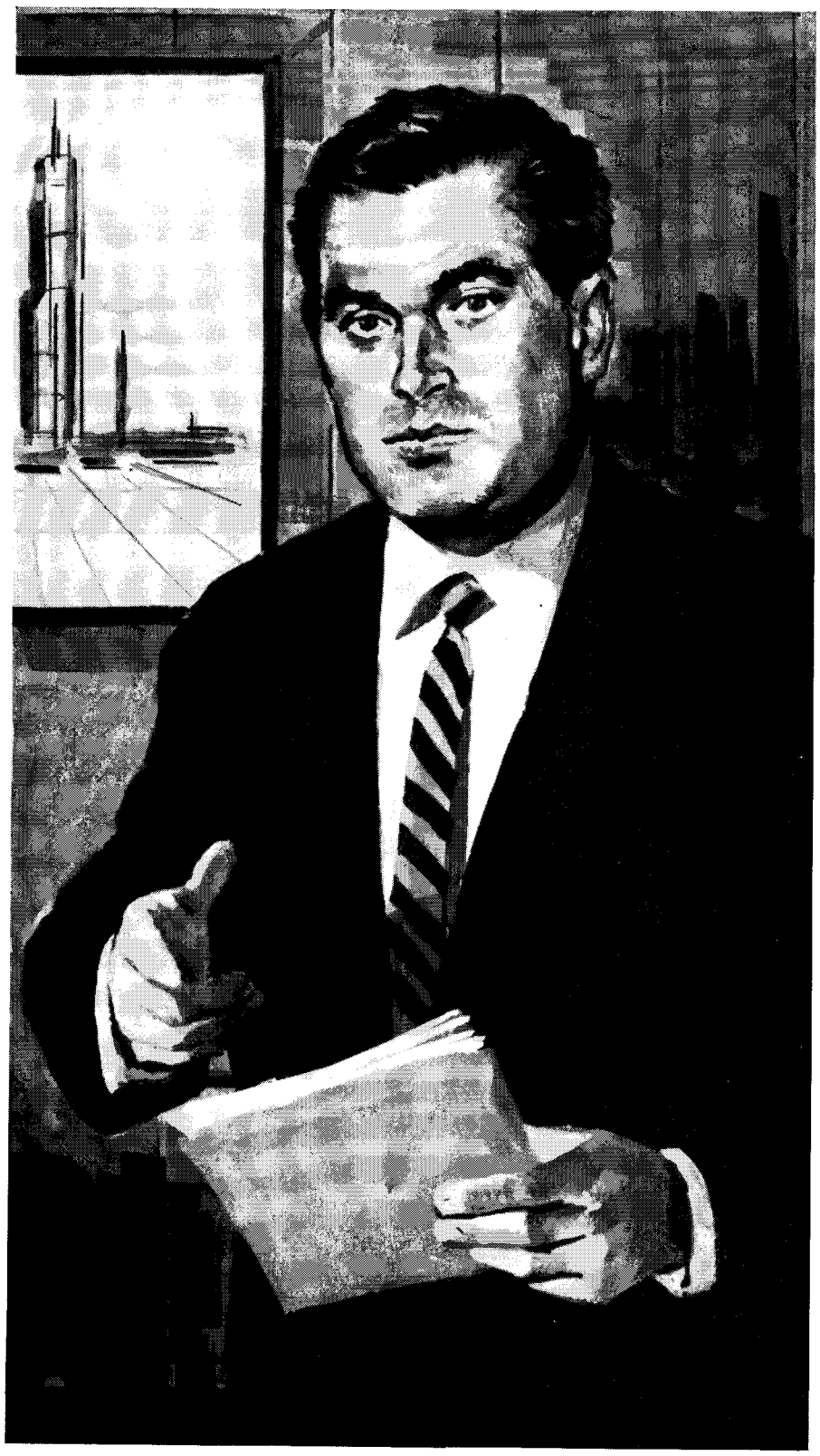

Men who think, read

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his manager, Lippy Breitbart, was talking to him sharply. Flores said something like, "It's OK, Bud; it's OK." I thought he was all right. Later, when I had unwrapped my hands, Melnick came in and told me that Flores had collapsed. They'd taken him to St. Clare's Hospital.

I was still scared when I got to the hospital. Mrs. Flores was there with her parents. I walked over to her—it was the longest walk of my life—and I tried to tell her I was sorry. But nobody could tell me what to say. The words sounded like nothing. She was 18 years old, and she had a new baby.

I didn't expect the kindness. She looked up at me, very pale, and said, "It wasn't your fault."

That was the worst moment, but there were other bad ones as Georgie Flores died piece by piece. They put him on the operating table and cut into his skull. Reporters came and asked me questions.

For three days I spent almost all my time at the hospital. Once I went out for fresh air, and sat down on the steps of a building next door. Some of Flores's friends came along, and one of them started toward me, holding a pop bottle like a blackjack. The others pulled him away.

Later that day I saw the doctor who had operated on Flores. I chased him up the street, and when I caught him I asked him for the miracle he couldn't give.

"If he lives," the doctor said, "he will be paralyzed from the neck down."

I had prayed for Georgie Flores to live. Now I stopped praying. That for me was the moment he died.

The end came at 1:20 in the morning on September 3. Melnick told me to go to the funeral, which was at a plush mortuary uptown (the International Boxing Club paid for it); curiosity pulled a lot of people there. I left as soon as Melnick said I could go.

But the photographers saw me get into a friend's car. They came over and asked me to go back and walk down the steps so they could take my picture leaving the funeral. I said no.

"You better go back," Melnick said.

All my life I've watched fighters and managers in their corners between rounds. The manager talks, and the fighter nods his head. He never shakes it; he never says no to the manager. So I went back and had my picture taken.

It wasn't over yet. I had another fight (I retired after two more) and gave my purse to Elaine Flores. I ran a benefit softball game for her, I appeared at another benefit at a fight club, and I went on a nightmarish television show to raise money for the baby. Finally the people from *Strike It Rich* called Melnick and said they wanted to get in on it too.

Melnick said no, I had done what I could, and he wasn't going to turn me into a freak. But this is what television thrives on. They persuaded him to let them say I had called and wanted to match Elaine Flores's winnings on the show.

And now more than 11 years have gone by, and fighters still find death in the ring. Boxing killed Georgie Flores, but it gave me a start toward a better life. I believe my case is more typical than the tragedies. But why do the tragedies happen?

Boxing can survive only if it operates under intelligent supervision. Most state boxing commissions are honest, but at their best they are ineffective, and at their worst they are stupid.

The truth is that boxing commissions are staffed by a system of political appointments (or payoffs) without regard to a man's qualifications in boxing. Each state commission is an individual empire dedicated simply to its own preservation. Each one sets its own standards, so that unfit fighters or crooked managers who have been barred in this state may find a license in that one nearby.

Sometimes a fighter can't shake off a bad beating. He's unfit for fighting for a long time, but the local boxing commission, unable or unwilling to pass up a revenue-producing fight, passes him. It is an invitation to tragedy. Take Benny Paret. In 1961 he was knocked out by Emile Griffith in 13 rounds; then he came back to beat Griffith in a savage bout. Later he was thrown in with the heavier, stronger Gene Fullmer and took a terrible beating before getting knocked out. His fatal bout with Griffith followed.

Boxing is full of such cases. The fans booed in 1933 when Ernie Schaaf went down from what they thought was a light blow by Primo Carnera. A little later Schaaf collapsed and died. He had been badly beaten before this by Max Baer. And in 1948 young Laverne Roach was battered and stopped by the great Marcel Cerdan. Roach, who was never the same again, died in 1950 when he was knocked out by Georgie Small.

Boxers need protection

Boxing needs a national czar, such as baseball has, with the legal power to enforce a uniform set of rules in every state. This man must have the background, the will and the integrity to protect both champions and preliminary boys.

Once local officials have been appointed by the czar, they can look into the welfare of local fighters. Every fighter has pride. Pride, in fact, is what makes him a fighter—pride in himself, in his body. He isn't looking for handouts. Yet too many times a fighter who is ready to quit has nowhere to go.

A national czar must supervise an employment program for fighters. There must be a medical fund through which fighters can get free treatment at approved hospitals. There must be a pension plan.

Where will the money come from? From boxing itself. A share of the gate from every boxing event, no matter how small—and of TV receipts from televised fights—would be paid into a fund supervised by the czar. Managers and promoters don't get hit; they don't bleed. They must contribute, along with the fighters, to this fund.

I was proud to be a professional fighter. I liked it when people pointed me out on the street. Then Georgie Flores died, and it changed. After the funeral I wanted to get away for a while, and a friend came to drive me to the country. As we walked toward the car a little boy passed and looked up at me.

"You're Roger Donoghue," he said.

I couldn't help smiling. "Yes, son."

"You're Roger Donoghue. You killed a man."

The smile dried up. I felt things crawling up my back. I hurried toward the car, and the little boy followed.

"You killed a man; you killed a man," he chanted. "I'm going to tell everyone."

"You don't have to tell them, son," I said. "They already know."

I still go to fights, but when a Georgie Flores or a Benny Paret dies I am not proud to have been a fighter. Then it is stupid, and I feel sick. THE END

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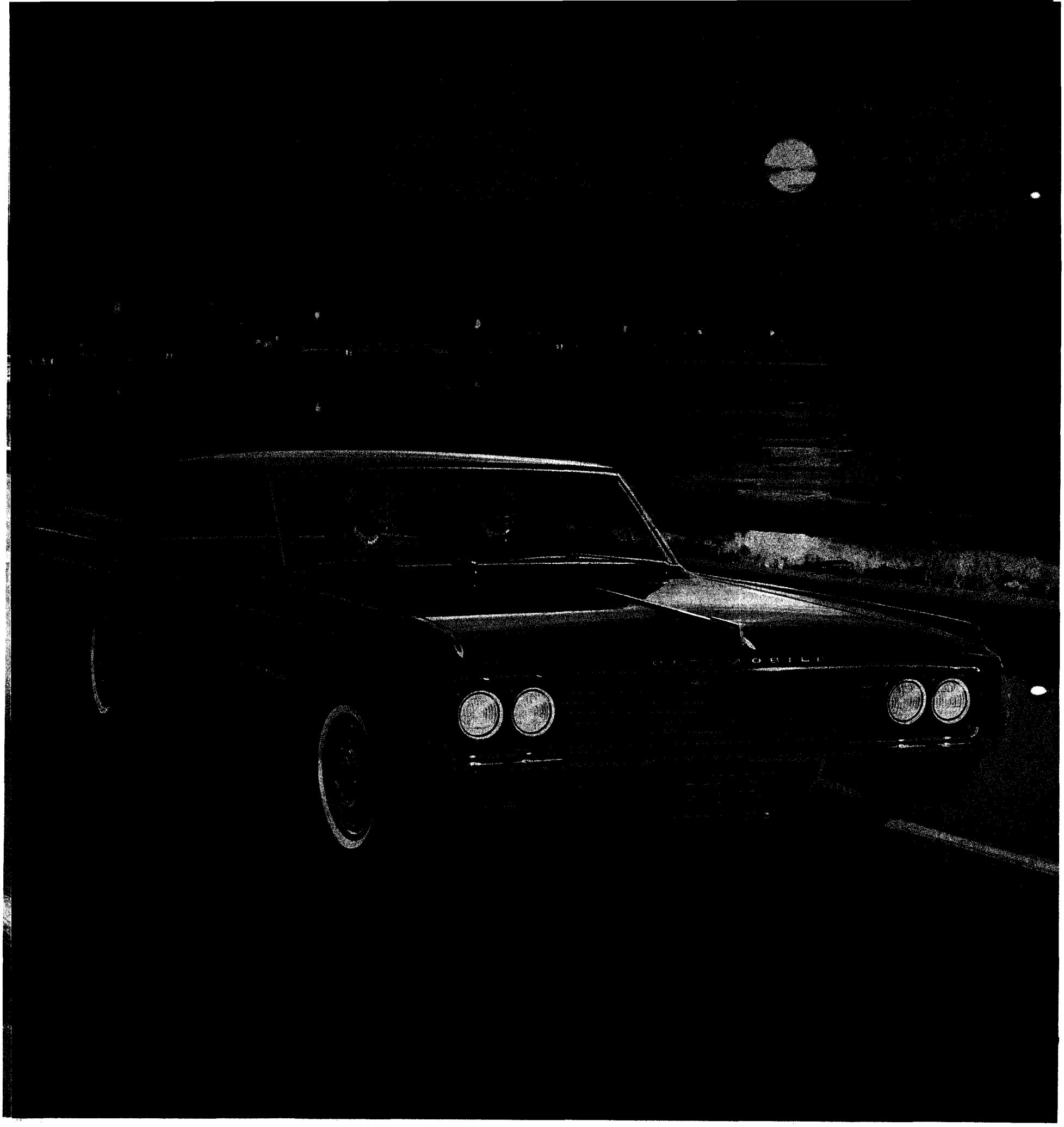

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post scripts

"Wish Louise was here—she'd get a kick out of it."

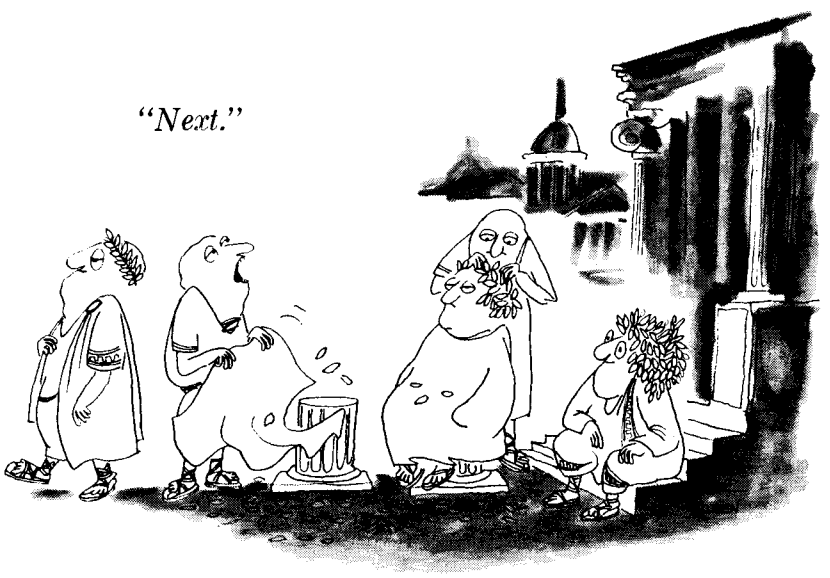
Progress

Though some of my errors were holy terrors
That laid my life in ruins,
I've rarely repeated the same mistake.
But boy, do I find new ones!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

"I'm awake, I'm awake. Please go away so I can open my eyes."

"Next."



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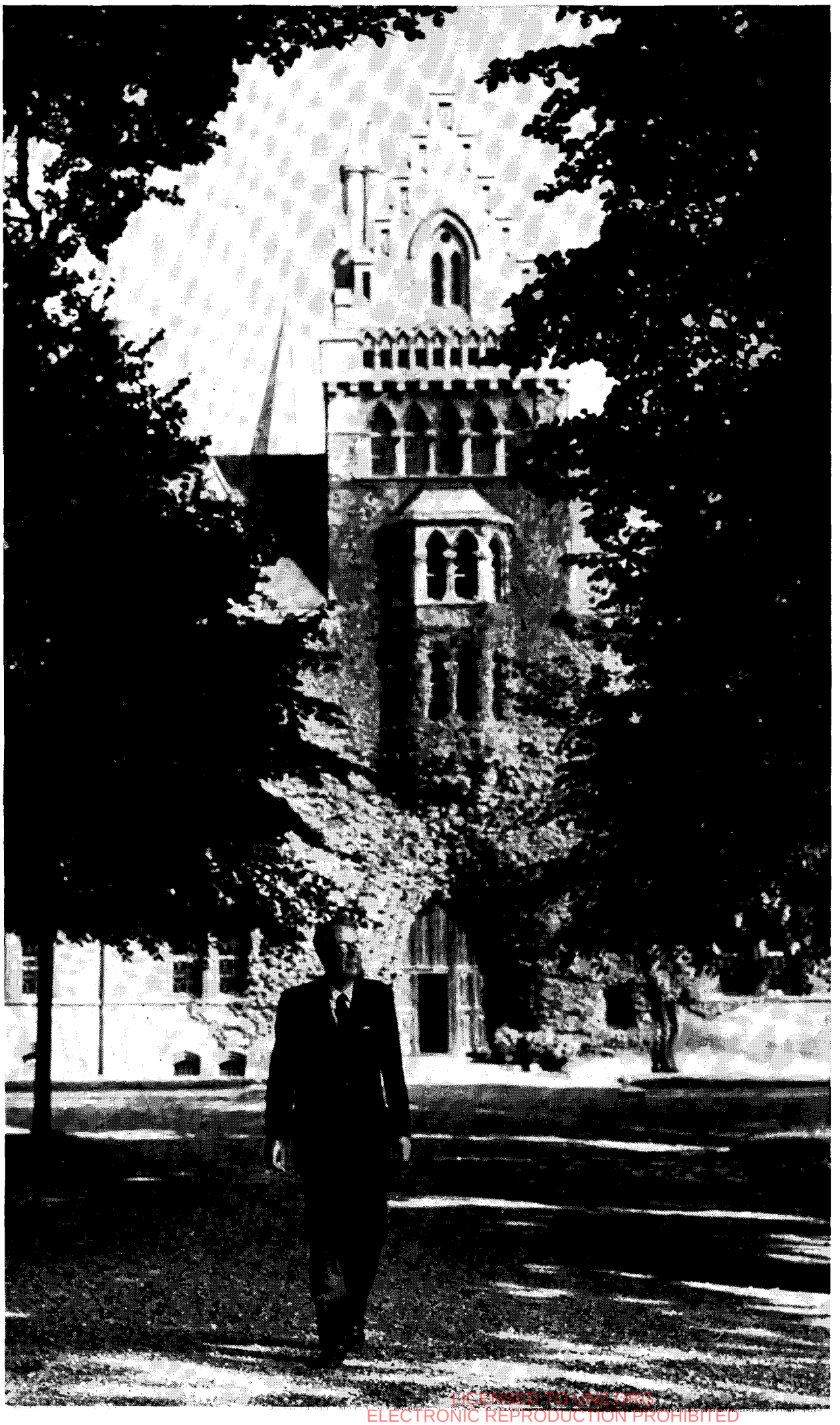
An old student finds that the sun has never set on Great Britain's home of brilliant eccentrics.

A YANK RETURNS TO OXFORD

by Beverly Smith Jr.



Every man, I suppose, has some fond memories of his college days. As the years pass, these memories take on added color, while time smooths the rougher edges. So, at least, it has been for me, looking back at the two happy years I spent as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford soon after the first World War. And I have longed to go back and see for myself if the university was as beautiful as I remembered it; whether its dons, our tutor-professors, were still as learned and as strange. Last fall I decided to find out.

On arriving at Oxford's Mitre Hotel I telephoned a present-day don of whom I had heard much. His students aver that he can reel off the casualty lists, with name and rank, for the Battle of Hastings. The noted scholar said he would be glad to see me in his college quadrangle at 3:30 P.M. I was there on the dot. But the small quad, its greensward surrounded by lovely old stone buildings and lichened walls, was empty. Empty, that is, except for one curiously dressed fellow who looked to me like an unusually slovenly servant. He peered at me keenly, then advanced with outstretched hand.

"Mr. Beverlysmith, I believe," he said.

"As a child I saw you run the 440 against Cambridge. 1921. Well run, sir, though you did, as I recall, lose out in the home stretch to those two redoubtable Olympic champions, Bevil G. D. Rudd and G. M. Butler."

Thus simultaneously flattered, put in my place and astounded by the precision of his memory, I looked at him with curiosity and a new respect. His mop of pale hair had apparently not been combed since Christmas. His necktie was sadly askew, and one of his long British shirttails hung far below a frayed tweed jacket, which was buttoned awry.

"Come along," he said cheerily. "We'll pluck up our blood with a brisk walk to the Martyr's Memorial."

Since there were people in the streets, I thought of mentioning the tie and shirttail, but instinct told me he didn't give a damn. As we walked he was greeted with deference by two well-dressed young men. My companion nodded courteously without breaking his stride. "Science dons," he explained.

"Dons—so young?" I asked.

"Scientific genius blossoms early," he said dryly.

Walking along High Street I could hear the bells of Oxford tolling. The patina on the ancient stone walls of the colleges was as beautiful as ever in the pale rays of the afternoon sun. Only the streets were different. Once so leisurely, they are now dense with traffic. Frequently I grabbed the arm of my escort, who, quite oblivious to signs and signals, plowed ahead, ignoring the screech of hastily applied brakes.

He was holding forth on Oxford's tutorial system, which gives each student

Author Smith strolls before Christ Church College's Meadow Building.

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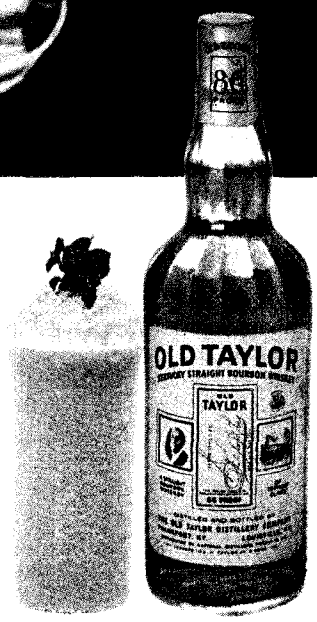

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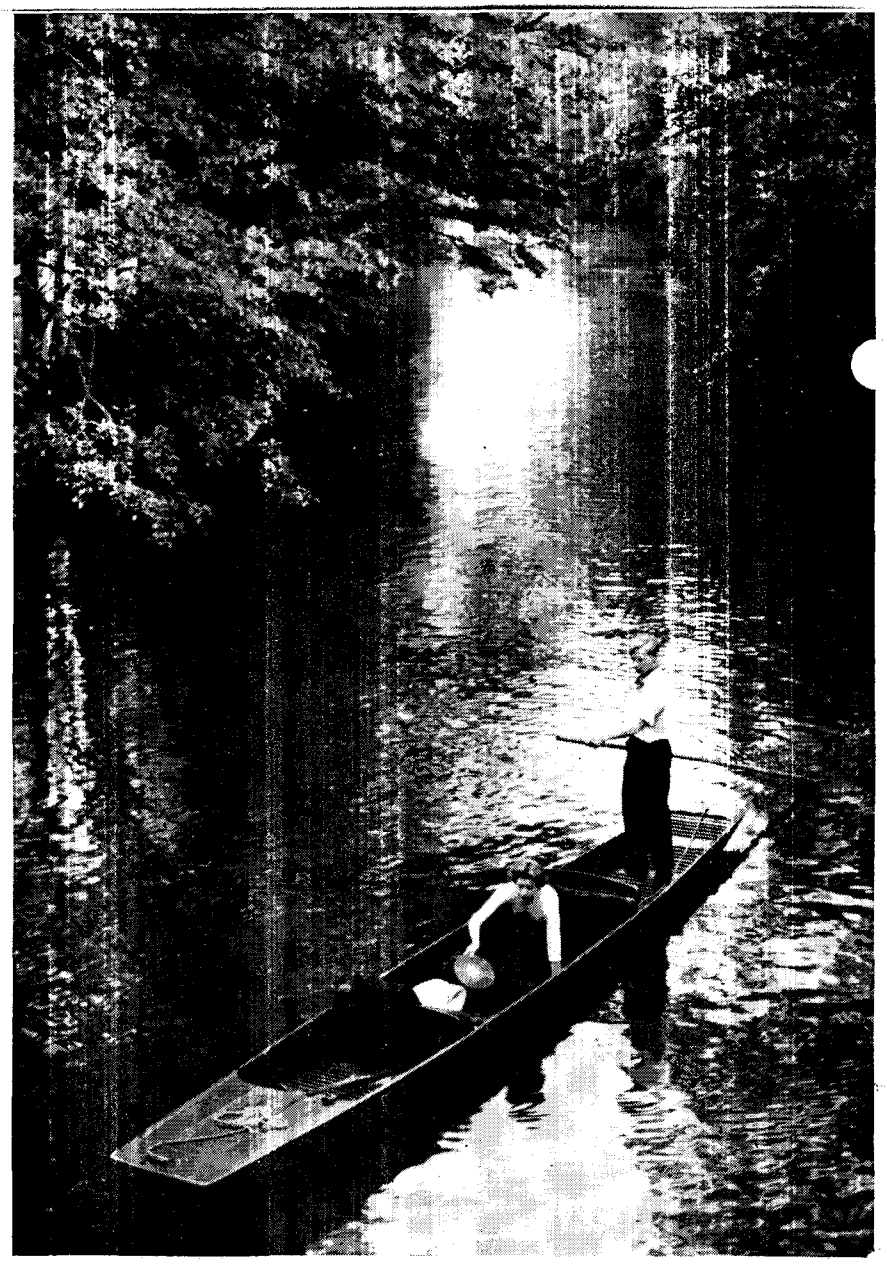
Dr. Spooner: "Sir, you have tasted your worm."



Undergraduate, complete with girl and phonograph, punts on Oxford strean

weekly sessions with a don who is his guide, friend and remorseless critic. He disclosed—under pledge of secrecy—some of his strategies in dealing with wayward scholars. I could relish these, having been the victim of similar strategies 42 years before. He laughed happily when I recalled some of my own attempts to cope with wayward tutors, notably the late Don A. T. Carter, K.C., C.B.E., D.C.L.

"I knew him!" exclaimed my companion. "An incredible character. But I fear his grim humors would not be tolerated today. A great many of our students nowadays are supported by government moneys. These earnest lads, when a tutor is harsh, may write pained protests to powerful politicians and the public press."

Not so in Don Carter's day. I recall vividly my first encounter with him and the tutorial system. Supposed to study law, I reported promptly to the spacious Tom Quad roost of the dread Don Carter. I paused inside his door. He paid no attention. He was a tall, stooped man, with a beaky nose and a saturnine expression. For what seemed to me 10 minutes he stood before his fireplace, gazing at the ceiling. Then he spoke softly: "My aim in life," he said, "is to make people happy." Another long pause. He pointed suddenly to his desk.

"There! Two volumes on Roman law, in Latin. Take them. Read them, digest them, and put your reflections thereon into a mercifully brief essay. Come back next week and read your essay to me. I will question you upon it. If you answer my questions perfectly, I shall applaud you. And then [with a sinister smile] you will be—ah—happy!"

He leaned forward, rapped on his desk and roared, "Begone!"

"Pray like hell!"

The incident is not exactly typical—most dons are gentler in manner. But their object is the same: somehow to stimulate the student to give of his best. The most gifted and charming tutors I have known, while kind to dullards, are ruthless with the bright lad who tries to fob off shoddy work. This shows up in the weekly essay, which is the heart of the tutorial system. It is of the essence that the essay, read aloud, should appeal to the ear. If it is not clear, accurate and well reasoned the tutor may snatch away the wine bottle or subject the offender to a sarcasm more withering than thirst. On one such occasion a student asked Don Carter piteously what he could do to get a decent mark in the final exams, which are crucial to a Briton's career.

"Very simple," said Carter blandly. "Go to your rooms, fall on your knees and pray like hell."

Prior to revisiting Oxford I had gone to see my friend Henry Allen Moe, guiding spirit of the Guggenheim fellowships. He was not only a brilliant student at Oxford; later he was a gifted tutor there. Thus he is one of the few Americans who have observed the tutorial system from both sides of the don's fireplace. I first knew Henry at Oxford in 1920 when he was still on crutches from his World War I injuries. Since then he has received the university's accolade of the D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law). I asked him about rumors that eccentricity was on the wane in Oxford. "I hope not," he said. "But in our day most dons seemed to be bachelors. Now a great many get married and live at home instead of on the college quad. Thus in the evenings they may be preoccupied with baby's milk instead of with the wine which brightens the dons in senior common rooms. Marriage discourages the absentmindedness and idiosyncrasy which we old-timers value. But you are a reporter. Go back to Oxford and see for yourself."

During my visit I walked, talked, wined or dined with Oxford dons to the number of thirty-odd—and some of them still are odd, thank God. And many are absentminded, a quality natural in men who pursue elusive truth with the tenacity of bloodhounds.

But what modern don can rival the immortal Dr. W. A. Spooner, whose "spoonerisms" have earned a firm place in our language?

The word "spoonerism" is usually applied to an absentminded transposition of consonant sounds. Once, for example, Doctor Spooner reproved a student who had riotously wasted his term: "Sir, you have tasted your worm." This revered educator was still hitting—and missing—on all six when I was at Oxford. One day a new don arrived. Spooner had him in to tea, welcoming him benignly. Next day they happened to meet in the quad. This bit of dialogue ensued:

SPOONER: Come to dinner this evening. I want you to meet a new don named Casson.

CASSON: But, sir, I *am* Casson.

SPOONER: Never mind, dear chap. Come along anyway.

(Exit Casson, bewildered.)

While Oxford may harbor fewer inspired eccentrics than it did 40 years ago, it has as many inspired teachers as ever. They draw forth, with tutorial craft, whatever innate powers a student may have for clear, hard, independent thinking. Moreover Oxford, once called "the home of dead languages and undying prejudices," is now becoming renowned in science. I was surprised to learn that Oxonians have won or shared in nine Nobel prizes for scientific achievement. Of these, four have been awarded since 1952—two in chemistry and two others in medicine.

To one laureate countless thousands of us owe our very lives. He is Howard (now Sir Howard) Florey. I met him when he was a Rhodes Scholar from Australia in 1921, a quiet, deliberate young fellow. It was Florey who, twenty years later, was to work with Ernst Chain—another Oxford don—to prove clinically the value of penicillin and find ways to produce it in quantity.

Most Americans have been affected in one way or another by the logical analysis insisted upon by Oxford dons. The logic has filtered through via many American Oxonians, such as Supreme Court Justices Harlan and White, House Majority Leader Carl Albert, Sen. William Fulbright, Secretary of State Rusk and New York's demon administrator, Robert Moses.

Senator Fulbright tells me that his favorite tutorial adviser was R. B. McCallum, now master of Pembroke College and dispenser of a grand Madeira. The admiration is not one-sided. Speaking of the famed Fulbright scholarships, Doctor McCallum told me: "Fulbright is responsible for the greatest movement of scholars across the face of the earth since the fall of Constantinople in 1453."

A profoundly admired present-day don is Oliver (Father) Franks, later Sir Oliver, now Lord Franks. He is the son of another noted don, R. S. Franks. Young Franks—he is only 58—specializes in such supposedly impractical subjects as philosophy and the classics. But when grave practical problems of war and finance threaten his nation, Franks is summoned as was Cincinnatus from his plow. Or at least he has been called from the deep-plowing classical studies of his cloister whenever the going got tough. First they gave him the problem of averting British starvation (1939–45). During the critical early years of the Marshall Plan he was British ambassador in Washington.

He recently resigned the lucrative chairmanship of the vast Lloyds Bank complex in order to return to Oxford. When I saw him I was groping to describe Don Carter's leer. Lord Franks smiled reminiscently.

"Like that of a benevolent vulture," he murmured.

Because so many American Oxonians now hold high public office, devotees of the late Colonel Robert McCormick's Chicago *Tribune* may be uneasy. The colonel alleged that such men have been so subverted by Oxford dons that they may cherish the British crown above the Stars and Stripes. I asked a wise don, Dr. C. A. Simpson, about this. His answer: "The Oxford tradition is strongly against any such exploitation. Furthermore, it is a rare thing for a student to be taught by only one tutor. If he should by rare chance have been indoctrinated by Mr. A, he will certainly be liberated by Mr. B."

Another American Oxonian (student-tutor-professor) whom I consulted before visiting my old Oxford haunts is Walt Rostow. He is now a top adviser on policy to President Kennedy and Dean Rusk. I asked him about reports that eccentricity is dying out among English dons.

"It may appear so to older men like you and me," said the aged vizier—he's 46. "But don't let them kid you. The sun will never set on Britain's capacity to produce brilliant eccentrics." THE END

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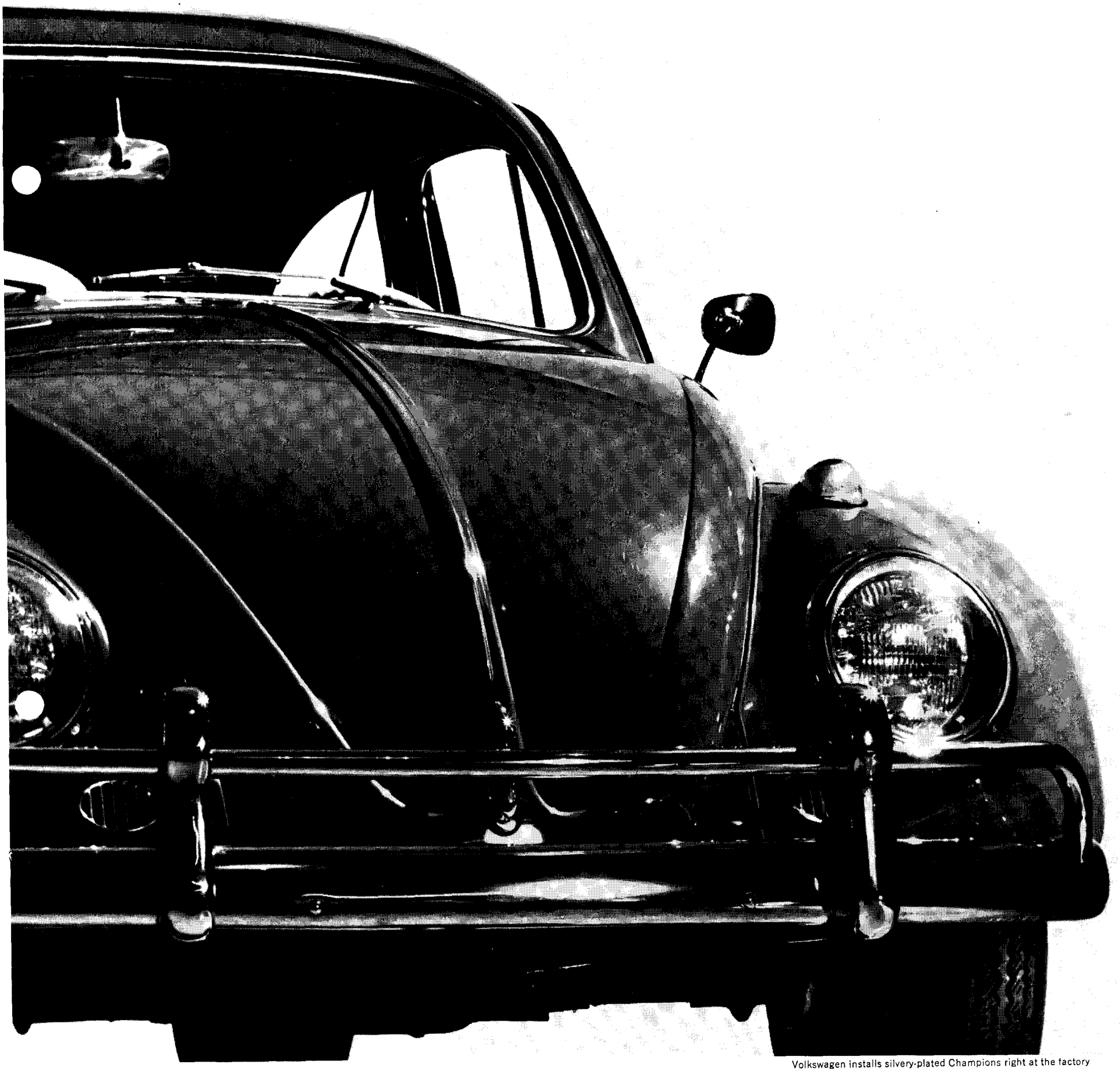

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Two Sisters of Charity pray below a statue of Mother Seton, who founded their order as well as the first U.S. Roman Catholic parochial school.

THE MAKING OF A SAINT

Behind the beatification of Elizabeth Seton of New York lie decades of investigation, a search for miracles, and the opening of a grave.

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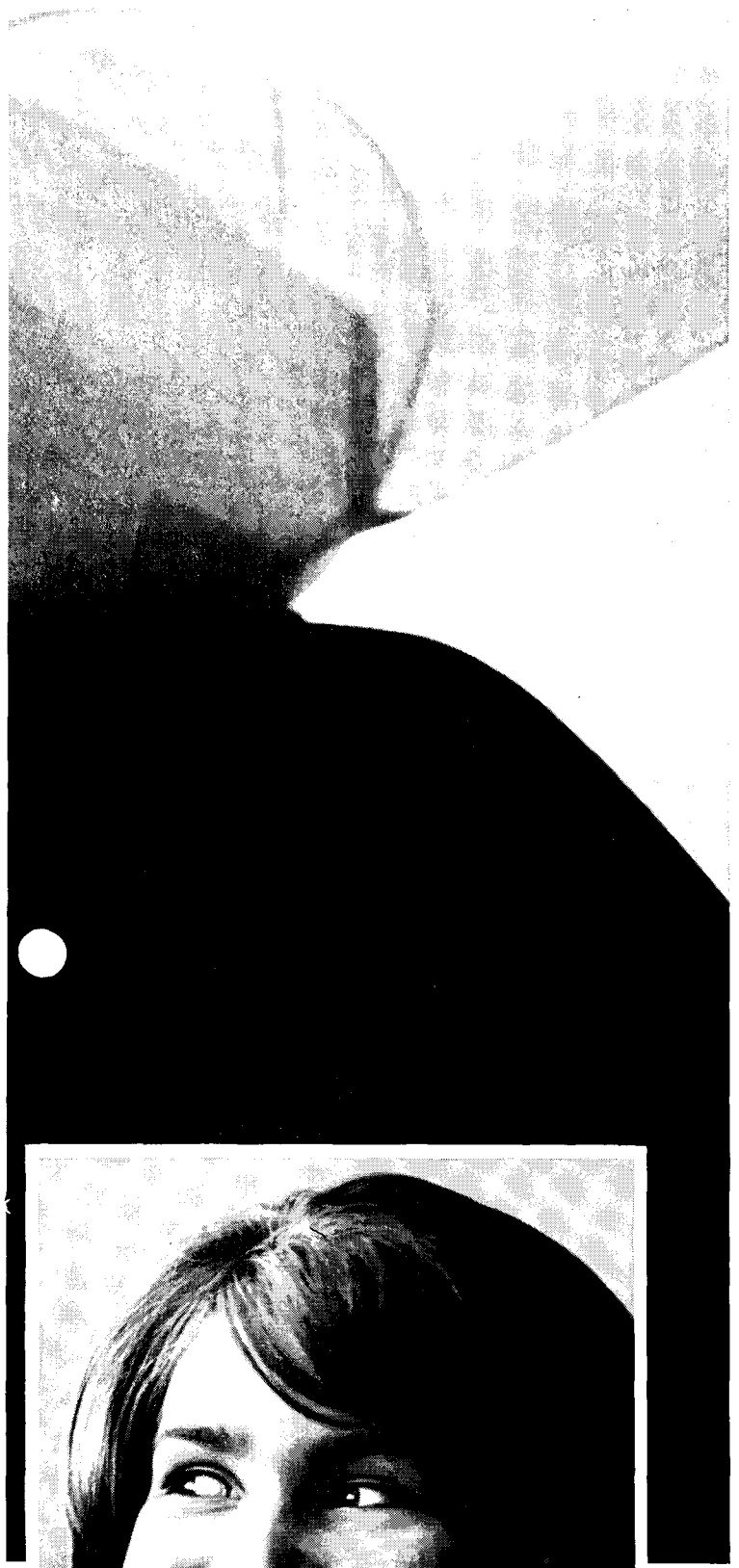

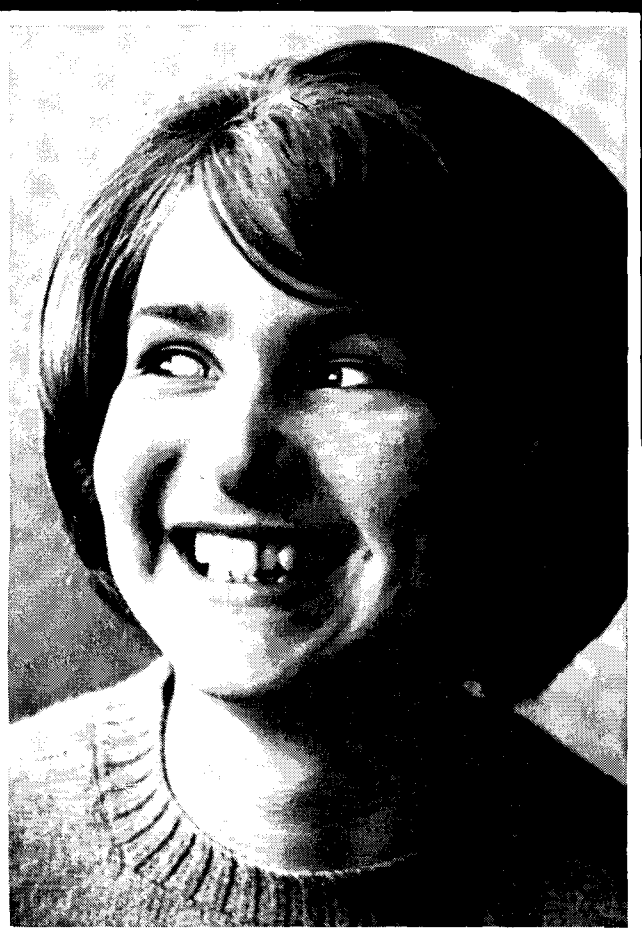

Ann O'Neill, the only child to survive acute leukemia. The Vatican attributes her recovery to Mother Seton.

BY THOMAS CONGDON

For America's Roman Catholics this St. Patrick's Day was historic. In the Vatican the church was to beatify a woman from New York City named Elizabeth Seton. Never before has Rome thus exalted a born-and-bred American.

The prescribed ritual follows an ancient pattern. The crimson-clad cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites file into St. Peter's. A document is unfolded and intoned. "His Holiness Pope John XXIII," it reads, "has decreed that the honors of beatification may be granted to the Venerable Elizabeth Bayley Seton."

At that moment, at the far end of the apse, a greenish-yellow veil falls to reveal a gigantic portrait of the newly beatified Elizabeth Seton, and the cardinals, prelates and onlookers break into the traditional hymn of thanksgiving, *Te Deum.* One of the onlookers, a 15-year-old from Baltimore named Ann O'Neill, feels special reason for thanks. She has survived the fatal disease of leukemia far longer than any other known child. Her recovery has been ruled a miracle, performed through the woman in the portrait.

Ann was one of more than a thousand pilgrims who came from the United States for the ceremony. The beatification—next-to-last step on the road to sainthood—was a matter of national pride, and yet it went beyond that. Informed churchmen see it as an aspect of the changing position of American Roman Catholics. Just as President Kennedy's election was their political fulfillment, the beatification signified ecclesiastical coming-of-age.

This beatification was part of an old dream. As far back as 1925 Pope Pius XI, praising the development of the church in the United States, asked the prefect of the Congregation of Rites, "Why can't you give me an American saint?"

"I can't give you one until they give me one," the prefect replied.

Yet by 1925, even as the pope spoke, the nuns of the Sisters of Charity, the religious order Elizabeth Seton founded in 1808, had already been advocating her cause for more than a century, and the Vatican itself had been involved in it for 25 years. The cause moved slowly, as the world reckons time. Mountains of documents were drafted, countless investigations made. There were bones to exhume, relics to obtain and miracles to seek and then scrutinize, over and over again. The long process is probably the most rigorous—and possibly the most fascinating—of Vatican procedures.

Elizabeth Bayley Seton, the focus of it all, was born an Anglican two years before the American Revolution. Both her parents were descended from distinguished New York City families. Her father, Richard Bayley, was a doctor. Her mother died when Elizabeth was two. Raised by an unfeeling stepmother, she was a dark-eyed, lonely little girl who found happiness in her own imaginings and had an unusual inclination toward prayer. She grew into a pretty adolescent who loved dancing—she had "never found any effect from it but the most innocent cheerfulness," she wrote to her daughter years later—and enjoyed meeting young men at parties.

When she was 19, she married William Seton, 25, son of a wealthy merchant. Ten years later Seton died of tuberculosis while the couple were visiting Italy. Mrs. Seton, widowed in a strange land, was taken in by an Italian family, business friends of her husband. They introduced her to Roman Catholicism. Soon after her return, to the horror of her friends, she became a convert.

Just 29, with five small children to support, and ostracized for her new religion even by her family, she went to Baltimore and opened an academy for girls. A year later she took religious vows. By an

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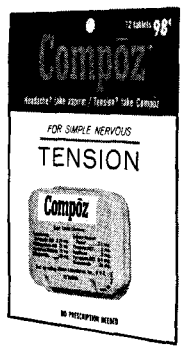

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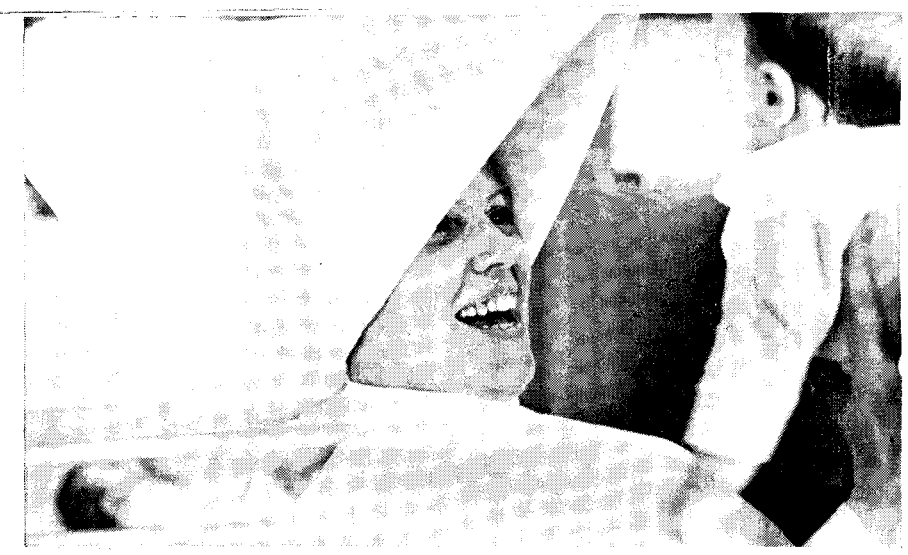
MAKING A SAINT


Sister Mary Alice, the nurse who started the prayer campaign for a miracle.

unusual arrangement she was allowed to pursue the life of a nun while continuing as mother to her children. In addition to founding the first American religious order she went on to found the first Roman Catholic orphanage in the United States and the first school in the vast parochial system. Her order grew with the growing country and today numbers almost 11,000 nuns.

Mere accomplishment, however, never made a saint. First it is necessary to establish "heroicity of virtues." Vatican investigators spent many years collecting and analyzing more than 3,000 pages of Mother Seton's writings, even her childhood notebooks, probing her soul for flaws. They found none.

Yet not even a judgment of exceptional piety is enough. A saint, by definition, is one who is in Heaven. To the church the only clear proof of this is the ability to get prayers answered. Hence the importance of miracles—specifically, miraculous physical cures. Before Mother Seton could be beatified her supporters had to satisfy the Vatican that two miracles had been accomplished by prayers directed through her to God.

The first case occurred in 1935. Sister Gertrude Korzendorfer of New Orleans, a Sister of Charity in her early 60's, developed fever and a bronzed, jaundiced color. Her doctor felt a hard lump in her abdomen and ordered an operation. He and two other doctors opened the entire abdomen and were appalled by what they saw—a cancerous tumor as big as an orange on the head of the pancreas. The cancer was so matted to the surrounding organs that the doctors considered removal impossible. They took a tiny slice of the malignant tissue for analysis and sewed the patient back up. They expected her to die within three months.

Just before the operation nuns at the hospital began praying to Mother Seton to intercede for Sister Gertrude. The hospital records document a sudden change in the patient's condition. Her fever dropped; her color became normal.

"From the second day following the operation," Sister Gertrude herself said later, "I felt neither pain nor nausea. My strength returned." Discharged from the hospital less than a month after the operation, she soon resumed her duties as head of a 250-bed hospital for the insane. She never had a relapse. "I have never believed in miracles," said one of the surgeons, a Jew, "but if ever there was a miracle this was one."

The case, however, was not yet complete. Sister Gertrude died in 1942, and an autopsy was conducted by two of the original doctors and a pathologist who was new to the case. They found she had died of a pulmonary embolism. "The autopsy," the pathologist told church investigators, "showed no evidence whatever of [the previous] cancer. . . . In a very wide search of medical literature I have not been able to find a report of any case of spontaneous recession of cancer of the pancreas."

The Korzendorfer case occurred at an opportune time for Mother Seton's cause. For the first 60 years after Mother Seton's death in 1821—at the mother house of the Sisters of Charity in Emmitsburg, Maryland—the cause was hardly more than a private wish of the nuns. But in 1885 Archbishop James Gibbons of Baltimore persuaded the Congregation of Rites to start the investigation of Mother Seton. In 1900 the Congregation appointed a postulator—the member of the Congregation who would work for the cause in Rome—and a vice-postulator, an American priest who would organize local support and coordinate all American aspects of the case. The Congregation also appointed a promoter of the faith, or devil's advocate, whose job it was to attack the case presented by the postulator, looking for contradictions, doctrinal errors and character defects. The devil's advocate does not act in a spirit of controversy, as does a lawyer trying to win a case (actually he wins very few cases and is glad of it), but in an effort to bring out the full truth.

Most of the early activity took place in the United States. First the diocese of Baltimore conducted a four-year inquiry which established that Mother Seton died "in the odor of sanctity," meaning that she had a reputation for holiness. Next came the minute examination of Mother Seton's writings. In the 1930's Father Fernando Antonelli, Vatican archivist, came to this country and studied them. A decree approving her writings appeared in 1936, and in 1940 Pope Pius XII signed a decree launching the "apostolic process"—the Vatican phase. The first step was to determine whether Mother Seton practiced faith, hope, charity and the other virtues to a heroic degree.

"There were no important flaws of character," Father Antonelli recalls. "She had great charity and rose above many obstacles when her friends turned away from her after her conversion. She showed remarkable fortitude." The devil's advocate remarked that she was sometimes impatient and overly severe, but, as Father Antonelli emphasizes, "even saints are not expected to be perfect, and they would not be saints if they were." Her love and courage as a wife and mother helped her cause, and Pope John XXIII proclaimed her "heroicity of virtues" on December 19, 1959. Mother Seton, he said, made his "heart swell and fill with unusual exaltation." From that day she was called Venerable.

The decree also signaled the final phase of the apostolic process. The Vatican, it served to say, was now ready to consider miracles. Already much of the preliminary work on the candidate miracles had been done. The Korzendorfer case, coming just at the start of the apostolic process, was investigated by Father Salvator Burgio, then the vice-postulator, and by a tribunal in the arch diocese of New Orleans. The results of the investigations were in storage, waiting for the "heroicity" decree.

In the spring of 1952 Father Burgio learned of a second apparent miracle. The subject was Ann O'Neill, the four-year-old daughter of a Baltimore stoneworker. In January she became sluggish, ran a low fever and developed skin hemorrhages over her entire body.

"The doctor looked her over a long time," her father recalls today, "and then he got a big red book down from the shelf and read in that awhile. And then he said that maybe it was her blood and that I should take her right over to the hospital for a blood count." O'Neill took the child to St. Agnes' Hospital, a large institution in Baltimore run by the Sisters of Charity.

"Nothing can save her"

"The next day," O'Neill went on, "the doctor said, 'Mr. O'Neill, I'm afraid it's acute leukemia. There's absolutely nothing we can do to save her.' 'Doc,' I said, 'if it's a matter of money I'd sell my house.' And he said, 'All the money in the world couldn't save her.'

"I felt so bad," says O'Neill, "I couldn't even cry. My wife was about to have a baby, and the doctor and I decided we wouldn't tell her until afterward."

The doctor called in Dr. Milton S. Sacks of University of Maryland Hospital in Baltimore, an expert on leukemia. The doctors decided that Ann should be transferred to University Hospital, which has unusually good facilities for the treatment of diseases of the blood. The O'Neills took her in their own car, bundled in blankets. Ann was extremely sick by this time, delirious, with a high fever, and she had to be sponged with alcohol almost constantly.

"She'd call my name," says Mrs. O'Neill. "One night when I was with her the baby began to come and I had to leave. It was terrible, terrible to tear myself away when she needed me." After the birth the doctors told Mrs. O'Neill what she had suspected: Ann was dying of leukemia.

At St. Agnes' Ann had been given three blood transfusions, as well as cortisone, penicillin and a drug called Rutorbin. At University, Doctor Sacks tried a new drug, aminopterin. The symptoms began to recede. The O'Neills begged Sacks to let them take the child home.

"The treatments were tearing the heart out of us," Mrs. O'Neill says. "The transfusions, the blood samples—every day they had a harder time trying to find a vein, and Ann would suffer so. We

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"If Ann is well," said a doctor, "then it's a miracle. I've seen many other cases. None got well."

MAKING A SAINT

didn't know what to do. We felt that if Ann had only a little while of feeling better she should spend it at home with her family instead of going through all that in the hospital."

Against his better judgment, Doctor Sacks yielded, and on March 27 Ann was discharged. She was home a few days when she became sicker than ever. She gasped, and with each breath her parents wondered if she would take another. Her skin hemorrhages were severe, and there were also strange new sores.

In very critical condition, Ann reentered St. Agnes' Hospital on April 9. The new sores were tentatively diagnosed as a violent case of chicken pox.

"It was the Wednesday in Holy Week," says Mrs. O'Neill. "We looked at her lying there on the hospital bed, and my husband said, 'She looks like our Lord nailed to the cross.' And she did, with her arms flung out and one leg drawn slightly up. All that day I asked the Lord to take away our suffering with His."

The next day, April 10, Mrs. O'Neill was approached by a nun in the blue habit and the high, starched, twin-peaked hat of Mother Seton's Sisters of Charity. She was Sister Mary Alice Fowler, supervisor of the pediatric wing.

"I had seen the child when she was readmitted," says Sister Mary Alice, "a really pitiful thing, her little face all pale and puffy, and sores from the top of her head to the soles of her feet. It just dawned on me—no, I don't like the word 'dawned'—the feeling came over me that this would be a good case for Mother Seton to show her power with God."

She asked if Mrs. O'Neill would like to take part in prayers to Mother Seton for Ann. Mrs. O'Neill replied that she would. On the child's hospital gown Sister Mary Alice pinned a relic of Mother Seton, a tiny piece of ribbon which had itself been touched to a bone of Mother Seton's body. Then she gave Mrs. O'Neill a packet of small cards, each of which had this prayer printed on it: "O God, the giver of all good gifts, who has shown the power of Thy grace in the life and virtues of Thy servant Elizabeth Seton, deign to draw others to Thy service by the sweet influence of her example; and, if such be Thy holy will, hasten the Cause of her Beatification."

"Give a card to all your friends," said Sister Mary Alice, "and ask them to pray." Through the Sisters of Charity mother house in Emmitsburg, the nun asked all the sisters and all the children in the order's many schools and orphanages to say on Ann's behalf the prayer for Mother Seton's beatification.

Doctor Sacks had taken Ann's blood count on April 1. The results had been grave. The next blood count was at St. Agnes' on April 10. The results showed a very definite improvement—a "dramatic change," said one doctor. By Easter Sunday, April 13, Ann was visibly better, and on the 27th she was discharged from the hospital. She was enjoying an unusually full remission, doctors told the parents, but it could not last. Sometime soon, perhaps suddenly, the disease would reassert itself, and the child would die. The prayers continued. On June 2 Doctor Sacks saw Ann again. Her blood count was normal. It has remained normal.

After Ann's final discharge from St. Agnes's her parents took her on a pilgrimage to the grave of Mother Seton at Emmitsburg. Sister Mary Alice met them there and took them into the little octagonal chapel. Prayers were said. Again and again, as often as they could manage, the O'Neills returned to Emmitsburg. As Ann grew, so happy and apparently healthy, the warnings of the doctors lost all reality. Mother Seton, the O'Neills believed, had saved the child.

The sisters, of course, believed it too. They passed the word to Vice Postulator Burgio, who went to Baltimore and conducted an informal investigation. However, because of the possibility that the disease might return, Father Burgio decided not to ask Rome for an official investigation but to wait until the recovery was thoroughly established. Father Burgio died in 1959 (on August 28, Mother Seton's birthday) and was succeeded by Father John McGowan, a Vincentian priest. When the Vatican issued the "heroicity" decree that December, Father McGowan then requested the investigation. Early in 1960 Rome responded with "remissorial letters" to Archbishop Francis Keogh of Baltimore, directing him to set up a body called an apostolic tribunal to look into the case of Ann O'Neill. The archbishop called in his assistant, a handsome, 30-year-old priest named Joseph Gossman, and gave him the task of making preparations.

"I didn't have the faintest idea what to do," Father Gossman remembers. "There had been only a few tribunals in the United States, and no one had done more than one of them, so I didn't get much help. But finally we got it all figured out."

The first step was to appoint the tribunal members. From his clergy Archbishop Keogh named six investigating judges. He named two other priests to represent the devil's advocate, as well as a court messenger and three notaries whose job was to take down every word in longhand. Lastly he named a lay doctor as medical expert.

The principal interrogator was the Rev. James Brennan, professor of canon law at St. Mary's University in Baltimore, a stocky priest with thinning hair and a full round face. He called the first witness, a small, middle-aged man, Doctor Sacks.

"Religion?"

"Jewish."

"Do you practice your religion?"

"I am a moderate."

The questioning turned to the case of Ann O'Neill, and Doctor Sacks insisted, "There is no known cure for leukemia. It is inevitably fatal."

"Is there any case in medical literature," a judge asked, "of a remission, spontaneous or secured by use of drugs, where acute lymphoid leukemia was certain and the remission was permanent?"

"No," said Doctor Sacks, "not that I know of. The case has defied the normal course of events. [Ann's extremely long remission] is the only one of its kind in my experience."

After hours of questioning Doctor Sacks within his field of competence, the judges turned to another area, that tenuous zone where science and religion mingle. Did the doctor, they asked, know what a miracle was?

"I understand as well as any layman what we mean by a miracle," he replied. "I don't know whether there was a miracle or not. I only know the behavior of this case is unique."

The second witness was the general practitioner who had first seen Ann. He gave his religion as Episcopalian. Toward the end of his testimony, when Father Brennan defined the term "miracle" for him, the doctor replied, "If she had leukemia, and I have every reason to believe that she did, and if she's well, then it's a miracle. I've seen many other cases. None got well."

In later sessions Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill and Sister Mary Alice Fowler were called, and a number of nurses and technicians. By mid-November all the witnesses had been heard. Next it was required that Ann O'Neill receive a fresh medical examination. Doctor Sacks suggested two Boston specialists, Drs. Sidney Farber of Harvard Medical School and William Dameshek of Tufts, both titans in the field of leukemia and both Jewish. A reduced tribunal went to Boston in December of 1960. The doctors examined the child, then 13, and testified separately, Farber relaxed and friendly, Dameshek professional and correct.

"This little girl," said Doctor Farber, "went more than seven years without treatment. I have never seen a child with leukemia survive without treatment for longer than six months."

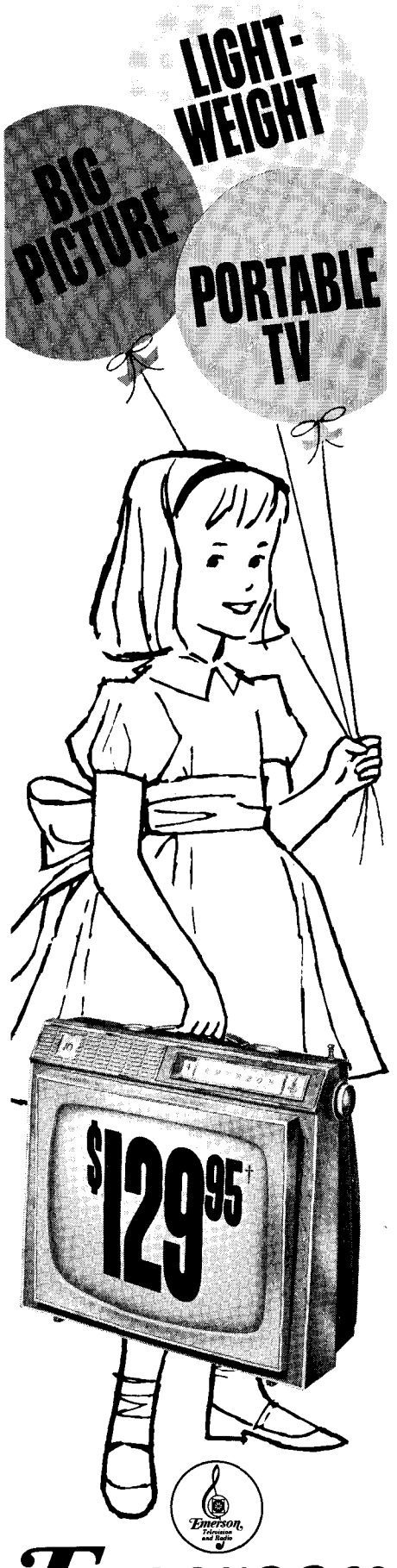
"Doctors," said Doctor Dameshek, "say you can never say 'cure' in leukemia. But one should never say 'never.' If this is a remission, the length of Ann's remission is unheard of. . . . You may well ask how long we have to wait before we can call it a cure."

"Is this a miracle?" Doctor Farber asked. "Perhaps. This is my answer. Medical science will say no more, for it speaks only on the basis of experience. We do not know what the future holds."

The tribunal returned to Baltimore and to the great labor of getting its proceedings into proper form. The New Orleans tribunal in 1945 had had to make three handwritten copies of its proceedings, but Rome gave Baltimore a dispensation from this requirement. Using an indelible-ink ribbon a nun typed out the notaries' transcript in just three weeks.

Each typescript, with the photostats of the medical documents, came to more than 300 pages. On February 13, the day before the final session, Father Gossman began a job he recalls with a shudder.

"First," he says, "I had to number every page in each copy—a total of about 1,000 pages. Then I had to stamp each page *'concordat cum originali,'* which means 'it agrees with the original.' Then I had to stamp each page with my own stamp as notary and sign my name in ink on each page."



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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

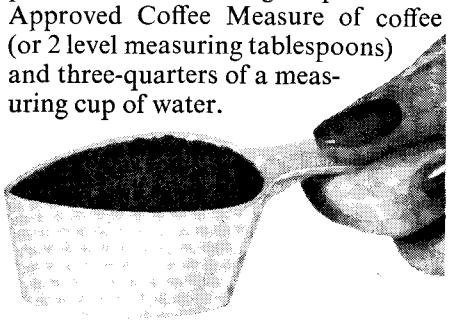
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

MAKING A SAINT

At the closing session the next day the original longhand record of the proceedings was bound in brown paper, tied with stout string ("You're supposed to use silk cord," says Father Gossman, "but where can you get silk cord?"), sealed with red wax, and sent off to permanent storage in the diocesan archives.

The typescripts—called *acta*—went to the Vatican by diplomatic pouch. There they were translated into Italian and, with the *acta* on Sister Gertrude, were printed in large scarlet volumes. In October, 1961, the Congregation of Rites issued a "decree of validity of the process."

In December began the most painstaking phase, the judging of cures attributed to Mother Seton. Cancer specialists conducted examinations and voted that the cures had been over and beyond the skills of medicine. Their findings went to the Congregation's medical commission. "It would be easier to convince a group of freethinkers," says a veteran postulator, "than to persuade that corps of theologians and doctors."

By this time Father Antonelli, Vatican archivist, had become devil's advocate. Looking anything but diabolical in his brown Franciscan robe and the skullcap covering his tonsured head, he gave the commission his written criticisms. "I am forced to admit," he wrote, "that the technical proofs in the case of Sister Gertrude are really remarkable and that the judgment seems certain. But the second miracle seems difficult to judge." The inconclusiveness of the doctors' reports on Ann O'Neill, he added, "make one doubt whether this is a case of permanent cure." But in July, 1962, the medical commission decided unanimously that a miracle had been performed.

"It remained to be established," says Father McGowan, "that the cure took place through Mother Seton, and to this end there was a meeting called the 'preparatory'—all the members of the Congregation of Rites. This hurdle was passed, and on the nineteenth of this February came the final test, the General Congregation before the pope."

The pope may veto the whole process at this point if he finds fault with it. Conversely he can overrule critical cardinals. In the case of Mother Seton he did neither. He issued a "decree *de tuto*," a statement that the cause had surmounted all obstacles, and announced that the beatification would take place March 17.

Mother Seton's American supporters received the decree with satisfaction but not surprise. As the cause inched its way through the Vatican labyrinth, word of each new bit of progress traveled across the Atlantic. And there were broad hints. In August of 1962, for example, the Congregation of Rites directed that Mother Seton's remains should be exhumed. Called "canonical recognition of the grave," the disinterment was intended to certify that the remains were indeed Mother Seton's.

The grave had been opened twice before. The first occasion, in 1846, was the transfer of Mother Seton to a vault in a new chapel at Emmitsburg. The sisters, looking to their foundress's eventual canonization, passionately hoped to find the body incorrupt, considered a sign of God's favor. But they were disappointed. "We saw the blackened skull," one nun later testified, "the black, eyeless sockets in the black skull—just for one moment, and then all sank into dust at the bottom of the coffin. . . . Sister Sally Thompson begged with irresistible earnestness to be allowed to possess a small fragment of what remained of one who in life had been so dear to her. She took a small bone of one of the toes." The remains were put in a new coffin, which in turn was replaced during alterations to the vault in the 1870's. The toe-bone was kept in the order's central house, where it was used to produce secondary relics such as the ribbon that touched Ann O'Neill.

Neither exhumation, however, was sufficient for the Congregation of Rites. And so on a clear, cold day late last October a delegation met at Emmitsburg. Among those present was Father Gossman, again notary; a sub-devil's advocate; Vice-Postulator McGowan, and two pathologists. They stood by as workmen raised the small coffin from the vault, placed it on a cart and wheeled it to a large room in a nearby building.

The eight screws securing the lid were removed. The doctors came forward and began picking out the bones, the large ones first, setting them on a long table covered with a white cloth. The examination took two hours. Father McGowan, empowered by Rome to take material for relics, chose several dozen small bones and put them in a plastic container. All others were placed in a white cloth which was bound with a white ribbon and put in a new, solid-copper casket. Now locked in a room in the central house, the casket will eventually rest in a shrine being built on the seminary grounds.

Father McGowan sent the relics to Father Luigi Bisoglio, the postulator in Rome who had steered Mother Seton's cause past many obstacles. Father Bisoglio had one bone set in glass in the base of a gold-plated silver statue of Mother Seton—the base was cut in an outline of the United States and studded with precious stones—and presented the statue to Pope John the day of the beatification.

Although 56 years elapsed from the time of the first inquiry in the diocese of Baltimore to the ceremony of beatification, the cause fairly sped along, by Vatican standards. There are 1,132 potential saints listed as pending causes. One factor that helped Mother Seton was that she had founded an order. Over the years its nuns provided continuous and vital backing. They financed the cause: a beatification process easily runs to more than $50,000 in printing costs, legal fees, research and ceremonial expenditures. Another factor was the support of influential American prelates.

The beatified are called Blessed and entitled to veneration in one diocese. Mother Seton's veneration, however, will probably be extended to the entire United States, for as Pope John said, she is "the flower of American piety." If she becomes St. Elizabeth Seton, she will be venerated by Roman Catholics all over the world. Churches will be named for her; she will take her place in the catalogue of saints; and she will have a saint's day: perhaps January 4, the day she died. At present she has no formidable rivals for the title of first native-born American saint, though John Neumann, a naturalized citizen and early bishop of Philadelphia, is scheduled for beatification this June. Mother Seton must remain Blessed, however, unless two miracles occur through her after her beatification. "That," says Postulator Bisoglio, "might take from a few months to another 50 years."

Some remain skeptical, but Ann O'Neill is untroubled. She remembers almost nothing of her illness. Having grown up unique, her uniqueness—when she thinks about it—does not distress her. With her friends she bowls, skates and swims. She is beginning to have dates. Her favorite dance is the cha-cha-cha. Quite naturally Ann O'Neill has absorbed the immensity of the phenomenon into her everyday life. THE END

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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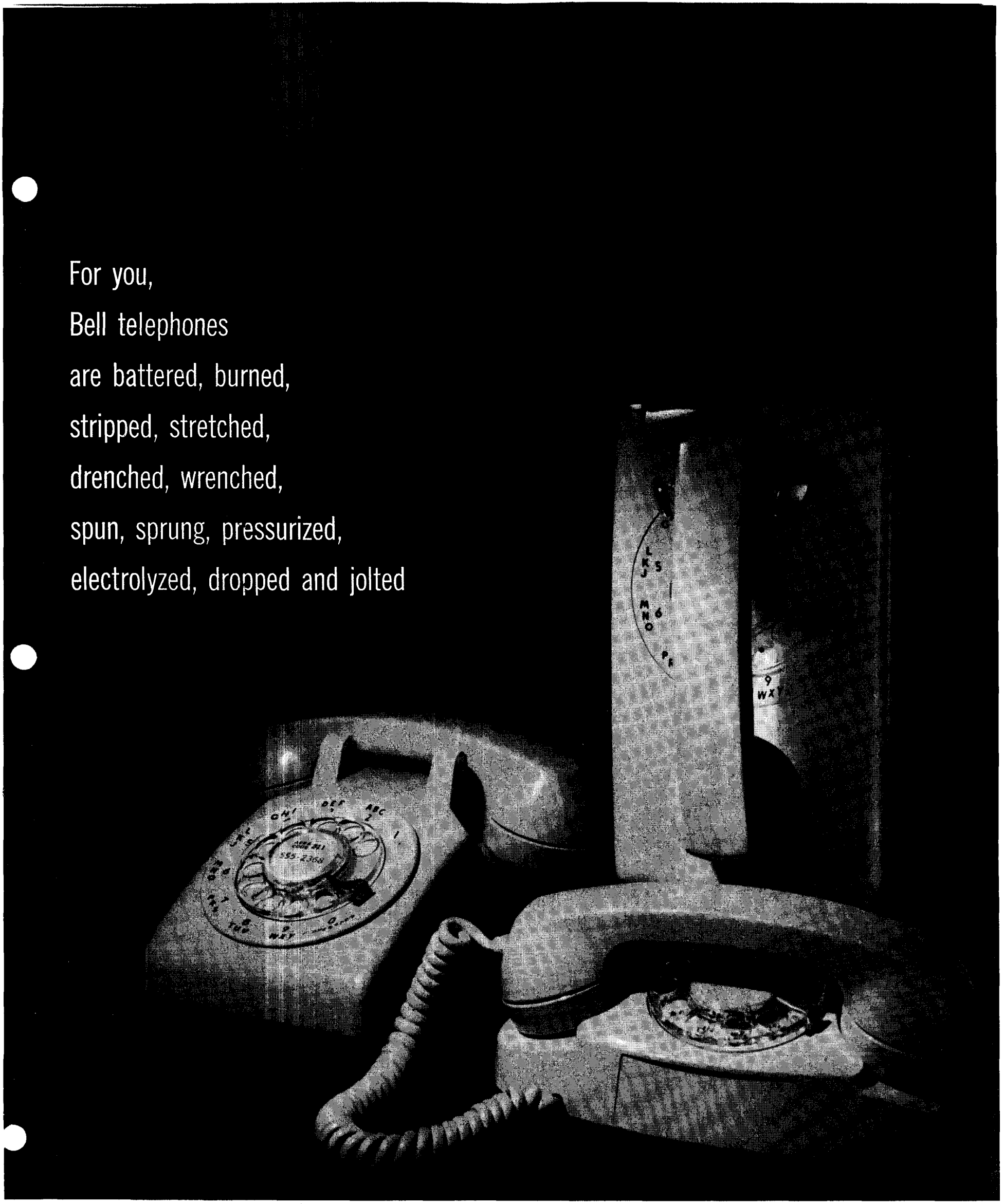

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GEORGIA VERSUS ALABAMA

THE STORY OF A COLLEGE FOOTBALL FIX

A SHOCKING REPORT OF HOW WALLY BUTTS AND "BEAR" BRYANT RIGGED A GAME LAST FALL

By FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Not since the Chicago White Sox threw the 1919 World Series has there been a sports story as shocking as this one. This is the story of one fixed game of college football.

Before the University of Georgia played the University of Alabama last September 22, Wally Butts, athletic director of Georgia, gave Paul (Bear) Bryant, head coach of Alabama, Georgia's plays, defensive patterns, all the significant secrets Georgia's football team possessed.

The corrupt here were not professional ballplayers gone wrong, as in the 1919 Black Sox scandal. The corrupt were not disreputable gamblers, as in the scandals continually afflicting college basketball. The corrupt were two men—Butts and Bryant—employed to educate and to guide young men.

How prevalent is the fixing of college football games? How often do teachers sell out their pupils? We don't know—yet. For now we can only be appalled. —*THE EDITORS*

On their knees, Alabama cheerleaders plead for touchdown. Team scored five.

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On Friday morning, September 14, 1962, an insurance salesman in Atlanta, Georgia, named George Burnett picked up his telephone and dialed the number of a local public-relations firm. The number was Jackson 5-3536. The line was busy, but Burnett kept trying. On the fourth or fifth attempt he had just dialed the final number when he heard what he later described as "a series of harsh electronic sounds," then the voice of a telephone operator said:

"Coach Bryant is out on the field, but he'll come to the phone. Do you want to hold, Coach Butts, or shall we call you back?"

And then a man's voice: "I'll hold, operator."

Like most males over the age of four in Atlanta, George Burnett is a football fan. He realized that he had been hooked by accident into a long-distance circuit and that he was about to overhear a conversation between two of the colossi of Southern football. Paul (Bear) Bryant is the head coach and athletic director of the University of Alabama, and Wallace "Wally" Butts was for 22 years the head coach of the University of Georgia and, at the time of this conversation, the university's athletic director. Burnett ("I was curious, naturally") kept the phone to his ear. Through this almost incredible coincidence he was to make the most important interception in modern football history.

After a brief wait Burnett heard the operator say that Coach Bryant was on the phone and ready to speak to Coach Butts.

"Hello, Bear," Butts said.

"Hello, Wally. Do you have anything for me?"

As Burnett listened, Butts began to give Bryant detailed information about the plays and formations Georgia would use in its opening game eight days later. Georgia's opponent was to be Alabama.

Butts outlined Georgia's offensive plays for Bryant and told him how Georgia planned to defend against Alabama's attack. Butts mentioned both players and plays by name. Occasionally Bryant asked Butts about specific offensive or defensive maneuvers, and Butts either answered in detail or said, "I don't know about that. I'll have to find out."

"One question Bryant asked," Burnett recalled later, "was 'How about quick kicks?' And Butts said, 'Don't worry about quick kicks. They don't have anyone who can do it.'

"Butts also said that Rakestraw [Georgia quarterback Larry Rakestraw] tipped off what he was going to do by the way he held his feet. If one foot was behind the other it meant he would drop back to pass. If they were together it meant he was setting himself to spin and hand off. And another thing he told Bryant was that Woodward [Brigham Woodward, a defensive back] committed himself fast on pass defense."

As the conversation ended, Bryant asked Butts if he would be at home on Sunday. Butts answered that he would.

"Fine," Bryant said. "I'll call you there Sunday."

Listening to this amazing conversation, Burnett began to make notes on a scratch pad he kept on his desk. Some of the names were strange to him—tackle Ray Rissmiller's name he jotted down as "Ricemiller," and end Mickey Babb's as "Baer"—and some of the jargon stranger still, but he recorded all that he heard. When the two men had hung up Burnett still sat at his desk, stunned, and a little bit frightened.

Suddenly he heard an operator's voice: "Have you completed your call, sir?"

Burnett started. "Yes, operator. By the way, can you give me the number I was connected with?"

The operator supplied him with a number in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, which he later identified as that of the University of Alabama. The extension was that of the athletic department. Burnett then dialed Jackson 5-3536—the number he originally wanted. This time the call went through normally, and he reached a close friend and former business associate named Milton Flack.

"Is Wally Butts in your office now, Milt?" Burnett asked.

"Well, he's in the back office—making a phone call, I think. Here he comes now."

"Don't mention that I asked about him," Burnett said hurriedly. "I'll talk to you later."

Through some curious electronic confusion, George Burnett, calling his friend Milt Flack, had hooked into the call Wally Butts was making from a rear office in Flack's suite. He was the third man, the odd man. But he was not out.

Putting the pieces together

In the next few hours Burnett tried to piece together what he knew of Georgia football. Butts, a native of Milledgeville, Georgia, had joined the university coaching staff as an assistant in 1938. A year later he was named head coach. For 20 years he was one of the most popular and successful coaches in the South. Then prominent University of Georgia alumni abruptly soured on him, and on January 6, 1961, he was replaced by a young assistant coach named Johnny Griffith. Butts, filed away in the position of Georgia's athletic director (which he had held along with his coaching job for some years), was outspokenly bitter about his removal from the field.

Burnett knew, too, that Butts recently had been involved in a disastrous speculation in Florida orange groves. Butts had lost over $70,000 because, as someone put it, "you couldn't grow *cactus* on that land." One of his partners in the deal was also an associate of Milt Flack at a public-relations firm called Communications International, the office Burnett had been trying to call when he hooked into the Butts-Bryant conversation.

That afternoon Burnett told Flack what he had overheard. Both of them, though only slightly acquainted with the high-spirited, gregarious Butts, liked him, and they decided to forget the whole thing. Burnett went home in the evening and stuffed his notes away in a bureau drawer. He felt a great sense of relief. The matter, as far as he was concerned, was closed.

Eight days later, on September 22, the Georgia team traveled to Birmingham to play Alabama before a crowd of 54,000 people at Legion Field. Alabama hardly needed any "inside" information to handle the outmanned Bulldogs. Bryant, one of the country's most efficient and most ruthless coaches—he likes his players to be mean, and once wrote that football games are won by "outmeaning" the other team—had built a powerhouse that was in the middle of a 26-game winning streak. Alabama was the defending national champion, combining a fast-charging and savage-tackling defense with an effective attack built around a sensational sophomore quarterback named Joe Namath. The Georgia team was composed chiefly of unsensational sophomores.

Various betting lines showed Alabama favored by from 14 to 17 points. If a man were to bet on Alabama he would want to be pretty sure that his team could win by *more* than 17 points, a very uncertain wager when two major colleges are opening the season together and supposedly have no reliable line on the other's strengths and weaknesses.

Bryant, before the game, certainly did not talk to the press like a man who was playing with a stacked deck.

"The only chance we've got against Georgia is by scratching and battling for our life," he said, managing to keep a straight face. "Put that down so you can look at it next week and see how right it is."

The game itself would have been enjoyed most by a man who gets kicks from attending executions. Coach Bryant (he neglected to wear a black hood) snapped every trap. The first time Rakestraw passed, Alabama intercepted. Then Alabama quickly scored on a 52-yard pass play of its own. The Georgia players, their moves analyzed and forecast like those of rats in a maze, took a frightful physical beating.

"The Georgia backfield never got out of its backfield," one spectator said afterward. And reporter Jesse Outlar wrote in Atlanta's Sunday *Journal* the following day: "Every time Rakestraw got the ball he was surrounded by Alabama's All-American center Lee Roy Jordan and his eager playmates."

Georgia made only 37 yards rushing, completed only 7 of 19 passes for 79 yards, and made its deepest penetration (to Alabama's 41-yard line) on the next to the last play of the game. Georgia could do nothing right, and Alabama nothing wrong. The final score was 35–0, the most lopsided score between the two teams since 1923.

It was a bitter defeat for Georgia's promising young team. The 38-year-old Johnny Griffith, who was beginning his second season as head coach, was stunned. Asked about the game by reporter Jim Minter, he said: "I figured Alabama was about three touchdowns better than we were. So that leaves about fifteen points we can explain only by saying we didn't play any football."

Quarterback Rakestraw came even closer to the truth. "They were just so quick and mobile," he told Minter. "They seemed to know every play we were going to run."

Later other members of the Georgia squad expressed their misgivings to Furman Bisher, sports editor of the Atlanta *Journal*. "The Alabama players taunted us," end Mickey Babb told him. "'You can't run *Eighty-eight Pop* [a key Georgia play] on us,' they'd yell. They knew just what we were going to run, and just what we called it."

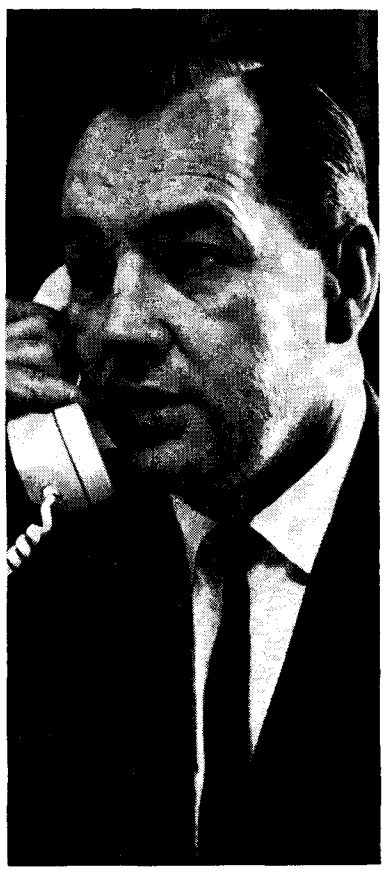
And Sam Richwine, the squad's trainer, told Bisher: "They played just like they knew what we were going to do. And it seemed to me a lot like things were when they played us in 1961 too." (Alabama walloped Georgia in 1961 by a score of 32–6.)

Only one man in the Georgia camp did not despair that day. Asked by reporter

George Burnett of Atlanta: He overheard critical long-distance call.

Wally Butts, former athletic director of Georgia: He gave away Georgia plays, defense patterns.

Head coach Paul (Bear) Bryant of Alabama. He took plays for his defending national champions.



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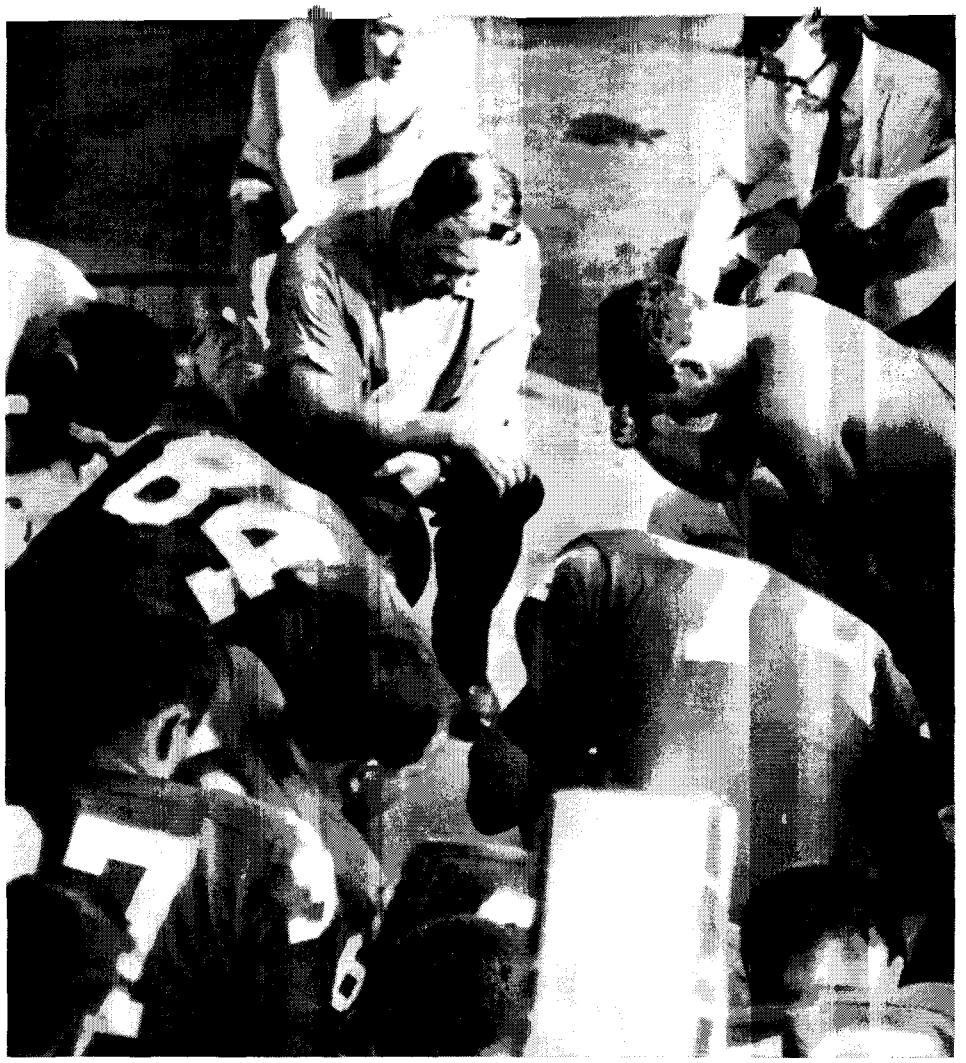
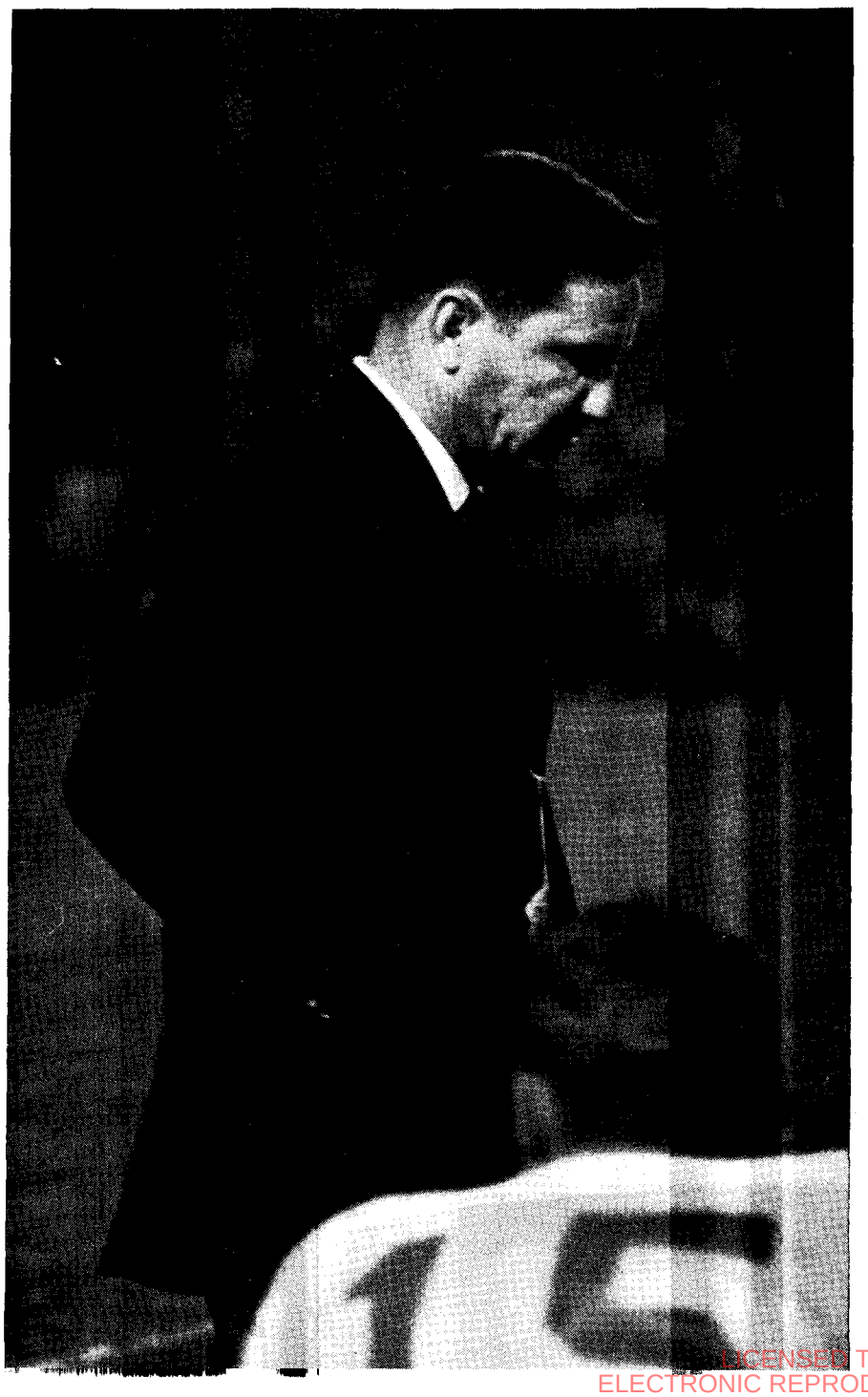


Solemnly Wally Butts leads a Georgia football team in locker-room prayer.



Downcast coach Griffith slouches near bench as Georgia team is slaughtered.

John Logue about Georgia's disappointing performance, ex-coach Wally Butts nodded wisely and set him straight. "*Potential* is the word for what I saw," he said. "Unlimited *potential*."

The whole matter weighed heavily on George Burnett. He began to wonder if he had done the right thing when he had put the notes aside and kept his mouth shut. Now 41 years old, he was still struggling to support his large family. Among his five children were a couple of boys who played football. "How would I feel," Burnett asked himself, "if my boys were going out on the field to have their heads banged in by a stronger team, and then I discovered they'd been sold out?" He began to wake up at night and lie there in the dark, thinking about it.

In one sense Burnett knew it would be easiest to keep the notes in the drawer. While every citizen is encouraged to report a crime to authorities, the penalties against the man who talks are often more severe than those against the culprit. Burnett wasn't worried about physical retaliation. But there might be social and economic ones. Football is almost a religion in the South; the big-name coaches there are minor deities.

Butts no longer had his old-time stature, but many people were still intensely loyal to him (and he was a director of the small Atlanta insurance agency where Burnett worked). Bear Bryant was a national figure who had made impressive records at Texas A&M and Kentucky, and had more recently transformed Alabama from pushovers to national champions.

Burnett, protective toward his family, fearful of challenging deities, was troubled by a drive to do what was right. But what was right? To talk? To create furore, perhaps even national scandal? Or should he remain silent, ignoring wrong? That was a safe course, but one that might sit heavily on his conscience for all the rest of his days.

Living in his private misery, he thought about his past. Burnett himself had played high-school football in San Antonio, Texas, where he was born. During World War II he became a group navigator aboard a Martin B-26. On January 14, 1945, when his plane was shot down over Saint-Vith, Belgium, he was the only survivor. He lost part of his left hand, and spent the rest of the war in a German prison camp. Articulate and personable, he was now the division manager of the insurance agency.

On January 4 of this year he sat in his office with Bob Edwards, a longtime friend who was also an employee of the agency. Burnett knew that Edwards had played football with Johnny Griffith at South Georgia, a junior college.

"You know, Bob," Burnett said, after they had talked business for a while, "there's something that's been eating me up for a long while. I was going to tell you about it at the time, and then I decided to keep quiet. But I think you should know this, being a friend of Johnny Griffith."

After Edwards heard the story of the phone call, he asked if he could report it to Griffith. Burnett, still reluctant to get seriously involved, told Edwards to go ahead but to try to keep his name out of it. Powerful men in Georgia might be offended if Wally Butts was hurt, ar Burnett did not want to jeopardize h own career just when things were beginning to break nicely for him.

But like so many others, Burnett found that there is no such thing as a little involvement. Griffith pressed to meet him, and nervously Burnett agreed. In the middle of January he met with Edwards and Griffith in the Georgia coach's room at Atlanta's Biltmore Hotel. Simultaneously a general meeting of the Southeastern Conference coaches was taking place at the Biltmore.

The Georgia-Alabama game had been forgotten by most of the coaches and athletic officials present. A popular topic of conversation was a late-season game between Alabama and Georgia Tech, in which Bryant's long winning streak had been broken.

Alabama, a five-point favorite, had trailed 7–6 with only a little more than a minute to play. Then Alabama made a first down on the Georgia Tech 14-yard line. Since Bryant had a competent field-goal kicker, the classic strategy would have been to pound away at the middle of Tech's line, keeping the ball between the goalposts and, on third or fourth down, order a field-goal try. (Alabama had defeated Georgia Tech on a last-minute field goal in 1961.) Instead, Bryant's quarterback passed on first down. The pass was intercepted, and Georgia Tech held th ball during the game's waning seconds, thus scoring last season's greatest upset.

During the January conference at the Biltmore, Bryant was frequently kidded about that first-down pass.

Away from the bars and the crowds, in Griffith's room the talk was only of Georgia-Alabama. Griffith listened grimly to Burnett's story, then read his notes. Suddenly he looked up.

"I didn't believe you until just this minute," he told Burnett. "But here's something in your notes that you couldn't possibly have dreamed up . . . this thing about our pass patterns. I took this over from Wally Butts when I became coach, and I gave it a different name. Nobody uses the old name for this pattern but one man. Wally Butts."

Suspicions confirmed

Griffith finished reading the notes, then asked Burnett if he could keep them. Burnett nodded.

"We knew somebody'd given our plays to Alabama," Griffith told him, "and maybe to a couple of other teams we played too. But we had no idea it was Wally Butts. You know, during the first half of the Alabama game my players kept coming to the sidelines and saying, 'Coach, we been sold out. Their linebackers are hollering out our plays while we're still calling the signals.'"

Griffith has since spoken of his feelings when he had finished reading Burnett's notes, and Burnett and Edwards had left. "I don't think I moved for an hour—thinking what I should do. Then I realized I didn't have any choice."

Griffith went to university officials, told them what he knew and said that he would resign if Butts was permitted to

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remain in his job. On January 28 a report reached the newspapers that Butts had resigned. At first it was denied by Butts and the university. A few days later it was confirmed with the additional news—that Butts would remain as athletic director until June 1 so that he could qualify for certain pension benefits. Rumors flooded Atlanta. One of the wildest was that Butts was mysteriously and suddenly ill and had entered the state hospital at Athens. This was quickly scotched when Georgia University officials maintained that Butts merely went for the physical checkup required for his pension records. Shortly afterward he was seen in Atlanta at a Georgia Tech basketball game.

But if Butts was seen publicly, events involving him remained closely guarded secrets. Burnett was asked to come to the Atlanta office of M. Cook Barwick, an attorney representing the University of Georgia. There he met Dr. O. C. Aderhold, the university president. Burnett's story was carefully checked. He then agreed to take a lie-detector test, which was administered by polygraph expert Sidney McMain, in the Atlanta Federal building. Burnett passed the test to everybody's satisfaction.

Phone-company check

Next an official of the Southern Bell Telephone Company checked and found that a call had been made from the office of Communications International to the University of Alabama extension noted by Burnett on his scratch pad. This information corroborated Burnett's statement that the call had been made at about 10:25 in the morning and had lasted 15 or 16 minutes.

"I jotted down the time when the call was completed," Burnett said. "It was 10:40. This is an old navigator's habit, I guess. For instance, I know that I was shot down over Saint-Vith at exactly 10:21, because when the bombardier called 'Bombs away!' I looked at my watch and wrote down the time. A few seconds later we got hit."

University officials still nursed reservations about Burnett's story because of the fantastic coincidence that had enabled him to overhear Butts's call. Then, during one of the many conferences he attended in attorney Barwick's office in the Rhodes-Haverty Building, a second coincidence, equally odd, cleared the air. Barwick placed a call to Doctor Aderhold at the university. Suddenly, Barwick and Aderhold found themselves somehow braided into a four-way conversation with two unknown female voices. The two men burst into nervous laughter. Burnett's story gained a little more credence.

February 21 was a painful day for George Burnett. He was summoned once more to Barwick's office, because Bernie Moore, the commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, "wanted to ask some questions." On Burnett's arrival he found not only Moore but Doctor Aderhold, two members of the university's board of regents, and another man identified as Bill Hartman, a friend of Wally Butts.

From the start, Burnett sensed a mood of hostility in the air. The ball was carried by one of the members of the Georgia board of regents, who confronted Burnett with a report that he had been arrested two years before for writing bad checks and that he was still on probation when he overheard the conversation between Butts and Bryant.

"Is there anything else in your past you're trying to cover up?" the regents official demanded.

Burnett was frightened and angry. "I didn't realize that *I* was on trial," he said. He went on to say that he had nothing to hide, that he had given university officials permission to look into his background, and that he had taken a lie-detector test, signed an affidavit that his testimony was true and permitted his statements to be recorded on tape. His notes had been taken from him and placed by Barwick in the safety-deposit vault of an Atlanta bank.

"I *was* arrested on a bad-check charge," Burnett admitted. "I was way behind on my bills and two of the checks I wrote—one was for twenty-five dollars and the other for twenty dollars—bounced. I was fined one hundred dollars and put on probation for a year. I think that anybody who is fair will find I got into trouble because I've always had trouble handling my financial affairs and not because I acted with criminal intent."

Burnett was shaken by this meeting. He felt that he had been candid with the university but that he had also angered many friends of Wally Butts. He signed a paper at the officials' request which gave the university permission to have his war records opened and examined. He cared about his reputation. He was proud to have been a navigator.

"Doctor Aderhold was always very kind to me at those meetings," Burnett said later, "but I didn't like the attitude of some of the others. I began to feel that I'd be hurt when and if these people decided to make this mess public. That's when I went to my lawyer, and we agreed that I should tell my story to *The Saturday Evening Post*."

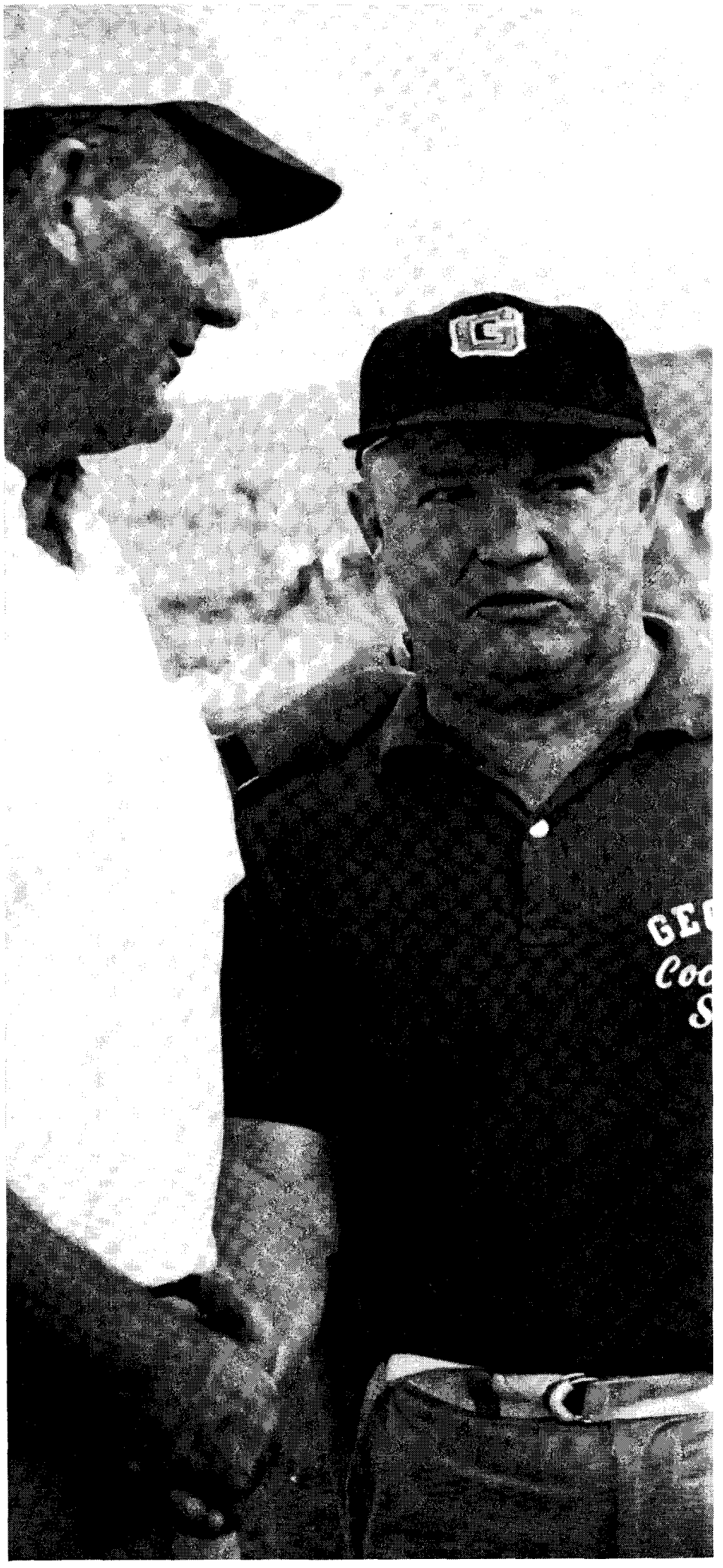
Now the net closed on Wally Butts. On February 23 the University of Georgia's athletic board met hastily in Atlanta and confronted Butts with Burnett's testimony. Challenged, Butts refused to take a lie-detector test. The next day's newspapers reported that he had submitted his resignation, effective immediately, "for purely personal and business purposes."

"I still think I'm able to coach a little," Butts told a reporter that day, "and I feel I can help a pro team."

The chances are that Wally Butts will never help any football team again. Bear Bryant may well follow him into oblivion—a special hell for that grim extrovert—for in a very real sense he betrayed the boys he was pledged to lead. The investigation by university and Southeastern Conference officials is continuing; motion pictures of other games are being scrutinized; where it will end no one so far can say. But careers will be ruined, that is sure. A great sport will be permanently damaged. For many people the bloom must pass forever from college football.

"I never had a chance, did I?" Coach Johnny Griffith said bitterly to a friend the other day. "I never had a *chance*."

When a fixer works against you, that's the way he likes it. THE END



Butts and Bryant meet as friends, exchange warm greetings before the Georgia-Alabama game at Legion Field, Birmingham, Alabama, in 1960.

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The long and lonely war in South Vietnam

Very few writers have succeeded in capturing the tension, the confusion and the terror of close infantry combat. Stephen Crane did it in *The Red Badge of Courage*, Ernest Hemingway in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and James Jones in *The Thin Red Line*. Another writer who has succeeded superbly, we believe, is Jerry Rose. His story of the shadowy, half-forgotten war in South Vietnam begins on page 34.

Americans like Doc Grant, Joe Jasper and Don Jones are fighting a lonely, frustrating war. The enemy is tough and elusive. The stillness of the night suddenly is shattered by "an explosion, frenzied screams, staccato gunfire," as Jerry Rose describes it. The darkness comes alive. Then, just as suddenly, the enemy slips away, leaving dead and wounded all around.

It is a costly war (we have spent $2 billion in South Vietnam since 1955 and are now spending about $1 million a day there), and Americans are going to have to get accustomed to the fact that it will be a long one. (Admiral Harry Felt, commander in chief in the Pacific, after a recent inspection trip to South Vietnam estimated it would take three years to resolve the conflict.) We must see to it that the war is not prolonged needlessly, that men do not lose their lives because of bungling, stupidity and a refusal to face the facts.

A big part of the problem lies in the government of South Vietnam. President Ngo Dinh Diem in Saigon is staunchly anti-Communist. No one questions that. But he is also arrogant, stubborn and so suspicious that legitimate criticism by American correspondents is branded as aiding the enemy. The refusal of the Diem government to make itself more responsive to the people's needs and to organize its military effort more effectively is a major obstacle to the successful prosecution of the war.

Before Congress convened last January a group of U.S. senators, led by Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, made an inspection trip to South Vietnam. They were severely critical of our foreign-aid program for all of Southeast Asia. With respect to South Vietnam they concluded, "It is most disturbing to find that, after seven years of the republic, South Vietnam appears less, not more, stable than it was at the outset, that it appears more removed from, rather than closer to, the achievement of popularly responsible and responsive government. The pressures of Viet Cong guerrillas do not entirely explain this situation. In retrospect the government of Vietnam and our policies, particularly in the design and administration of aid, must bear a substantial, a very substantial, share of the responsibility."

Coming from a man who is as calm and as reasonable as Mike Mansfield (his associates, Sen. J. Caleb Boggs of Delaware, Sen. Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island and former Sen. Ben Smith of Massachusetts, are also men of calm judgment), this is a very serious charge. Since South Vietnam is almost wholly dependent upon U.S. aid, we have powerful leverage with that government. It is time for our President to use it to force Ngo Dinh Diem to make the necessary reforms and get on with winning the war.

An adequate civil defense

For more than a decade now we have been nakedly exposed to the blast and fallout potential of a nuclear war. Whenever a crisis occurs, everybody from the President down gets excited and resolves to do something about civil defense. The crisis passes, the familiar apathy sets in, and civil defense is consigned to the back burner once more. This is insane. It is unconscionable in this day and age that we should not have an adequate civil defense. It is time, to borrow the President's phrase, to get the country moving.

The first step toward an adequate civil defense, as author Don Oberdorfer says in his article on page 17, is for the Administration to exert itself in behalf of its shelter program. "So far," says Oberdorfer, "the nation's leaders have failed to give civil defense a high enough priority to overcome opposition and inertia." The Administration's five-year shelter program is "at least a full year behind schedule." Usable shelter spaces for 70 million Americans have been discovered, but "only 1.8 million spaces . . . have been stockpiled with food, water, medicine and radiation instruments."

Is civil defense worth the effort and the expense? "A substantial measure of effective civil defense," Oberdorfer concludes from his investigation, "*is* possible and practical. It is also imperative if more than a tiny minority is to survive any large and well-planned nuclear attack on the United States." There can be only one answer to that statement. We must give the maximum priority to the development of an adequate civil defense. Responsibility for providing the leadership rests with the White House.

Where was Khrushchev?

Shortly after ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF IVAN DENISOVICH, the brutal story of prison life in Stalinist Russia, appeared in *The Post* (Feb. 9), we came across another devastating commentary on Stalinist Russia by Robert Conquest, literary editor of the British magazine *The Spectator* and an expert on Communist affairs. In an article titled THE GREAT PURGE Conquest says, "There has probably never been a terror on the scale of that which raged in Russia in the 1930's. The more than five million peasants who, as Stalin told Churchill, perished in the collectivization campaign of the first years of the decade, fell in what amounted to a civil war in the countryside between the population and the party, or starved in the mass deportations that followed." The political purge of 1936–38 was "in some ways even worse," says Conquest: "The Yugoslav Communists have estimated that the number shot was about two million. From various lines of reasoning we arrive at a figure of about seven million arrests—and many of these died, of course, in the labor camps."

The terror began with the assassination of Sergei Kirov, party secretary in Leningrad, in his office in December, 1934. At the twentieth Party Congress in 1956 Khrushchev in his bitter denunciation of Stalin strongly intimated that Stalin himself had ordered Kirov's murder to establish a pretext for the massive extermination of his political opposition. Actually the opposition comprised those "moderate" Stalinists who opposed the terror. Stalin already had eliminated his more serious opposition in 1930.

One of the more intriguing riddles of the Stalin era is the role played by Stalin's debunker, Nikita Khrushchev. ". . . When the 'moderate' majority perished," Conquest says, "the survivors were precisely those who enthusiastically supported the terror." This, of course, includes Khrushchev, who was dispatched to the Ukraine to lead the Central Committee of the Ukrainian Communist Party. ". . . It is a fact," Conquest says, "that under Khrushchev's role the Ukrainian Central Committee had heavier losses even than the All-Union Central Committee in Moscow: 97 percent."

While the terror persisted inside Russia, abundant evidence of its existence reached the West through emigrants and students, but for the most part, the West shut its ears. Many "Western leftists of high repute (and not only leftists)," Conquest says, simply refused to believe what was going on. ". . . In some ways the most horrible lesson of the trials is that there were thousands and thousands who refused to believe anything of the truth, simply because these things were taking place in a 'socialist' country." In a sense this is as distressing to us as the murders themselves.

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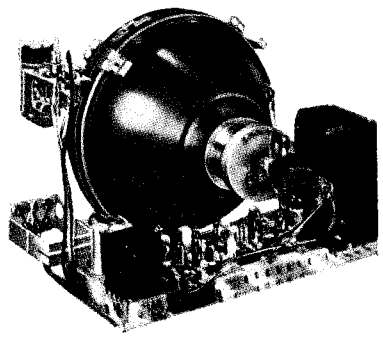

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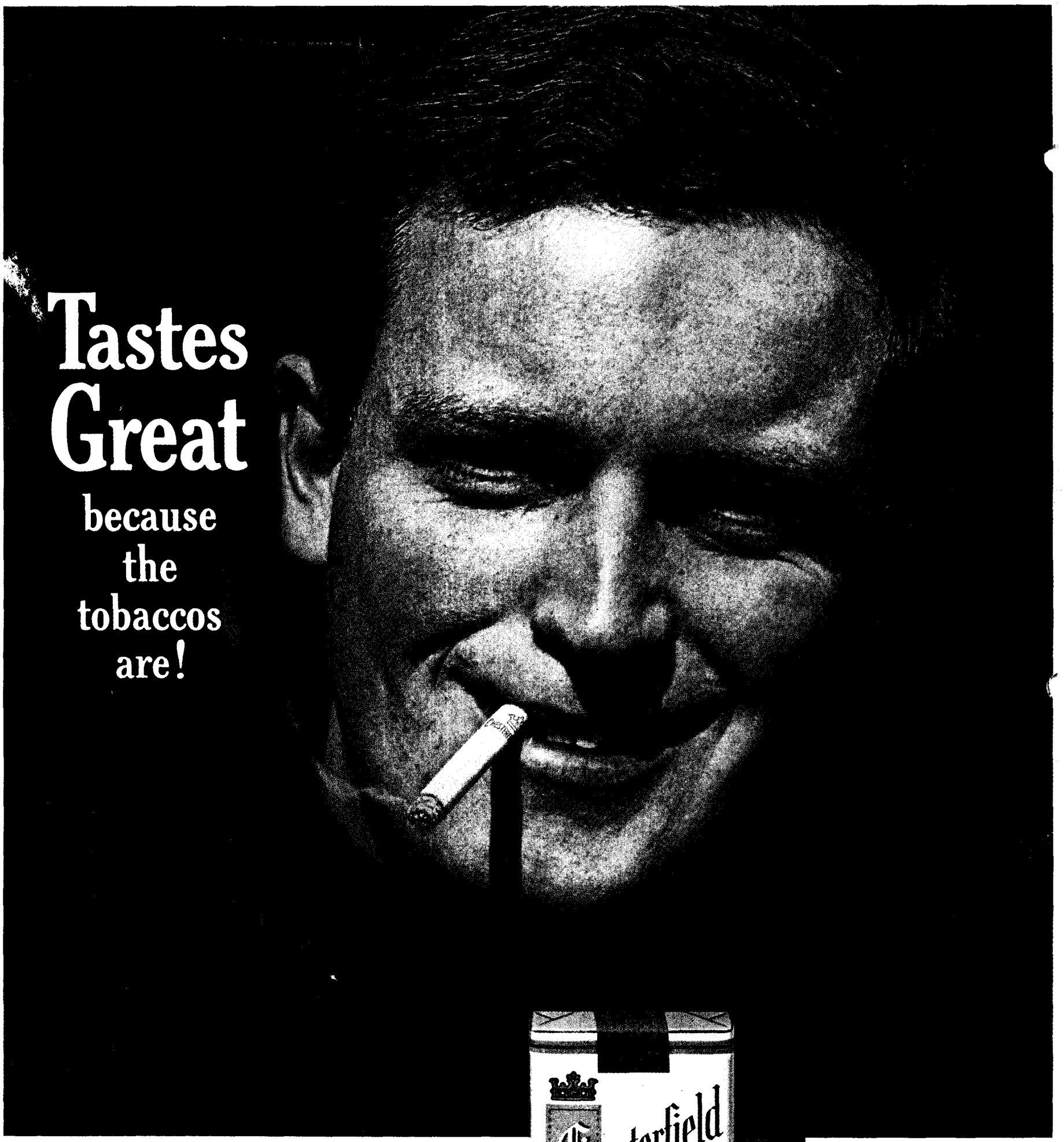

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